爱丽丝镜中奇遇记

【英】刘易斯·卡罗尔

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Through the Looking-Glass and What Alice Found There



中英双语插图本

爱丽丝镜中奇遇记

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导读

1863年的一个夏日午后，英国牛津，一位留着卷发，面容清秀的年轻男人正在给一个十岁的小女孩拍照。

“爱丽丝，”那个年轻人说，“你能把衣服再往下拉一点吗？对，就这样，让肩膀完全露出来。眼睛看着镜头，不要笑得太厉害，要微笑，一种挑衅似的微笑，就好像你什么都不怕。”

他按下了快门。他把这幅照片命名为《扮成小乞丐的爱丽丝·里德尔》。

这个名叫爱丽丝·里德尔的小女孩是牛津大学基督堂学院教务长里德尔的二女儿，她有两个姐妹。那个给她拍照的叔叔，也是她们三姐妹最要好的大人朋友，是她父亲的同事—牛津大学基督堂学院的数学讲师，他的名字叫查尔斯·路德维奇·道奇森。不过，两年后—也就是1865年—他将会有一个新的名字：刘易斯·卡罗尔。

1865年，一本署名为刘易斯·卡罗尔的童话小说，《爱丽丝漫游奇境》在英国出版。这本薄薄的小书随即引起了巨大轰动。关于这名有点口吃，内向腼腆，业余爱好摄影的大学数学老师如何变成了一名童话作家，最经典的版本是：他和里德尔三姐妹在泰晤士河上泛舟时（很可能刚刚给她们拍过照片），信口编了一个小女孩掉进兔子洞的故事，因为三姐妹听得很入迷，故事就越编越长，直到最后变成了一本像模像样的小书，而书中那个小女孩的名字，以及人物原型，都来自他最喜爱的摄影模特，里德尔三姐妹之一的爱丽丝·里德尔。

在刘易斯·卡罗尔的内心深处，爱丽丝·里德尔，这个十岁的小女孩，究竟占据着什么样的地位？一个令人满意的小摄影模特，一个可爱的朋友女儿，一个给他带来写作灵感的小缪斯，还是一个掺杂着情

欲的迷恋对象？或者几者兼而有之？这是一个谜。一个无聊的谜。过去近一个世纪的时间里，就像他笔下爱丽丝漫游其中的奇境一样，他自己的人生也成了另一个充满谜团的奇境，卡罗尔奇境。而现代的爱丽丝们，那些好奇而缺乏耐心的现代读者，在导游—哗众取宠的学者，低级趣味的媒体—的带领下，像游览某处风景名胜一样漫游着卡罗尔奇境。在那里，最有名也最引人注目的一个景点就是：恋童癖之谜。

卡罗尔到底是不是一个有恋童癖的性变态？支持“是”的证据有：他拍摄了大量身体暴露的儿童照片；他终生未婚；1863年里德尔一家突然与他断交，而他的家人原因不明地毁掉了这一时期的日记及资料。支持他“不是”的证据有：最新出版的卡罗尔传记，《刘易斯·卡罗尔的秘密》的作者杰妮·伍尔芙认为，那些在现代人看来有些“不正常”的儿童摄影作品在维多利亚时代是很正常的，特别是在道德上，因为在维多利亚时代的观念里，青春期之前的孩子相当于是“无性别”的（从某种意义上，我们倒可以说他那些风格独特的肖像照是现代时装大片的先驱）；而他终生未婚是由于性格过于害羞和内向，他不善于同成人打交道，这也正是为什么他喜欢同孩子们交往，喜欢给孩子们拍照的原因。

既可以支持他“是”，也可以支持他“不是”的证据有：他曾编过一本数学益智题，名为《供不眠之夜里思考的枕边益智题》，因为“做这些题不用纸笔，脑袋挨在枕头上想就行”，“而且，”他强调说，“睡前做做这些题，可以免得想一些不干不净的事。”这至少可以说明两件事：一、他在睡前曾想过不干不净的事；二、他曾压制自己不去想那些不干不净的事。而同样是在杰妮·伍尔芙的新书里，她披露了一份首次发现的卡罗尔的银行账目，账目显示他曾向制裁虐待儿童的机构捐款，伍尔芙认为这说明“他意识到了这个问题，并对此感到厌恶”。感到厌恶？为什么不能是感到内疚呢？

所以，你看，所谓的这些证据，就像《爱丽丝漫游奇境》里爱丽丝与柴郡猫的对话一样。“请您告诉我，要从这儿出去，应该走哪条路？”爱丽丝问。“那取决于你想要去哪儿。”柴郡猫说。所以，刘易斯·卡罗尔到底是不是恋童癖？在某种意义上，那取决于你怎么想。如果你觉得他是（就像某些居心叵测的学者和媒体），那么他就是；如果

你觉得他不是（就像包括我在内的亿万爱丽丝迷），那么他就不是。

不过，让我觉得奇怪的是，在各种证据当中，人们似乎忽略了最重要的一个证据：他的作品。即使从最苛刻的角度评价，他的作品也当得起“伟大”这个词。有一种说法，世界上被引用次数最多的三部英语作品分别是《圣经》，莎士比亚的戏剧和《爱丽丝漫游奇境》。从沈从文到博尔赫斯，从德里达到曼古埃尔，从蒂姆·波顿到玛丽莲·曼森，这本书（以及它的续集《爱丽丝镜中奇遇记》）几乎迷倒了所有人。从古典到现代到后现代，各种理论，思潮，哲学观点几乎都可以从这两本小书里找到绝妙的对应点。用美国作家古德曼的话说，“这两本书可以解释这个世界上发生的一切，从古到今，当然，也包括未来。”

总之，它就像一个奇迹。一个以童话形式出现的神谕。为什么刘易斯·卡罗尔会写出这样一部奇妙的书呢？这也是一个谜。卡罗尔奇境里的又一个谜。一个迷人但却乏人问津的谜。对此有一个神秘的解释。卡罗尔的出生地，英格兰柴郡霍尔顿区的戴尔斯拜瑞村，正是世界闻名的麦田怪圈的频发地之一，而且据称该地经常出现神秘光球，磁场紊乱等特异现象，所以不能排除卡罗尔的奇特作品受到了高等文明的影响。说实话，我很喜欢这个解释。它让我想起有人问萧伯纳，他是否相信《圣经》是圣灵写的，萧伯纳回答说：“所有百读不厌的书都是圣灵写的。”（我们完全可以把“圣灵”替换为“外星人”。）不过我还有一个不那么神秘的解释。

如果你看过那幅名为《扮成小乞丐的爱丽丝·里德尔》的照片，你一定也会像我一样惊呼：“对！那就是爱丽丝！”对，那就是漫游奇境和镜中世界的那个爱丽丝的神情：带着点孩子气的桀骜不驯，散发出幽默的戏谑，有一副面对这个世界—不管那是充满荒诞感，有三月疯兔和猪婴儿的奇境世界，还是几乎同样荒诞（或者更加荒诞）的成人世界—满不在乎的表情。我想，那其实也是卡罗尔的表情—内心表情。正如包法利夫人就是福楼拜，我们也可以说爱丽丝就是卡罗尔。善良、好奇、骄傲、幽默、自我怀疑、打破固定思维、不屈从权威的小爱丽丝，正是卡罗尔内心自我的投影，在虚构里，她是漫游奇境的爱丽丝，在现实里，她就是爱丽丝·里德尔和像爱丽丝·里德尔的那些

孩子。那就是为什么他喜欢和爱丽丝·里德尔们打成一片的原因，那也是为什么他能写出《爱丽丝漫游奇境》的原因（当然我也不否认“圣灵”很可能也起了某种作用）。因为他就像一个擅长数学的小孩子。凭借孩子般本真的眼光，加上作为数学家特有的逻辑和反逻辑能力，刘易斯·卡罗尔用一个表面上很简单的童话，就囊括了我们这个表面上很复杂的世界。

我不是蒂姆·波顿和强尼·戴普的影迷，而且考虑到其剧本完全不忠于原著，所以我想我大概不会去看即将上映的电影版《爱丽丝漫游奇境》。但我会好好再看一遍书，就像我每年都会做的那样。我也建议你去看。我相信任何看过并热爱这部童话的人，都会坚信：刘易斯·卡罗尔没有做过任何伤害孩子的事。这部美妙而伟大的童话本身就是最有力的证据。退一万步说，就算他有过什么不干不净的想法，那又怎么样？我相信，他成功地压制住了自己内心涌起的黑暗—如果真有那种黑暗的话—通过写作，通过数学益智题，通过近乎疯狂的写信（一份记录表明，刘易斯·卡罗尔在他活着的最后三十七年间，曾收发了九万八千七百二十一封信件），甚至—也许—通过给孩子们拍照。美国前总统卡特在大选前接受《花花公子》杂志访问时说，“我常常带着淫欲的目光去看女人，在内心我其实已经犯了通奸罪，我希望上帝和选民能原谅我。”正如上帝和选民原谅了卡特一样（他在接受采访后不久即顺利当选），我想上帝和读者也会原谅卡罗尔—即使他在睡前确实有过片刻阴暗的想法（事实上，又有谁没有过呢？）。

因此，我们正确也是正常的态度或许应该是：去不胜珍惜地阅读一百多年前这个害羞男人所写的美妙作品，然后，就像《爱丽丝镜中奇遇记》的红心王后皱着眉头对爱丽丝所说的，“你应当以优雅的言辞致谢。”

孔亚雷

译本序

英国作家刘易斯·卡罗尔（Lewis Carroll）在1864年写出了那部奇妙的故事《爱丽丝漫游奇境》的初稿，并于1865年改定出版。这部书当时就受到广大读者，特别是少年儿童读者的热烈欢迎，经过一百多年的时间考验，证明这是一部可以世代流传的经典著作。

1871年初版的这部《爱丽丝镜中奇遇记》（Through the Looking-Glass and What Alice Found There），同样是这位作家卡罗尔的令人赞赏的一部作品。它可以视为《爱丽丝奇境历险记》的续篇或姐妹篇，不过它又可以独立成篇。许多年来，它也拥有广大的读者群。

这两部书写的是爱丽丝的两个梦。在第一个梦中，爱丽丝掉进了兔子洞里，从此演绎出种种荒诞不经的故事。在这第二个梦中，爱丽丝则像隐身人那样穿过一面玻璃镜子，她在镜子后面的天地里东游西荡，遇见种种不可思议的人物和事件。

在《爱丽丝漫游奇境》里，卷首插图是扑克牌中的红心国王和王后端坐在宝座上审案，旁边还有他们的扑克牌卫兵。故事的结尾是一副扑克牌像雪片一样纷纷落下来，惊醒了爱丽丝的怪梦。在这部《爱丽丝镜中奇遇记》里，卷首插图则是一副国际象棋盘，棋盘上布下了几个棋子，棋子中的“兵”代表爱丽丝。棋盘下端是这副残局的走着的说明。

作者卡罗尔给爱丽丝安排在睡梦中穿过镜子的情节，然后让她在壁炉的灰烬里发现了会行动和说话的棋子。然后让她来到被树篱和溪流分隔得像一个大棋盘的土地上。

这整篇稀奇古怪、又引人入胜的故事，就是在这样一个像硕大无朋的棋盘的山林水泽之中展开的。或者说是在由山林水泽组合成的硕大无朋的棋盘上展开的。反正读者只要记住，爱丽丝是一个在梦中，

在镜中世界里，在若有若无、似是而非的棋盘上走动的小兵，最后变成王后，这样一个“事实”，就不会被这篇故事弄得晕头转向，仿佛自己也在做梦。

爱丽丝会脚不沾地地飞着走路；一条笔直的小径会弯曲和抖动起来；花儿会说话；蚊虫会扇风；羊腿会鞠躬；王后会变成绵羊；绵羊会变成女店主，她手中的编织针会变成划船的桨；一对怪模怪样的兄弟；手指先贴上膏药，然后出血，然后才被扎伤的怪事情；一个蛋形矮胖子；海象、狮子、独角兽；两个老是从马背上倒栽葱地摔下来的骑士却要比武；长篇的诗歌背诵；花样百出的考试；爱丽丝紧紧捉住的红王后最后变成了一只小猫咪，等等—这一切只有在神魂颠倒的梦境里才会出现，只有极富想象力的作家才能描写出来。卡罗尔，这位英国牛津大学的数学教师，竟然在创作了《爱丽丝漫游奇境》之后，又创作了这样一部令人赞叹的《爱丽丝镜中奇遇记》，难怪他虽然没有一部“皇皇巨制”，却仍然能够以这样两部小作品在世界文学的殿堂里永远占有令人钦敬的一席之地。

卡罗尔是一位具有独创性的作家，已由这两部作品加以证明。在现在这一部里还可以举出两点来说明他的与众不同之处。一是本书第十一章，只有这样一句话：“—而且，到头来，它的的确确是一只小猫咪”便结束了。如此写法恐怕是从未有过的吧。二是《卷尾诗》一共二十一行，原文每行的头一个字母从上到下拼写起来是：Alice Pleasance Liddell（爱丽丝·珀莱裳丝·里德尔），正是这位实有其人的小姑娘激发了卡罗尔的创作灵感，这样一首压卷之作恐怕也是绝无仅有的吧。

一般来说，两部“爱丽丝”应该属于儿童文学，但是它们问世一百三十多年以来，读者不计其数，版本、译本也不知有多少。有些注释本，释文甚至超过正文，可见有人是把它们作为经典文学来研究的。可见其读者并不限于少年儿童。就拿译者本人来说，我已年逾古稀，读来还是兴味盎然的。

少年儿童是人生的一个短暂阶段，转眼之间就是成人。一般低幼读物在我们长大成人以后便不会再去翻阅，但是经典性的作品比如《安徒生童话》，比如两部“爱丽丝”，我觉得可以终生受用，常读常新。因此，我翻译这两部作品的时候，并没有考虑哪一个年龄段的读

者的接受程度，也没有删减很难翻译的诗句、对话，或者双关、俏皮之处。我只想尽可能用所能掌握的语文来表达原作的原貌。力所不及之处则用注解说明。有些注解是知识性的，我想对于读者或许有帮助，而我本人查找的时候费了不少时间。也许有的读者觉得没有必要，就请略去不看，好在这种地方并不多。

本书卷首插图那副国际象棋棋盘曾使我绞尽脑汁也没有看懂。我特地买了一本国际象棋棋谱，又画了一张棋盘，试着走棋，仍然不能解决。后来我想起远在北京的弟弟吴沅陶。他是某科学研究所的高级工程师，业余钻研国际象棋，还翻译过一部棋谱。我驰函求教，附了复印件，结果就译在卷首了。是否正确，还请这方面的专家赐教。

那副国际象棋棋盘下面的说明，我都按照我国通用的叫法译为王、后、车、马、象等等。但是车的原文castle是“城堡”之意（另有一个专门名称rook）；马的原文knight是“骑士”之意；象的原文bishop是“主教”之意。在正文之中，我译为国王、王后（避免与“后来”的“后”混淆）、城堡、骑士（骑士比武不能译为马与马比武）；而主教在正文中没有出现过。

我原来以为翻译这样一部七八万字的书不用多少时间，想不到从2000年5月开始，直到今天竟然有两年之久。当然中间为琐事所扰不得不停笔。但愿我的辛苦和审校者的功劳能得到读者认可。

著名语言学家赵元任先生（1892—1982）翻译过这两部书。第一部书名是：《阿丽思漫游奇境记》，1921年翻译，1922年由商务印书馆出版。第二部书名是：《阿丽思漫游镜中世界》，1969年在美国出版，不知是哪一家出版社出版。据知，北京商务印书馆在1986年出版了两书的重印本。我曾拜托在那里任编辑的老同学沈愈先生代购，可惜没有余书，只寄来复印的《译者序》和《出版说明》。赵元任先生在《译者序》中说：“我相信这书的文学价值，比起莎士比亚最正经的书亦比得上。”我认为这位蜚声中外的学者的这句话对于两部“爱丽丝”都适用，因此录在这里，希望引起读者的更多注意。

本书中数十幅精美绝伦的插图采自英文本原著，作者是英国画家约翰·坦尼尔爵士（Sir John Tenniel，1820—1914），《爱丽丝漫游奇境》中的插图也是出自他的妙笔。

吴钧陶
2002年5月9日

1897年版前言

前面一页上印的关于那盘国际象棋的问题，曾经使我的某些读者感到迷惑不解，然而就棋子的走着而论，也许很可以解释说，那样下法很正确。红后和白后轮流移动或许并不像可能的那样被严格地奉行，同时，那三位王后的“进宫”也仅仅是她们进入宫殿的一种说法；[1]不过，在第六着对白王的“叫将”，在第七着吃掉红骑士[2]，以及在最后“将死”红王这几着，任何人如果愿意费心按照提示的那样摆棋子和走棋，都会发现那是严格按照国际象棋的规则走的。

在《胡言乱语》那首诗里（见第15页），新的单词的发音问题，曾经引起一些不同的意见。因此，对于这一点或许也可以作一些说明。“slithy”的发音，要把它当做“sly，the”两个单词来读。对于“gyre”和“gimble”中的“g”要读硬音。“rath”的发音要和“bath”押韵。[3]

这是第六十一次重印版，其中新的电铸版插图是从木刻版复制的（这套木刻从来没有作过印刷之用，所以品质良好，就像当初在1871年刻出时候那样），而整部书都用新字体重新排版。如果这部再版本的艺术质量在任何一点上比初版本差的话，那决不是因为作者、出版者，或者印刷者苦心尽力得不够之故。

我借此机会声明：《幼儿“爱丽丝”》[4]一书，迄今为止实价为四先令，现在有读者要求降价，和普通的一先令图画书价格相同—虽然我确实觉得，在每一项质量上（除了我没有资格谈论的正文本身以外），都大大超过那些图画书。考虑到我曾经承担的非常沉重的初期费用，四先令其实是一个完全合理的订价。尽管这样，因为公众曾经讲求实际地说过：“一本图画书，不论是如何精美地装帧起来的，我们不愿花超过一先令的价钱去买。”所以我乐意把自己对于此书的费用全部看做净亏损，同时，与其让那些我本来是为他们而写的小家伙

们空手而去，我宁可用对我来说差不多像送掉一样的价钱，把它卖出去。

刘易斯·卡罗尔

1896年圣诞节

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[1] “进宫”原文是“castling”，又译“王车易位”。国际象棋中，王在底线时，可以移至左手第二格，或第三格，而车（castle）则放在它右边一格作护卫。规则中，并没有王后与国王“易位”的走着，所以这里这样说。

[2] 骑士（Knight），我国在国际象棋中称为“马”。

[3] 这些都是书中《胡言乱语》一诗原文中的单词。

[4] 《幼儿“爱丽丝”》（Nursery “Alice”），可能是作者卡罗尔为幼年儿童改写的爱丽丝的故事书。

卷首诗

你的前额纯洁开朗无污点，
如梦的眼睛真美妙，孩子！
虽然时间飞逝，而你我之间
年龄上相差足足有半世，
你可爱的笑容一定会评价
这一篇作为爱的礼物的童话。

我没有见到过你的灿烂的面容，
也没有听到过你的动听的笑声；
你的年轻生命的未来时日中，
不可能想到我这样一个人—
只要你现在愿意倾听就够啦，
倾听我的这一篇童话。

这一篇故事开始于过去的日子，
当时夏天的烈日在燃烧—
一阵简朴的钟乐在我们乘小舟时，
合着划木桨的节奏声声敲—
它的回声至今还印在记忆里，
要过许多年代才会说“忘记”。

那么，来吧，趁闷闷不乐的女仆
还没有发出吓人的声音叫，
传来那令人苦恼的信息，招呼
你到讨厌的床上去睡觉！

亲爱的，我们不过是长大的儿童，
就寝时间一近就使我们心事重重。

屋子外，冰冻霜寒，白雪刺眼，
还有暴风的疯狂撒泼—
屋子内，炉火熊熊，红光闪亮，
那是童年时代的安乐窝。
这些奇异的文字会深深吸引你，
那凶猛肆虐的狂风你不必在意。

而且，虽然有一声叹息的阴影
可能会绵绵地贯穿故事，
因为“快乐的暑期”已一去无音信，
夏天的辉煌也已经消失—
但是它决不会带有一丝苦辣
来影响我们这一篇愉悦的童话。

第一章 镜中房子

有一件事情是确定无疑的，那就是白猫咪和此事毫无关系—完完全全是那只黑猫咪的错。因为白猫咪刚才正在由老猫替它洗脸，熬着难熬的时刻（总的说来，它表现得相当不错）：所以，你看，它不可能在那件调皮捣蛋的事情上插上一手。

老猫黛娜是这样替她的孩子们洗脸的：她先用一只爪子揪住那只可怜的小东西的耳朵，把它摁下去，然后用另一只爪子把它的脸全部都擦遍，不过从鼻子开始，那是不对头的。正像我所说的，她刚才正在辛辛苦苦地服侍那只白猫咪，白猫咪很安静地躺在那儿，费劲地呼噜呼噜叫—毫无疑问，它感觉到那完全是为了它好。

不过那只黑猫咪在下午早些时候就由黛娜洗完了脸，因此，爱丽丝蜷曲身子坐在那张大扶手椅子的一角，半是自言自语，半是瞌瞌朊朊

的时候，黑猫咪就在大玩特玩。它跳跳蹦蹦地玩弄爱丽丝的倒霉透顶绒线球，她曾经打算绕起来，也已经一来一去地绕了，到后来又全部散了开来。绒线散乱在壁炉地毯上，疙疙瘩瘩，缠缠绕绕，一塌糊涂，黑猫咪却在中间追逐自己的尾巴打圈圈。

“哦，你这个可恶的、可恶的小东西！”爱丽丝叫起来，一把抓住黑猫咪，轻轻地吻了一下，让它明白它不讨人喜欢。“说真的，黛娜应该教教你懂点儿规矩！黛娜，你应该这么做，你知道你应该这么做！”她加上一句，并且用责备的眼光瞪着那只老猫，用她尽可能做到的生气的声音说话—然后，她爬回那只扶手椅子上，带着黑猫咪和绒线，开始重新绕绒线球。不过进展得并不很快，因为她一直在说话，有时候对黑猫咪说，有时候对她自己说。这个蔻蒂非常端庄娴静地坐在她的膝盖上，假装瞧着绕线的进展，时不时地伸出一只爪子，

轻轻地碰碰那只球，仿佛要是可能的话，它很愿意帮上一手。

“蔻蒂，你可知道明天是什么日子吗？”爱丽丝开始说。“要是你曾经跟我一起在窗前，你就会猜到的—只不过黛娜那时正在替你洗脸，所以你猜不到。我看到的是小伙子们在拾树枝，准备烧篝火—那需要许多许多树枝啊，蔻蒂！只不过天气太冷了，雪又下得那么大，他们不得不离开。没关系，我们明天去看篝火。”说到这里，爱丽丝把绒线在黑猫咪的脖子上绕了两三圈，就是要看看那会是什么样子。这一下弄得失了手，那只绒线球滚到地板上去了，一码、一码、又一码地再松散开来。

“蔻蒂，你可知道，我刚才真的很生气，”她们重新舒舒服服地安顿下来之后，爱丽丝继续说下去，“我一眼看见你做了那许多坏事情，我简直要打开窗户，把你扔到雪地里去！你真该这样处罚，你这个亲爱的小捣蛋！你有什么话要为自己辩解吗？现在不要打断我！”她举起一根手指头，继续说。“我要把你所有的过错一一讲给你听。第一条：今天早上黛娜替你洗脸的时候，你尖声叫了两次。蔻蒂，你现在否认不了：我亲耳听见的！你说什么啊？”（她假装听见小黑猫在说话）。“她的爪子碰到你眼珠子了吗？嗯，那可是你的错啊，因为你把眼睛睁开来啦—要是你闭得紧紧的，就不会发生那种事。现在不要再找什么借口了，听下去！第二条：我刚刚把一茶碟牛奶放到雪花莲的面前，你就拽着她的尾巴把她拖开！什么，你口渴了，是吗？那么你怎么知道她不口渴呢？再说第三条：在我不注意的时候，你把绒线球全部拆开，一点都不剩！

“这就是三条过错，蔻蒂，而你到现在还没有因为哪一条受到处罚呢。你知道，我打算把对你的处罚全都保留到下个星期三—假定他们把对我的处罚也全都保留着会怎么样呢？”她继续说，更像是跟自己谈，而不是跟猫咪谈。“到了年底他们究竟会怎么办呢？我想，到时候我会被送进监狱的。或者—让我想想看—假定每一次处罚是不许吃一顿饭的话，那么，悲惨的日子到来的时候，我就肯定要一下子吃不上五十顿饭了！好吧，我决不该为这件事太操心！与其吃那五十顿饭，我真不如不吃那五十顿饭！

“蔻蒂，你可听见白雪落在窗玻璃上的声音吗？那声音是多么动听，多么柔和啊！就好像有谁在外面把窗子整个吻遍了。白雪那么轻

柔地吻着树林和田野，我不知道它是否爱着它们？然后，它用一条白被子把它们盖得舒舒服服的。它也许在说：‘亲爱的，睡觉吧，睡到夏天再来的时候醒来。’蔻蒂，到了夏天它们醒来，它们全都穿上绿色的衣服，舞个不停—只要有风吹着—哦，简直漂亮极了！”爱丽丝嚷叫着，同时放下那只绒线球，拍起手来。“而且我真希望是那么一回事！树林到了秋天叶子都黄了，我肯定那时它们看来是昏昏欲睡的了。

“蔻蒂，你会下棋吗？我亲爱的，你可不要笑啊，我是正正经经地问你。因为我们刚刚在下棋的时候，你在一旁瞧着，仿佛懂得下棋似的。而且我说‘将！’的时候你在呼噜呼噜地叫！嗯，蔻蒂，那是一着很妙的将，我真的可能就赢了，坏就坏在那只讨厌的马[1]，它在我的棋子当中横冲直闯。蔻蒂，亲爱的，让咱们假装—”写到这儿，我希望我能够跟你们多少谈一些爱丽丝常常说的事情，她说起来总是用她喜欢的说法“让咱们假装”来开头。就在昨天，她跟她的姐姐喋喋不休地争论了好久好久—完全是因为爱丽丝用了“让咱们假装我们是国王们和王后们”这句话来开头。她的姐姐向来喜欢非常精确，争论说那是不可能的，因为她们一共只有两个人。于是爱丽丝最后不得不让步说：“好吧，那么你可以扮成其中的一个，而我把其他的人物全部包下来。”还有一次，她忽然对着她的老保姆的耳朵大声叫嚷：“保姆！让咱们假装我是一条饿鬣狗，而你是一根肉骨头！”这一下真把老保姆吓了一大跳。

不过这一段话使我们从爱丽丝对小黑猫的演讲岔开了。“蔻蒂，让咱们假装你是那个红王后吧！你可知道，我觉得如果你坐起来，两臂交叉，你的样子就完完全全像她了。现在试试看，好，真是乖孩子！”于是爱丽丝把那只红王后棋子从桌子上拿起来，放在小黑猫的眼前，作为模特儿，让它照着做。不过，爱丽丝说，这件事大体上没有成功，因为小黑猫不肯像模像样地交叉两臂。因此，她把它拎到那面镜子前作为惩罚，让它瞧瞧自己那副德性，“—要是你不好好地照办，”她又说，“我就要把你送到镜中房子里边去。你会喜欢这样吗？”

“现在，蔻蒂，只要你专心听，而不要话太多，我就会把我想象的镜中房子全部告诉你。首先，透过镜子，你能看见那间屋子—它跟我们的会客室一模一样，只不过里边的东西全都相反。我爬上这把扶

手椅就能把一切都看得清清楚楚—只除了壁炉后边的一小块地方看不见。哦！我多么希望自己能够看见那一小块地方啊！我非常想知道他们在冬天是不是生了火。你知道，你怎么也弄不明白，除非我们的炉火冒烟，那间屋子里才也冒烟—不过那也许仅仅是假装而已，就为了看上去他们是生了火。不错，那些书本有点儿像我们的书本，只不过那上面的字是反的。我知道这一点，因为我曾经把我们的一本书举到镜子前面，于是他们就在那间屋子里也举起一本书来。

“蔻蒂，你可会喜欢住在镜中屋子里呢？我不知道他们在那边会不会给你喝牛奶？也许镜中牛奶不好喝—不过，哦，蔻蒂！现在咱们看到那条过道了。假如你让我们会客室的门开得大大的，你只能看见镜中屋子的那条过道的一点点，就你所能看到的这一点点过道而言，它非常像我们这条过道，只不过你知道，再过去也许很不一样。哦，蔻蒂，要是你能够穿过去，进入那间镜中屋子，那会是多么美妙啊！我敢肯定那里边有，哦！如此漂亮的东西呀！蔻蒂，让咱们假装有那么一个办法能穿过去，走进屋子里吧。让咱们假装那面镜子变得像薄纱一样软，我们能够穿过去。呀，我说它现在已经变成一层薄雾似的东西啦！很容易就能穿过去啦—”她说这句话的时候，人已经登上了壁炉架，虽然她弄不明白自己怎么会上去的。而那面镜子确实是就像一片明亮的银白色薄雾那样，开始消散掉。



一转眼工夫，爱丽丝已经穿过那面镜子，轻巧地跳到那镜中屋子的房间里。她做的第一件事就是看看壁炉里是不是生了火，她很高兴地发现果真是生了火，火光四射，跟她留在身后的炉火一样明亮。“这样我在这儿就会如同在老房间里一样暖和了，”爱丽丝心里想。“其实是更暖和，因为在这儿不会有人呵斥我，叫我离火远些儿。哦，他们要是看见我穿过镜子跑到这儿来，却捉不到我，那是多么好玩啊！”

于是她开始四处看看，注意到凡是从原来房间里能够看见的东西都很一般、很无味，但是其余的一切则是完全不一样。比方说，壁炉旁边的墙上挂的图画看来都是活生生的，而壁炉架上的那只时钟（你知道你在镜子里只能看见它的背面）长着一张小老头儿的脸，冲着她露齿而笑。

“他们没有把这间屋子弄得像那间屋子那么整洁，”爱丽丝注意到有几只棋子掉落在炉膛的灰烬中，她这样自思自忖着；可是在下一分钟，她惊讶得低低地叫了一声“哦！”便用双手和双膝趴在地上盯着它们瞧。那些棋子正两个两个地并排走起来啦！

“这是红国王和红王后，”爱丽丝说（她悄悄儿地说，只怕吓着它们），“那是白国王和白王后，坐在煤铲子的边缘上—这是两个车[2]手臂挽着手臂走着—我想它们听不见我说的话，”她继续说，一面把头凑得更近一些，“我差不多可以肯定，它们看不见我。我觉得，不知道怎么一来，自己仿佛变成一个隐身人了—”

这时候，爱丽丝背后的桌子上有什么东西开始发出刺耳的尖叫声，她不禁回过头来，正好看见一只白兵在打滚，还把双脚乱踢起来。她奇怪得不得了，眼睁睁地瞧着，要看看下一步会发生什么事情。



“那是我的孩子的声音！”白王后大声嚷道，一面从白国王身边冲过去，冲得那么厉害，竟然把白国王撞倒了，跌在灰烬里。“我的好宝宝莉莉啊！我的王家的猫咪啊！”于是她开始疯狂地爬上那道壁炉围栏。

“王家的胡说八道！”白国王一面说，一面擦着鼻子，他摔倒的时候伤着那儿。他有权利对那位王后感到小小的不满，因为他从头到脚都是灰。

爱丽丝非常急于帮助别人，于是，在那位可怜的小莉莉尖声叫得差不多要晕过去的时候，她急急忙忙拾起那位王后，把她放到桌子上她那吵闹不休的小小的女儿身旁。

王后气喘吁吁，坐了下来：刚才那次快速的空中旅行使她惊吓得喘不过气来，有一两分钟她什么都干不了，只能把小莉莉搂在怀里使她安静下来。她刚刚缓过一口气，便叫唤那位白国王，他正闷闷不乐地坐在灰堆里：“小心火山啊！”

“什么火山？”国王说，他焦急不安地仰望着炉火，仿佛觉得那儿是最有可能发现一个火山的地方。

“把—我—吹上来了，”王后喘着气说，她仍然有点儿透不过气来。“你小心地爬上来—走正规的路—不要被吹上来！”

爱丽丝眼瞧着白国王慢慢地挣扎着往上爬，从一根横杆爬到另一根横杆，到后来她忍不住说：“喂，照你这种速度，你得许多许多个钟头才能爬到桌子上去呀。我帮你一把会好得多，是不是呀？”可是国王对这个问题毫不理睬：很清楚，他既听不见她的话，也看不见她

这个人。

于是，爱丽丝轻手轻脚地把他拾起来，提着他慢慢地拿上去，比她刚才把王后拿上去要慢，这样就可能不会使他惊吓得喘不过气来了。不过，在把他放在桌子上以前，她觉得不妨替他掸掉一点灰尘，他全身都是炉灰。

她后来说，在国王发现自己被一只看不见的手举在半空中，并且被掸去炉灰的时候，像他这副挤眉弄眼的怪模样，她这一辈子从来也没有看见过。国王惊吓得失魂落魄，喊都喊不出声来，但是他的眼睛和嘴巴却越张越大，越绷越圆，爱丽丝笑得手直抖，几乎松手让他掉到地板上。



“哦！亲爱的，请你不要把脸弄成这副模样！”她大声说，根本忘记了国王听不见她说的话。“你使我发笑，弄得我握不住你啦！你的嘴巴不要这样一直大张着！炉灰都要落进去啦—好啦，现在我觉得你是够整洁的啦！”她又说，同时把他的头发撸撸平，然后把他放在桌子上靠近王后的地方。

国王立刻跌倒，直挺挺地躺在那儿，一动也不动。爱丽丝看到自己做出的事情，不免有点儿吃惊，便在房间里到处转，看看是否找得到什么水来浇他。可是，她什么也找不到，只找到一瓶墨水，她拿了

墨水走回来的时候，却发现他已经苏醒过来，和王后两人正在交头接耳，说着胆战心惊的悄悄话—声音那么低，爱丽丝听不见他们在说什么。



国王说的是："亲爱的，千真万确，我直到胡子尖尖都发冷！"

对这句话，王后却回答说："你可是一根胡子都没有啊。"

"那一时刻的恐怖，"国王继续说，"我永远、永远也不会忘记！"

"可是，你会忘记的，"王后说，"如果你不把这件事做一个备忘录的话。"

爱丽丝带着很大的兴趣在一旁观看那位国王从口袋里掏出一本很大很大的备忘录簿子，开始写起来。她忽然灵机—动，看见那支铅笔的末端在他的肩膀上方露出一点，便一把抓住，开始代替他写字。

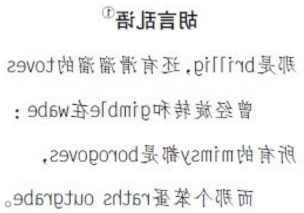
可怜的国王看来迷惑不解，闷闷不乐，有时候暗暗地跟那支铅笔较劲，一言不发。然而爱丽丝比他的力气大多了，他终于喘着气说道："我亲爱的！我真的必须弄一支细一点的铅笔才行。这支笔我一点儿都使不来，它写的各种各样的事情全都不是我要写的—"

"究竟哪一些事情呢？"王后说，对那本簿子大致看了一看（爱丽丝在那上面写的是："白色马正在从拨火棍上滑下来。他平衡保持得很不好"）。"这可不是你的感觉的备忘录啊！"

有一本书躺在桌子上，靠近爱丽丝，她坐下来，盯着白国王瞧看（因为她对这个国王还是有点儿担心，把墨水准备好了随时泼在他身上，如果他再次晕过去的话），与此同时，她一页一页翻过去，打算发现自己能读懂的部分，“—因为上面是用我不懂的某种文字写的，”她自言自语。



比如下面的文字。



爱丽丝有一会儿工夫对这段文字感到迷惑不解，不过她脑子里终于闪过一道亮光。“哎，当然啰，这是一本镜中之书！那么，如果我把它举到一面镜子跟前，这些文字就会全部又正过来啦。”

以下就是爱丽丝读出的诗篇：

胡言乱语[3]

那是brillig，还有滑溜溜的toves
曾经旋转和gimble在wabe：
所有的mimsy都是borogoves，
而那个笨蛋raths outgrabe。

“小心那个胡言乱语，我的儿孩！
那咬人的上下颌，抓人的爪子！
小心那只Jubjub鸟，赶快躲开
那frumious Bandersnatch！”

他手拿一把vorpal利剑：
很久以来他把manxome敌人找—
于是休息在那株Tumtum树边，
站立一会儿以便思考。

他站在那儿作affish思考的时候，
那个胡言乱语，眼睛直冒火星，
穿过tulgey树林晃晃悠悠地走，
走过来的时候，咕噜咕噜说个不停！
一，二！一，二！那把vorpal利剑
一来二去，咔嚓咔嚓！
他让他陈尸在地，割其首级，
扬扬得意拎着头回家。

“你是否已把那个胡言乱语杀死？
我的乐滋滋的孩子，让我抱抱！
哦，卡罗呵！卡来哎！frabjous日子！”
他开心得哈哈哈哈大笑。

那是brillig，还有滑溜溜的toves
曾经旋转和gimble在wabe：
所有的mimsy都是borogoves，
而那个笨蛋raths outgrabe。[4]

“这首诗似乎很有趣，”爱丽丝看完了以后说，“不过相当不好懂啊！”（你瞧，她甚至对自己都不肯承认，她其实完全看不懂。）“不知道怎么搞的，这首诗似乎把种种含意充满我的头脑—只不过我不确实明白是些什么意思！然而，诗里说有某个人杀死了某件东西：不管怎么，这一点是清楚的—”



“啊呀！”爱丽丝忽然跳起来，心里想着，“如果我不抓紧时间，在我看完这幢屋子的其余部分是什么样子之前，我就不得不穿过镜子回去啦！让咱们先看看花园吧！”她立刻就出了那个房间，跑下楼去——或者，至少不是真正的跑，而是一种又快又轻便的下楼的新发明，爱丽丝是这样对自己说的。她仅仅把手指尖尖放在扶手上，就轻轻地飘浮起来，双脚连梯级都不碰到就下去了。然后她继续飘浮，穿过厅堂，要不是一手抓住了门柱，她会以同样方式一直飘浮到门外去。在空中飘浮了那么久，她开始觉得有点儿晕晕糊糊的，等到发现自己又

能够自自然然地走路了，她觉得好不高兴啊。

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[1] 马，原文是Knight，国际象棋中的棋子，原意是“骑士”。

[2] 车，这里指国际象棋中的一枚棋子，原文是Castle，原义为“城堡”，棋子的形状也是一个城堡。

[3] 胡言乱语，原文为Jabberwocky，是作者卡罗尔在本书中杜撰的一个单词，后来一些英语词典中正式收录。下面还有一些这样的怪字，读者，特别是小朋友们，不必认真对待，只要觉得好玩就行。

[4] 这首诗的原文中有不少单词是杜撰生造的，无法翻译，因而这里照搬过来，以示其胡言乱语。

第二章 活的花卉大花园

“要是我能登上那座山的山顶的话，”爱丽丝对自己说，“我准会把那座大花园看得清楚得多。这里正有一条直通山顶的小路—至少，不对，它到不了那儿—”（在她沿着小路走了几码，转了几个很险的弯儿以后说，）“不过，我猜想它最后能到达的。只是它弯弯曲曲好怪好怪啊！说是一条小路，倒不如说是一个开瓶塞的螺旋钻呢！好啦，我想，这个拐弯是到山上去的啦，—不对，它不是的！它径直往回通向那幢房屋！好吧，我试试走另一条道儿吧。”

于是她就按照她想做的那样做了：她东闯西闯，摸索着转了一个弯，又转了一个弯，然而总是走回到屋子跟前来。说真的，有一次她比平常更迅速一点转过一个角落的时候，她来不及停住脚步，一头撞上了屋子。

“这没有什么好说的，”爱丽丝说，抬头望望那幢房屋，装做那幢房屋是在跟她辩论。“不过我现在还不打算再走进去。我知道我又得穿过那面镜子—回到那个老房间里去—我的全部历险故事也就会在那儿告一段落啦！”

于是，她坚决地转身背对那幢房屋，再一次起步沿着那条小径走去，一心一意笔直走，非要到达那座山不可。开头几分钟，一切都十分顺利，可是她刚刚开口说：“这一次我真的要成功了—”那条小径却忽然拐了一个弯，而且自己颤抖起来（她后来如此描述），下一分钟里她便发现自己竟然正在走进屋门。

“哦，这是太糟糕了！”她叫喊着。“我从来也没有看见过像这样挡道碍事的房屋！从来也没有！”

不过，那座山清清楚楚地呈现在那里，因此除了重新开始以外，没有别的办法。这一次她碰到的是一个大花坛，花坛边上种着雏菊，

中央长着一棵柳树。

“哦，卷丹花[1]！”爱丽丝招呼正在风中优美地摇着身子的一枝卷丹花说：“我希望你能讲话。”



“我们是能讲话的，”那枝卷丹花说道，“要是有谁值得我们交谈的话。”

爱丽丝惊讶得一时间说不出话来：那枝花真是把她吓得目瞪口呆了。到后来，看到卷丹花只不过继续摆来摆去，她又说开了，声音是小心翼翼的—几乎是耳语。“所有的花都能说话吗？”

“就像你能说话一样，”卷丹花说。“而且声音响得多。”

“你知道，由我们开始说话是不合规矩的，”蔷薇说，“我刚才真的在想，你什么时候开口说话！我心里对自己说：‘她的脸上有一些懂道理的样子，虽然那不是一张聪明的脸！’尽管如此，你的颜色很正常，这一点大有用处。”

“我不在乎什么颜色不颜色，”卷丹花发表意见。“只要她的花瓣儿再向上卷那么一点点，她就很完美了。”

爱丽丝不喜欢被人家评头论足，因此她开始问问题。“你们被栽种在这外面，没有人照看，有时候是不是害怕呢？”

“花坛中央有一棵树，”蔷薇说。“它除了照看我们以外，还有什么别的用处呢？”

“不过，要是有什么危险来了，它能够干什么呢？”

“它能够吠叫，”蔷薇说。

“它叫‘汪汪！’”雏菊大声说。“这就是为什么它的树枝叫做棒棒！”[2]

“你不知道这事吗？”另一枝雏菊大声说。这时，它们开始一齐呼喊起来，直到空气中似乎充满着细细的震颤声。“你们大家都静下来！”卷丹花说，感情冲动地把身子摇过来摆过去，还激动地颤抖着。“它们知道我抓不着它们！”它喘着气说，把抖动的头向爱丽丝低下来，“否则它们决不敢那样做！”

“别放在心上！”爱丽丝用一种安慰的声调说，然后弯下腰来对着刚刚要再开始呼喊的雏菊压低嗓子说：“如果你们不管住你们的舌头，我就要把你们连根拔掉！”

一下子变得静寂无声，有几株粉红色的雏菊脸色变得煞白。

“这才对啦！”卷丹花说。“雏菊是所有花儿之中最坏的。只要一株花说话，它们大家就一齐说开了，听着它们这样闹下去，足够叫人凋零萎谢的！”

“你们全都能说得这么好，这是怎么会的？”爱丽丝说，希望用一句恭维的话使它的心情好一些。“我以前到过许多花园，但是没有一种花能够说话。”

“把你的手放到地上去摸摸，”卷丹花说。“这样你就会知道是什么原因了。”

爱丽丝照做不误。“地很硬，”她说；“然而我看不出来这跟那事究竟有什么关系。”

“在大多数花园里，”卷丹花说道，“他们把花坛弄得太松软了—以致于花儿老是昏睡不醒。”

听起来这句话合情合理，爱丽丝很高兴懂得了这件事。“这我过去从来都没有想到哇！”她说。

“这是我的意见：你根本从来都不思想，”蔷薇用相当严厉的口气说。

“我从来没有看见过任何人比它更愚蠢的了，”一枝紫罗兰说，来得那么突然，以致爱丽丝差不多跳了起来；因为它先前没有开过口。

“管住你的舌头！”卷丹花喊道。“好像你曾经看见过任何人似的！你把头藏在叶子下面，在那儿呼呼大睡混日子，弄得除了知道自己是不是个蓓蕾以外，就不知道这个世界上正在发生什么事情！”

“这座花园里除了我之外还有任何别人吗？”爱丽丝问道，她不想理会蔷薇的末了一句评论。

“这座花园里另外有一朵花能够像你一样走来走去，”蔷薇说。“我不知道你怎么做到这一点的—”（“你一直在到处漫游，”卷丹花说），“不过她比你毛发浓密得多。”

“她像我吗？”爱丽丝急切地问，因为她心中掠过一个想法，“这座花园里的什么地方还有一个小姑娘，是吗？”

“嗯，她跟你一样，外形很难看，”蔷薇说，“不过她颜色比较红—她的花瓣比较短，我认为。”

“那些花瓣包扎得很紧，就像一朵大丽花，”卷丹花说，“不像你的花瓣那样蓬蓬散散的。”

“不过这不是你的错，”蔷薇好心地接口说。“你知道，你正在开始憔悴—再说谁也没有办法不让她的花瓣变得有些儿乱。”

爱丽丝一点儿都不喜欢这种想法，因此，为了改变话题，她问道：“她会不会在这儿出现呢？”

“我敢说你马上就会见到她了，”蔷薇说，“你知道，她是那种有九根尖刺的东西。[3]”

“她在哪儿穿戴这些东西呢？”爱丽丝怀着一些好奇心问道。

“嘿，当然啦，在她头上绕一圈，”蔷薇回答说。

“我刚才还在奇怪你怎么不也有那种东西。我还以为那是正式的规定呐。”

“她来啦！”飞燕草喊道。“我听见她的脚步声：嚓，嚓，嚓，嚓，沿着砂砾小路走过来了！”

爱丽丝急切地环顾四周，却发现原来是红王后。“她长大了许多许多！”这是爱丽丝的第一句话。红王后的确是长大了：爱丽丝当初在灰烬里发现她的时候，她只有三英寸高—可是现在的她呀，比爱丽丝本人还高出半个头哪！

“那是新鲜空气使她长高的，”蔷薇说，“在这户外，空气好得不得了。”

“我想我得走过去见见她，”爱丽丝说，因为，尽管鲜花们都是够有趣的，她还是觉得去跟一位真正的王后说说话要伟大得多。

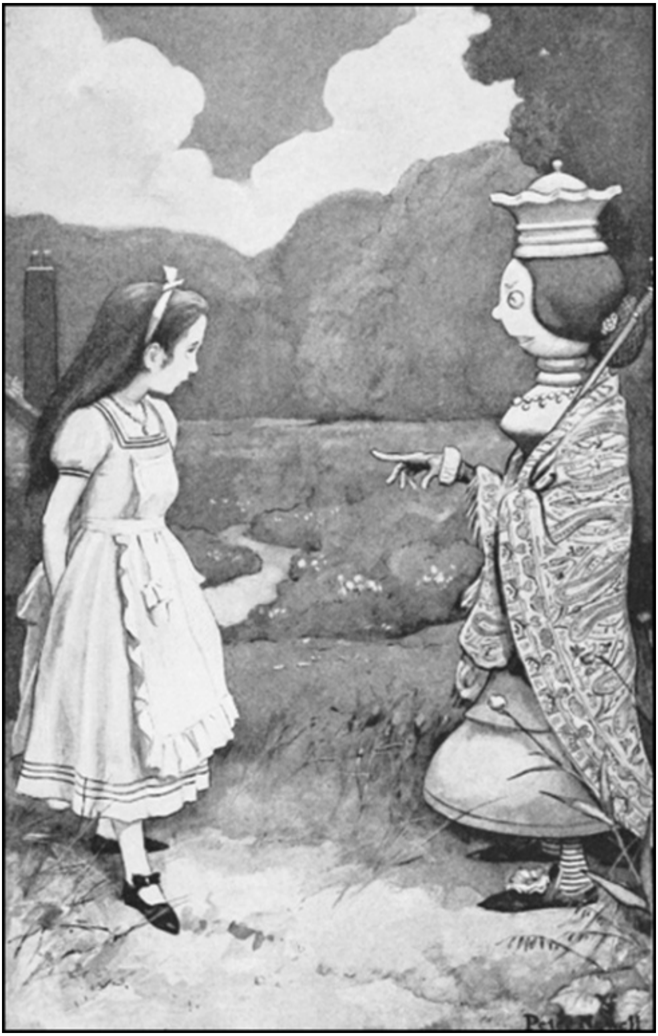
“你不可能做到这一点，”蔷薇说，“我要建议你走另外一条路。”

这句话在爱丽丝听来等于废话，所以她一言不发，立刻抬起脚来向红王后走去。令她吃惊的是，只一转眼工夫她就在眼前消失了，却发现自己又在走进前门。

爱丽丝有一点儿恼火，退了回来。在各处寻找这位王后之后（她终于侦察到这位王后待在很远的地方），她想自己这一次应该试试这个方案，即朝相反的方向走。

这个方案很漂亮地成功了。她走了还没有一分钟就发现自己跟那位红王后面对面站在一起，同时，她曾经向往了很久的那座小山也尽收眼底。

“你从哪儿来的呀？”红王后问道。“你要到哪儿去呀？抬起眼睛看着，好好地说话，不要一刻不停地捻弄手指头。”



爱丽丝对这些指示都一一照办，并且尽力解释说，她迷了她的路。

“我不明白你说你的路是什么意思，”王后说；“这一带所有的路都属于我的—不过你究竟为什么到这外面来？”她用一种较为亲善的口气加了后面一句话。“你在琢磨要说什么话的时候就行个屈膝礼。这样节省时间。”

爱丽丝对这一点有些儿疑惑，但是她太敬畏这位王后了，都不敢不信这句话。“下一次，在我回家吃晚饭迟到一会儿的时候，”爱丽丝

心中想着，“我打算试试看。”

“现在是该你回答的时候啦，”王后看了看她的表，说道。“把你的嘴巴张大一点儿说话，并且要把‘陛下’一直挂在嘴上。”

“我只不过想瞧瞧这座花园是什么样子，陛下—”

“这就对啦，”王后说着拍拍她的头，爱丽丝完全不喜欢她这样做。“不过，你说到‘花园’—我曾经见到过好多花园，跟那些花园比较起来，这座不过是荒园罢了。”

爱丽丝不敢争辩这一问题，只得继续说：“—而且我想要试试看，寻找一条通到那个小山顶上的道路—”

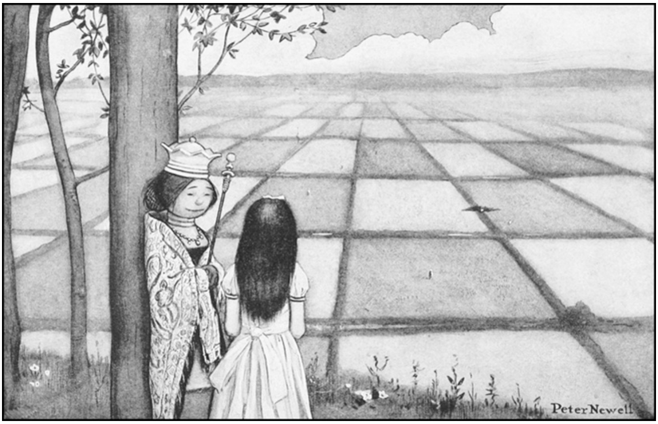
“你说到‘山’，”王后打断她的话，“我能够带你看许多小山，跟那些山比较起来，你就会把这座山叫做谷。”

“不，我不会的，”爱丽丝说，终于突然反驳起王后的话来。“你知道，一座山不可能是一个谷。这是一句废话—”

红王后摇摇头。“只要你高兴，你尽可以把这叫做‘废话’，”她说，“不过我曾经听到过废话，和那种废话比较起来，这一种就会像一本字典一样有道理！”

爱丽丝又一次行了屈膝礼，因为她害怕王后的声调，那声调表明她已经有点儿恼怒。于是她们两个闷声不响地并肩走着，一直走到那座小山顶上。

有好几分钟，爱丽丝一言不发地站在那儿，朝乡村的四面八方望去—那是最最稀奇古怪的乡村。有若干条小小的溪流从这一边笔直地流到那一边，溪流之间的土地被若干小小的绿色树篱分隔成一个个小方块，树篱则是从这一条小溪边连到那一条小溪边。



“我要说，那片土地被划分得正像是一个大棋盘！”爱丽丝终于喊道。“那儿应该有些人在什么地方走来走去的—哦，是有人在走！”她用惊喜的声调加了这句话，她往下说的时候，心脏开始激动地怦怦直跳。“你知道，这儿在玩极其巨大的国际象棋游戏—大到整个世界—如果这到底是个世界的话。哦，多么有趣呀！我多么希望自己是其中一员啊！我不在乎做一个小卒，只要我能够参加—虽然，我当然最最喜欢做一个王后啦。”

她说出这一想法的时候，相当难为情地对那位真正的王后瞟一眼，但是这位伙伴只不过喜滋滋地笑笑，说道：“这是容易办到的事。如果你愿意，你可以做白王后的小卒，因为莉莉年纪太小，不会玩儿。你从第二方格开始；等到你达到第八方格的时候，你就是一个王后了[4]—”就在此时此刻，不知是何原因，她们俩开始奔跑起来。

爱丽丝事后回想此事，怎么也弄不明白她们是怎样开始的。她记得起来的只是她们手牵手奔跑着，那位王后跑得那么快，她能够做到的仅仅是跟上她而已。而那位王后还不断地直嚷嚷：“再快些！再快些！”可是爱丽丝觉得自己无法跑得更快了，虽然她连说出这个感觉的气力都没有。

这件事情的最最奇怪之处是：她们四周的树木，以及其他的东西，竟然一点儿都没有改变它们的位置；不论她们奔跑得多么快，她们看来决没有跑过任何东西。“我怀疑那些东西是不是全都跟着我们移动啊？”可怜的迷惑不解的爱丽丝这样想。王后似乎猜出了她的思想，因为她叫喊着：“再快些！不要想说话！”



爱丽丝一点都没有想说话的念头。她觉得仿佛自己永远不能再说话了，她弄得上气不接下气，受不了啦，可是那位王后依然在叫喊：“再快些！再快些！”把她拽着一起跑。“我们快到那儿了吗？”爱丽丝终于设法喘着气问道。

“快到那儿了！”王后学着说一句。“嗨！十分钟之前我们就经过那儿了！再快些！”于是她们一时间不声不响地继续奔跑，风在爱丽丝的耳边嘘溜嘘溜地叫，她觉得几乎把她的头发都从头上刮走了。

“嗨！嗨！”王后大声叫着。“再快些！再快些！”她们跑得那么

快，到后来似乎在空气中飞掠而过，双脚简直没有碰到土地，直到忽然之间，正在爱丽丝快要筋疲力尽的时候，她们停了下来，爱丽丝发现自己跌坐在地，气喘吁吁，头晕目眩。

王后把她扶起来，靠在一棵树上，和颜悦色地说："现在，你该休息一会儿了。"

爱丽丝茫然四顾，非常惊讶。"哎，我真的相信，这整个时间里我们都一直待在这一棵树底下啊！每一件东西都跟刚才一模一样啊！"

"当然是这样的啦，"王后说。"你认为该怎么样呢？"

"嗯，在我们的国家里，"爱丽丝说，她仍然有点儿气急，"你一般会来到别的什么地方的—如果你像我们刚才那样长时间地飞快地奔跑的话。"

"一种慢吞吞的国家呀！"王后说。"喂，你瞧，在这里，要想停留在原地的话，就得用出你全部力量拼命跑。要想到别的什么地方去的话，你必须像那样跑得至少是加倍地快！"

"谢谢啦，我宁可不去尝试！"爱丽丝说。"待在这儿我很满意—只不过我感到太热，口渴！"

"我知道你喜欢什么！"王后温存和蔼地说，一面从衣袋里掏出一个小盒子。"吃一块饼干怎么样？"

爱丽丝觉得，要是说"不"的话那会是不礼貌的，虽然那完全不是她所想要的东西。她拿了一块饼干，勉强吃起来，觉得太干硬了，她生平从来也没有像这样几乎噎死。

"在你吃点心恢复精神的时候，"王后说，"我就来测量测量。"她从衣袋里掏出一根标有英寸度量的缎带，开始量地皮，同时在各处插上小木桩。

"在两码到底的地方，"她说，同时插了一根木桩来标明距离，"我将把你的方位告诉你—再要一块饼干吗？"

"不要，谢谢你，"爱丽丝说。"一块已经很足够啦！"

"我希望，你已经解渴了吧？"王后说。

对此，爱丽丝不知道说什么好，不过幸运的是王后并不等待一个回答，而是继续说下去。"在三码到底的地方，我会重复讲一遍—以免你忘记它们。在四码到底的地方，我将说再会。在五码到底的地

方，我就会消失不见了！”

这时候，她已经把所有的木桩都插好了，爱丽丝带着极大的兴趣眼看她走回这棵树，然后开始慢慢沿着那一排木桩走去。

在标着二码的木桩那儿，她回过头来，说道：“你知道，小卒在走第一步棋的时候走两个方格[5]，所以你会很快地穿过第三个方格—我想是乘火车穿过—接着你会发现自己立刻来到第四个方格。嗯，那个方格是属于特维德顿和特维德地[6]的—第五个方格大部分是水—第六个方格是属于汉普蒂·邓普蒂[7]的—可是你什么话也不说吗？”

“我—我不知道自己必须说话—刚才，”爱丽丝结结巴巴地说。

“你应该说，”王后用严肃的谴责口吻继续说，“‘你真是太好了，对我说了这一切。’—不过，我们就算这话已经说过了吧—第七个方格全部是森林—不过，有一个骑士[8]将会给你指路—然后在第八个方格，我们就将一同成为王后了，那就是大喜大庆、其乐无穷的时刻！”爱丽丝站起身来，行了个屈膝礼，重新坐下来。

在下一个木桩那儿，王后又转过头来，这一次她说：“在你对一件东西想不起英文是什么的时候，你就说法语—走路的时候脚尖朝外走[9]—还要记住自己是谁！”这一次，她没有等待爱丽丝行屈膝礼，而是快速地继续走到下一个木桩那儿，在那儿她转过头就一会儿工夫，说声“再见”，然后急急忙忙走到最终。

事情是如何发生的，爱丽丝永远也不知道，但是确确实实，在她来到最后一根木桩的时候，她已经不见了。她究竟是消失在空气之中，或者是飞快地跑进了树林之中（爱丽丝想：“她能够跑得非常快！”）可无法猜测，然而她不见了，爱丽丝开始记起来，自己是个小卒子，马上就到该她走的时候了。

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[1] 卷丹花（tiger-lily），百合科植物。夏季开花，橘红色，有紫黑色斑点，花丝细长。

[2] “吠叫”的原文是bark，又作“树皮”解。“汪汪”的原文是Bough-wough，狗叫的象声词，但是bough又作树的粗枝解。“树枝”的原文是branches；“棒棒”原文是boughs。这里，作者幽默地运用了一词多义的语言现象。

[3] 九根尖刺指书中国际象棋棋子红王后的王冠上有九根尖三角形的装饰。

[4] 按照国际象棋规则，小卒如果走到对方底线就可以升做王后。

[5] 按照国际象棋规则，小卒起步时走二格，然后每次向前或向左或向右走一

格，不可后退。吃对方棋子时则必须斜行一格。

[6] 特维德顿和特维德地原文为Tweedledum and Tweedledee，是作者卡罗尔在此书中创造的两个人物，详见第四章。后来这两个人物名已作为词组，收入词典中，作难以区别的两个人或两件事物解。

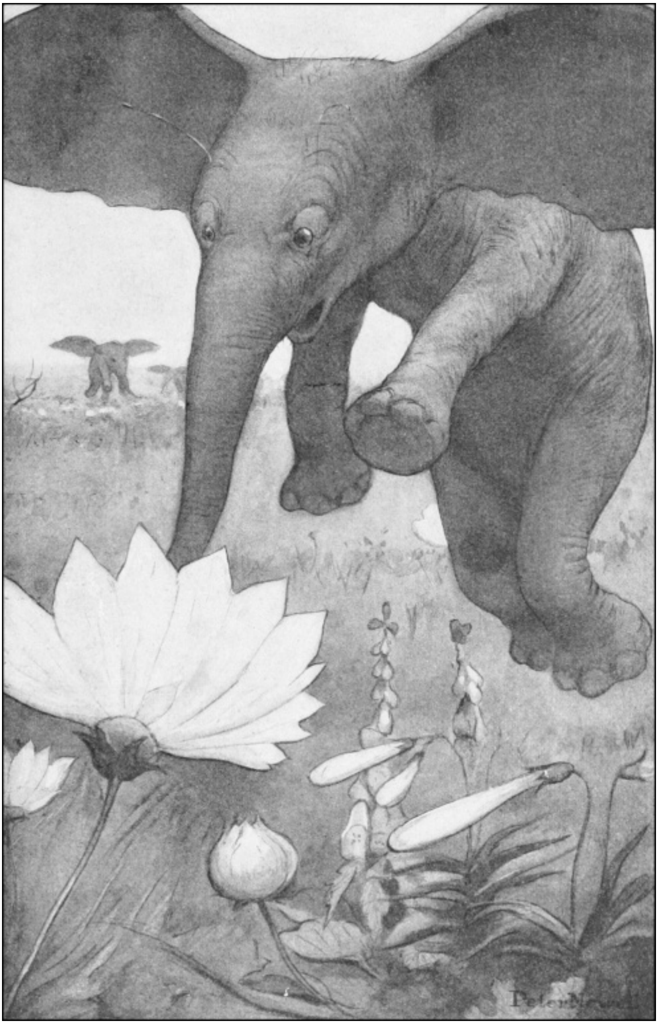
[7] 汉普蒂·邓普蒂原文为Humpty Dumpty，是矮胖子之意，也指倒下去便爬不起来的人，或损坏后便无法修复的东西。来源于一首英国童谣，讽咏一个从墙上摔下跌得粉碎的蛋形矮胖子。详见本书第六章。

[8] 国际象棋中的“骑士”，我国称为马。见前注。

[9] 说法语，有人认为是指国际象棋中的术语en passant（吃过路兵）。脚尖朝外走，有人认为是指小卒斜行至右边或左边方格。

第三章 镜中昆虫

当然啦，首先要做的事便是对她正要穿越而过的乡村作一番全面的勘察。“这件事很有些像学习地理，”爱丽丝心里想，她踮起脚尖，希望能够看得远一点儿。“主要河流——一条也没有。主要山脉——我正站在这惟一的一座山上，但是我想它没有名字。主要城镇——哎呀，那些正在那儿采蜜的生物是什么呀？它们不可能是蜜蜂——你知道，没有人能在一英里之外看见蜜蜂的——”于是她一声不响地站立了一会儿，眼睛盯视着它们之中的一个，它正在花丛里忙忙碌碌，把它的长鼻子伸进去，“就好像是一只正规的蜜蜂，”爱丽丝这样想。

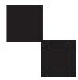


可是，这个东西怎么说也不是一只正规的蜜蜂：说实在的，它是一头大象—正如爱丽丝马上就发觉的，虽然这一想法开始之际使自己大吃一惊。“那些花朵一定是多么巨大呀！”这是她第二个想法。“像是掀去了屋顶的一些农舍，里边插着许多花茎—它们一定产出了多少份量的蜜汁啊！我想我得下山去，并且—不行，就在此刻我还不能去，”她继续说，正要开始跑下山去的时候，她止住了脚步，并且试图为自己这样突然地变得胆怯起来找个借口。下山去跑到它们中间而手里不拿一根相当长的树枝把它们赶走，这可绝对不行—而且，要是

他们问我是否喜欢我这次散步的话，那会是多么滑稽啊。我会说：“哦，还不错，我相当喜欢—（说到这里，做了她偏爱的把头微微一摆的动作）‘只不过是灰尘太多，天气太热，还有那些大象老是逗弄人！’”

“我想我该从另一条路往下走，”她停顿了一会儿之后说。“也许我不妨在今后拜访大象。此外，我确实很想走进第三个方格！”

于是，她以此为借口，跑下小山，跳过那六条小溪的第一条。


①

① 本书原文多处出现这样两个方格，方格似暗示国际象棋的棋盘。

“车票，对不起！”列车员招呼说，他把头伸进窗口。一会儿工夫，每个乘客都举着一张车票，车票大小大约跟本人一样，看起来把车厢都塞满了。

“喂喂！小朋友，把你的车票拿出来！”列车员继续说，他凶狠地瞧着爱丽丝。同时许多许多声音一齐嚷起来（“就像一首歌的大合唱，”爱丽丝心想）：“小朋友，不要让他久等！哎，他的时间一分钟要值一千英镑哪！”

“我怕是我没有车票，”爱丽丝用胆战心惊的声调说。“我打那儿来的地方没有售票处。”于是大合唱又响起来了。“她打那儿来的地方没有空间造一个售票处。那儿的地皮一英寸要值一千英镑哪！”

“不要找借口，”列车员说。“你应该从火车司机那儿买一张。”这时异口同声的大合唱又一次继续说道：“就是那个开火车头的人。哎，单单是冒的烟，一喷就值一千英镑哪！”

爱丽丝心想：“这样看来，张口说话是没有用的。”这一次，因为她没有说话，众人的声音也就没有参加进来，可是，真叫她惊讶得很，他们全体用思想大合唱（我希望你能明白什么叫做思想大合唱—因为我必须承认，我可不懂）：“最好什么也不说。语言的一个字要值一千英镑哪！”

“今天夜里我准会梦见一千英镑了，我知道我会的！”爱丽丝心想。

在这段时间里，那个列车员一直望着爱丽丝，开始用望远镜望，然后用显微镜望，再后来用观剧镜望。最后，他说：“你乘错车

啦，”就关上车窗，径自走开了。



“这么年轻的孩子，”坐在她对面的那位绅士说，（他穿了用白纸做成的衣服，）“即使她不知道自己的名字，也应该知道自己正在上哪儿去呀！”

坐在这个白衣绅士旁边的是一头山羊，他闭着眼睛，大声说道：“即使她不知道自己的字母表，也应该知道自己到售票处去的路呀！”

坐在山羊旁边的是一只甲壳虫（这整个儿是非常奇怪的一车厢旅客），而且，似乎有那么一条规则，即他们全都要轮流发言，因此他接着说："那么她必须像行李一样从这里送回去啦！"

爱丽丝看不见谁坐在甲壳虫的那一边，但是下一个说话的是一个沙哑的声音。"换车—"它说，但是一下子噎住了，不得不就此打住。

"听起来像是一匹马，"爱丽丝心里这样想。这时一个极其轻微的声音在她耳边说："你可以对此开个玩笑—你知道，一件关于'马'和'沙哑'的事。"[2]

这时一个非常文雅的声音在远处说："你知道，她必须给贴上标签：'少女，小心轻放！'—"

这句话之后，其他的声音接下去（"车厢里有这么多人啊！"爱丽丝心里想），说道："她长着一个脑袋，所以必须由邮寄走—""她必须像一条电文那样由电报发出去—""剩下的一段路她必须自己拖着火车走呀—"，等等。

不过那位穿白纸服装的绅士倾身向前，对着她的耳朵悄声说道："亲爱的，不要在乎他们所有的人说些什么，不过火车每次停下来你都要去买一张来回票。"

"说真的我可不干！"爱丽丝很不耐烦地说。"我根本不属于这次铁路旅行—我刚才身在一座森林里—我希望我能回到那里去！"

"你可以在这句话上开个玩笑，"那个细小的声音贴近她的耳朵说："你知道，那句关于'要是你能干你就会去干'。"[3]

"别这样戏弄人，"爱丽丝说，四面看看，想知道声音是从哪里来的，但是发现不了。"如果是那么渴望来个玩笑，那么你为什么自己不开一个呢？"

那个细小的声音深深地叹了一口气。它显然非常不开心，爱丽丝本来会想："只要它会像别人那样叹气"，她就会说些同情的话来安慰它。然而这是细小得出奇的叹气声，要不是它靠她的耳朵很近，她根本连听也不会听见。其结果是它把她的耳朵弄得痒得不得了，根本不去想这个可怜的小东西在不开心。

"我知道你是一个朋友，"那个声音继续说："一个亲爱的朋友，一个老朋友。你不会伤害我的，虽然我是一只昆虫。"

"哪一种昆虫呢？"爱丽丝有点儿急切地探询。她实际上想知道的

是它会不会叮人，不过她觉得，提出这个问题，将不会很有礼貌。

“啥呀，那么你不—”那细小的声音正在要开始说的时候，火车头发出的一阵刺耳的尖叫声，把那声音淹没了。所有的人都惊慌失措地跳起来，爱丽丝也是其中之一。

那匹马原先把脑袋伸出窗外，这时不慌不忙地缩回来，说道：“那不过是前面有一条小溪，我们不得不跳过去。”听到这样说，大家似乎都感到满意，不过爱丽丝想到一列火车竟然要跳起来，不免觉得有点儿紧张。“可是，火车要把我们带到第四个方格，这是有些令人欣慰的事啊！”她暗自思量。接下来她就感到这节车厢笔直地腾空而起，她在惊吓之中抓住离手边最近的东西，碰巧是那头山羊的胡子。

[1]

[1] 本书原文多处出现这样两个方格，方格似暗示国际象棋的棋盘。

可是她一碰到山羊胡子的时候，胡子似乎就融化了，而她发现自己正静静地坐在一棵树下—这时候，那只蚊虫（因为它就是爱丽丝刚才与之交谈的那只昆虫）正停在她头顶上的一根细树枝上，忽左忽右地平衡身子，同时用翅膀为她扇风。

它无疑是一只非常巨大的蚊虫：“大约有一只小鸡那么大，”爱丽丝心里想。不过，他们既然已经交谈了好长时间，她便不可能对它感到紧张了。

“—那么你不喜欢所有的昆虫啦？”蚊虫继续说，平静得仿佛什么事也没有发生过。

“它们能够谈话的时候我就喜欢，”爱丽丝说。“我打那儿来的地方可没有一只昆虫会谈话。”

“在你打那儿来的地方，哪一类昆虫是你爱好的呢？”蚊虫探问道。

“我根本就不爱好昆虫，”爱丽丝解释说，“反之，我害怕它们—至少是那些大的。不过我能够告诉你有些昆虫的名字。”

“它们听到自己的名字当然会答应的吧？”蚊子心不在焉地谈论说。

“我从来都不知道它们会这么做。”

“如果它们不会答应自己的名字，”蚊虫说，“那么有名字又有什么

用呢？”

“对它们来说没有用，”爱丽丝说；“但是对于替它们起名字的人有用，我想。否则，各种东西究竟为什么要有名字呢？”

“我说不清楚，”蚊虫回答说。“再往前，在树林里的那一头，它们都没有名字—不管怎么说，你继续报报你的昆虫名单吧：你在浪费时间呢。”

“好吧，有马蝇[4]，”爱丽丝开始说，讲一个名字就点一个自己的手指头。

“不错，”蚊虫说。“在那丛矮树的半高处，如果你注意，就会看见一个马蝇摇木马。它完全是用木头做的，把自己从这根树枝摇到那根树枝，用这个办法到处走动。”

“它靠吃什么东西过活呢？”爱丽丝问道，带着很大的好奇心。

“树汁和锯木屑，”蚊虫说。“把名单说下去。”

爱丽丝瞧着那个马蝇摇木马，深感兴趣，并且在心中认定它刚刚重新油漆过，因为它看起来是那么油光水亮、又黏又腻的。这时，她继续说下去。

“还有蜻蜓。”

“看看你头顶上的那根树枝，”蚊虫说，“你会发现那儿有一只金鱼草蜻蜓。它的身体是用葡萄干布丁做的；它的翅膀是用冬青树叶做的；它的头则是一颗在白兰地酒中燃烧的无核葡萄干。”[5]

“那么它靠吃什么为生的呢？”爱丽丝像先前一样问道。

“吃香甜牛奶小麦粥和碎肉馅饼，”蚊虫回答说。“它还在圣诞节礼品盒子里做窝。”

“然后还有蝴蝶，”爱丽丝继续说。在这之前，她仔仔细细地看了那只头上冒火焰的昆虫，心中暗自思忖：“我不知道这是否就是昆虫们都喜欢飞到蜡烛火里去的原因—因为它们都想要变成金鱼草蜻蜓啊！”

“用你的脚慢慢爬[6]，”蚊虫说（爱丽丝有点儿惊慌地把双脚缩回去），“你可以观察到一只黄油面包—飞虫[7]。它的翅膀是涂黄油的面包薄片；它的身体是一块干面包片；它的头是一块方糖。”

“那么它靠吃什么为生呢？”

“加奶油的淡茶。”

一个新的困难问题钻到爱丽丝的头脑里来。“假如它找不到那种食物该怎么办呢？”她提出来。

“那么当然啦，它就得死。”

“不过那一定是经常发生的事，”爱丽丝沉思着论说。

“那是一直在发生的事，”蚊虫说。

交谈之后，爱丽丝沉默了一两分钟，思前想后。蚊虫在这期间嗡嗡叫着，绕着她的头飞了一圈又一圈，自得其乐。最后它重新安定下来，说道：“我猜想，你不愿意失去你的名字吧？”

“不愿意，真的，”爱丽丝有点儿焦急地说。

“然而我却不明白，”蚊虫用一种漫不经心的语调继续说；“要是你能够想办法在回家的时候没有名字，那会是多么方便的事啊！比如说，如果你的家庭女教师想叫你去做功课，她会叫喊：‘来呀—，’叫到这里她就不得不住口，因为不会有任何名字让她叫了，那么当然啰，你知道，你就不必走过去啦。”

“我敢肯定，这绝对不行，”爱丽丝说。“家庭女教师决不会想到为此而免去我的功课的。如果她想不起我的名字的话，她会叫我‘小姐’的，仆人们就这样叫我。”

“好，如果她说了‘小姐’，而没有说任何更多的话，”蚊虫评论说，“当然你可以‘消解’[8]你的功课。这是一句玩笑话。我希望你曾经说过。”

“你为什么希望我曾经说过呢？”爱丽丝问道。“这是一个非常恶劣的笑话。”

但是蚊虫只不过深深地叹了一口气，同时两颗大泪珠沿着它的脸颊滚下来。

“要是玩笑使你如此不开心的话，”爱丽丝说，“你就不应该开玩笑。”

于是这些细小的忧郁的叹息声又传来了一声，而这一次，那个可怜的蚊虫似乎真的把自己叹息得无影无踪了。因为，爱丽丝抬头一看的时候，无论怎么看，那根细树枝上什么都没有。她静静地坐着，坐得太久，感到身上凉飕飕的，便站起来，向前走去。

只一会儿工夫，她便来到一片开阔地，地的那一头有一座树林，那座树林看来比先前一座要幽暗得多，爱丽丝觉得有点儿胆怯，不敢

走进去。不过，她转念一想，便下定决心要走过去：“因为我肯定不能往回走，”她暗自思量，而且这是通往第八个方格的惟一一条道路。

“一定就是这座树林了，”她心中翻来覆去地考量着，“那里的东西都没有名字。我不知道，要是我走了进去，我的名字会变成什么样子呢？我完全不喜欢丢失它—因为这样一来，他们就不得不给我再取一个了，几乎可以肯定那是个难听的名字。然而另一方面，设法寻找使用我原有的名字的那个生物，将会是多么有趣啊！你知道，正像人们丢失狗的时候登的广告那样—‘它的名字叫“得嘘[9]”，脖子上有一个铜圈’—想想看吧，碰见每一样东西都叫它‘爱丽丝’，直到其中一个回答你！只不过如果它们是聪明的，它们就根本不回答了。”

她来到树林里的时候就这样徘徊着。树林看来非常阴凉幽暗。“嗯，不管怎么说这是极大的愉快事，”她走在树荫下的时候说，“刚才那么炎热，现在走进了—走进了—进了什么呀？”她继续说，却很惊讶想不起那个词儿来了。“我的意思是来到这下面—这下面—这下面，你明白！”她把手放在树干上。“它究竟怎样称呼它自己呢？我真不懂。我相信它没有名字—哎，它肯定没有哇！”

她默不做声地站了一会儿，想来想去。然后她忽然又开始说：“那么，归根到底，事情真的已经发生啦！如此说来，我是谁呢？要是我能够的话，我一定能回忆起来！我下定决心要做到！”但是下定决心并没有给她什么帮助，在绞尽脑汁想了半天之后，她所能说的也只不过是：“L，我知道那是L开头的！[10]”

正在此时，一头小鹿漫游经过这里，它那双温柔的大眼睛瞧着爱丽丝，但是一点儿也没有害怕的样子。“过来！过来！”爱丽丝叫唤它，同时伸出手试图抚摸它。但是它仅仅后退一步，然后站住，重又瞧着她。

“你把自己叫做什么呢？”小鹿终于开口了。它的嗓音是多么温柔甜蜜啊！

“我但愿自己知道就好了！”可怜的爱丽丝心里琢磨。她颇为伤心地回答说：“在此刻来说，什么也不是。”

“这可不行，”它说；“你再想想看。”

爱丽丝便想开了，可是什么也想不出来。“请教，你能告诉我，

你把自己叫做什么吗？”她畏葸怯懦地说。“我想这可能有点儿帮助。”

“假如你再往前走一段路，我可以告诉你，”那头小鹿说。“在这里我无法回忆。”

于是她们一同在树林里走过去，爱丽丝爱恋地搂着那头小鹿的柔软的脖子，直到她们走出树林，来到另一片开阔地，在这里，小鹿忽然向空中跃起，从爱丽丝的臂弯里把头一晃便跳开了。“我是一头小鹿！”它用兴高采烈的声音喊叫着。“而，哎呀！你是一个人的孩子！”那双美丽的棕色眼睛忽然露出惊恐的神色，于是一转眼工夫它已经像箭一样全速跑掉了。

爱丽丝站在那儿眼睁睁地瞧着它，如此突然地失去了她的亲爱的小旅伴，她十分懊恼，几乎要哭出声来。“不过，我现在知道自己的名字啦，”她说。“这是一点儿安慰。爱丽丝—爱丽丝—我不会再忘记了。现在呢，我不知道自己应该按照这些指路牌的哪一块走下去呀？”

要回答这个问题并不很困难，因为只有一条路穿过这座树林，而两块指路牌都沿着那条路指着。“等到这条路分岔开来，两块牌子指着不同的道路，那时候，”爱丽丝心里打算着，“我再另作决定。”

但是这件事似乎不像会发生。她走啊走的，走了很长的路，不过这条路不论在哪儿分岔开来，都肯定有两块指路牌指着同一条路，一块上面写着：“到特维德顿的寓所”，另一块上面写的是：“到特维德地的寓所”。[11]

“我完完全全相信，”爱丽丝最后说，“他们是住在同—幢房屋里的！我奇怪自己过去从来没有想到这一点—不过我不能长久待在那里。我将不过是访问一下，说一声‘你们好吗？’并且向他们打探走出树林的路。只要我能够在天黑之前赶到第八个方格就好啦！”因此她继续走去，一面走一面自言自语，直到在转过一处急转弯的地方，她正巧遇见两个矮胖的男人，这一下来得太突然了，她不禁惊吓得往后退，不过只一转眼工夫她就回过神来，觉得没错，他们一定就是那两位了。

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[2] “马”原文为horse，“沙哑”原文为hoarse，读音差不多。

[3] 上一句“我希望我能”的原文是I wish I could。下一句“要是你能干你就会去干”的原文是you would if you could。英文中还有you（I）could if you（I）

would（你（我）想干就能干成）。这两句都是虚拟语，在实际上不能做或不愿做的时候说的。这里是用这句可以翻来倒去的话开玩笑。

[4] 马蝇（horse-fly），一种虻科昆虫，能附着在牛、马等牲畜身上，吸它们的血。

[5] 蜻蜓的原文是dragon-fly；金鱼草是一种植物，原文是snap dragon。作者把这两种不相干的生物，因为字面上的相关，拼成snap-dragon-fly，就变成滑稽的金鱼草蜻蜓。在英文中snap dragon（抢龙）又是一种游戏。玩法是在盘子中放置葡萄干和白兰地酒。将酒点燃后，人们抢吃其中的葡萄干。因而这里作者如此描写他创造出的所谓金鱼草蜻蜓。

[6] 这里是蚊虫把爱丽丝当做昆虫了，所以叫她慢慢爬。

[7] 蝴蝶原文是butterfly，拆成两个字的时候，是butter（黄油）和fly（飞虫）。涂黄油的面包是西方人日常必需的食品。这里作者再加上面包，蝴蝶就变成了面包—黄油—飞虫。

[8] “小姐”的原文是miss，这个字又可作动词“失落”或“免去”解。这一句的原文是of course you’d miss your lessons，这里用“消解”译miss，与“小姐”谐音，希望多少表达出miss的双关含义。

[9] 原文是Dash，意为“猛冲”，这里用音译。dash又有“破折号”之意。

[10] 爱丽丝的全名是爱丽丝·立德尔（Alice Liddell），因此这里说是L开头。见《爱丽丝奇境历险记》。

[11] 书中特维德顿和特维德地是一模一样、难以区分的两兄弟。

第四章 特维德顿和特维德地

他们俩正站在一棵树下，彼此用一只手臂勾着对方的脖子，爱丽丝却立刻知道谁是谁，因为其中一个衣领上绣着“顿”，另一个则绣着“地”。“我猜想，他们俩每个人的衣领后面都绣着‘特维德’，”她心中思量着。

他们俩如此一动都不动地站在那儿，叫她完全忘记他们是大活人，她正要兜圈子走，去看看他们每人衣领后面是否绣着“特维德”字样，这时候，那个标明“顿”的人发出的声音让她大吃一惊。

“如果你认为我们是蜡像的话，”他说，“你知道，你就必须付钱。蜡像做出来不是白白给人看，什么也不要的。决不是！”[1]

“反过来说，”那个标明“地”的人接着说，“如果你认为我们是活人的话，你就必须说话。”

“我实实在在非常抱歉，”爱丽丝只能说出这样一句话来，因为一首老歌的歌词一直在她的头脑里回响，就像钟表的滴答滴答声，她无法不高声背出来：—

特维德顿和特维德地
　　双方同意打一场；
因为特维德顿说特维德地
　　把他的漂亮新玩具弄得不会响。
这时候飞下来一只大乌鸦，
　　黑得就像一只柏油桶；
把那两个英雄吓得叫啊呀，
　　就将争吵忘得无影踪。

“我知道你在想什么，”特维德顿说；“不过不是那样的，决不

是。”

“反过来说，”特维德地接下来说，“假如曾经是那样的话，它也许曾经是；假如可能是那样的话，它可能是；不过因为它不是那样的，所以它就不是。这是逻辑。”

“我刚才是在想，”爱丽丝彬彬有礼地说，“走出这座树林，哪—条路最好：天色太晚了。请问，你们可以告诉我吗？”

不过那两个小胖子只是彼此望望，露齿而笑。

他们俩的样子完全像一对大学童，因此爱丽丝不禁伸出手指指着特维德顿，说：“第一号男孩！”

“决不是！”特维德顿轻松活泼地叫喊着，打了一个榧子，就又闭上嘴巴。

“下一个男孩！”爱丽丝说，手指移向特维德地，虽然她觉得相当肯定，特维德地只不过会大叫一声：“反过来说！”事实是果不其然。

“你开头就错了！”特维德顿喊道。“拜访人家的第一件事是说一声：‘你好吗？’并且握握手！”这时，两兄弟互相拥抱，然后伸出两只不碍事的手来，跟爱丽丝握手。

爱丽丝不愿意先跟其中哪一位握手，为的是怕伤害另一位的感情。因此，她同时握住了两只手，作为解脱困境的最好的方法。刚握了手，他们就跳舞跳一个圆圈。这情况似乎很自然（她后来想起），她甚至连听见音乐奏起也不感到吃惊：音乐似乎是从一棵树上来的，他们就在那棵树下跳舞。音乐的产生（正如她所能理解的那样）是一些粗树枝摩擦与之交叉的另一些粗树枝，就像小提琴跟小提琴琴弓那样。

“不过那确实很滑稽，”（爱丽丝后来对她的姐姐谈到这一切的经历的时候说：）“我发现自己在唱着《我们绕着这里的桑树林转圈圈》[2]。我不知道自己什么时候开始唱的，但是不知怎么搞的，我总觉得自己好像已经唱了好长好长时间了！”

那两个舞蹈家太胖了，没多久便跳得气喘吁吁的。“一轮舞蹈绕四次圈圈就足够了，”特维德顿喘着气说，他们突然之间停止了舞蹈，就像刚才突然之间开始一样：音乐也在同一时候戛然而止。

于是他们放开了爱丽丝的双手，站在那儿打量她一会儿。因为爱丽丝不知道如何与她刚才一同跳舞的人开始谈话，这里有一段相当狼

狈的休止。“此时此刻说一声‘你好吗？’是绝对不行的，”她暗自思忖。“咱们似乎得想个办法越过这一关！”

“我希望你们没有太累吧？”她终于这样说。

“决不会。非常感谢你这样问，”特维德顿说道。

“十分感激！”特维德地接着说。“你喜欢诗歌吗？”

“是—的，相当喜欢—某些诗歌，”爱丽丝犹豫地说。“劳驾你能告诉我出树林该走哪条路吗？”

“我对她背诵什么为好呢？”特维德地说，转过头来用非常严肃的眼神望着特维德顿，毫不理会爱丽丝的问题。

“《海象和木匠》是最长的一首，”特维德顿回答，同时给他的弟弟一个热情的拥抱。

特维德地立刻开始背诵：

太阳正在照耀着—

这时爱丽丝斗胆打断他。“如果这首诗很长的话，”她尽可能彬彬有礼地说，“可否请你先告诉我哪条路—”

特维德地和蔼可亲地微微一笑，重新开始背诵：

太阳正在照耀着海洋，
　　发出最大的能量。
他用出所有的本领干，
　　使巨浪平滑明亮—
这种情况实在很稀罕：
　　因为是午夜时光。
月亮空中照，闷闷不乐意，
　　她觉得太阳没道理：
白天既然已经没踪迹，
　　他就不该在这里—
她说：“他煞风景破坏游戏，
　　如此粗鲁太无礼！”

海洋湿是湿得了不得，
　　黄沙干得不得了。

一片云彩你都看不到，
　　因为天上无云跑。
没有鸟儿飞过头顶上—
　　因为根本无飞鸟。

那头海象和那个木匠，
　　紧挨着闲荡在沙滩。
眼见黄沙漫漫似海洋，
　　哭成一副怪模样。
他们说："要是把黄沙都弄掉，
　　那定会好得没话讲！"

海象说："七个女仆七拖把，
　　半年清扫除黄沙，
你想要是这样做的话，
　　她们能否搞完它？"
木匠说："我很怀疑此办法，"
　　说完辛酸泪一把。

"哦，牡蛎们，跟咱一块儿走一走！"
　　海象如此在恳求。
"愉快的行走，愉快的交流，
　　沿着大海长沙洲。
我们一共只有四只手，
　　一手只能搀一友。"

最老的牡蛎对他望一眼，
　　但是默默无一言。[3]
最老的牡蛎眼睛眨一眨，
　　摇摇脑袋重似铅—
意思是说他无意去冒险，
　　跟牡蛎养殖塘再见。

然而四只年轻小牡蛎，
　　急忙跑来表同意。
外套洁无尘，脸儿净无泥，
　　皮鞋光亮又整齐—

不过你知道，此事很稀奇：
　　他们没有脚走地。

另外四个牡蛎跟着来，
　　又有四个也跟来，
最后是大批纷至而沓来，
　　更多，更多，又更多——
全都穿波越浪跳出来，
　　然后爬到岸上来。

那头海象和那个木匠，
　　走了一英里左右，
然后就近找了块石头，
　　他们坐下来小休。
所有的小牡蛎站成一排，
　　待在那儿且等候。

海象说："时间已经来临，
　　来谈谈许多事情：
关于皮鞋呀——木船呀——封蜡[4]呀——
　　以及卷心菜——和——国王——
还有大海为何热气蒸——
　　猪长翅膀能不能。"

"不过等一等，"牡蛎们齐声叫，
　　"待一会儿再闲聊；
因为有些兄弟在喘气，
　　我们全都太肥了！"
"不必着急！"木匠说道。
　　他们感谢说他真好。

海象说："我们最最需要，
　　就是一个面包。
此外则是酸醋和胡椒，
　　也都确实非常妙——
亲爱的牡蛎们如果准备好，
　　此刻就可以吃个饱。"

“可不要吃我们！”众牡蛎发叫声，
　　脸色有些儿转青。
“领受了你们善意，这将是
　　十分悲惨的事情
海象说：“今夜天朗气清，
　　你们可要赏夜景？
“承蒙来此地，你们真给脸！
　　你们全都很体面！”
木匠别的都不说，只是讲：
　　“再给咱们切一片。
我希望你们耳朵没有聋—
　　我已要求你两遍！”

海象说：“此事看来很可羞，
　　对他们耍了个大计谋。
我们把他们骗来如此远，
　　快溜快跑跟着走！
木匠别的都不说，只是讲：
　　“黄油涂抹嫌太厚！”

海象说：“我为你们伤心，
　　我表示深深同情。”
他一面抽泣一面挑选，
　　专拣最大的精品，
还从衣袋中掏出手帕，
　　遮住泪汪汪的眼睛。

木匠说：“哦，牡蛎们，已经有
　　一次快乐的出游！
咱们要不要再往家中走？”
　　但是听不见牡蛎开口—
此事没什么好奇怪，其理由：
　　他们给吃得一个都不留。

“我比较喜欢海象，”爱丽丝说。“因为他对可怜的牡蛎有一点感到

抱歉。”

“可是，他比木匠吃得多哇，”特维德地说。“你瞧他把手帕放在脸面前，这样木匠就无法数出他吃了多少牡蛎了—反过来说。”

“这样做很卑鄙！”爱丽丝满怀愤慨地说。“那么我比较喜欢木匠—如果他吃的没有海象吃的那么多。”

“不过他吃的是尽可能捞到的那么多哇，”特维德顿说。

这可是个难题了。想了一会儿，爱丽丝开口说：“嗨！他们两个都是非常令人讨厌的家伙—”说到这里，她因为受到某种惊吓而止住了。她听见靠近他们的树林里，好像一个巨大的蒸汽机喷气那样对着她发响声，不过她害怕的是，那更像是一头野兽的声音。“这一带可有狮子或者老虎什么的吗？”她胆战心惊地问。

“那不过是红国王在打呼噜，”特维德地说。

“来，看看他去！”两兄弟嚷嚷着说，他们每人搀着爱丽丝的一只手，带她到那个国王正在睡觉的地方。

“他这样子不是很可爱的吗？”特维德顿说。

爱丽丝无法诚实地说他是的。他戴着一顶红色的高睡帽，垂着一绺流苏，蜷曲成一团睡在那里，像是一堆邋里邋遢的东西，在呼噜呼噜地打鼾—“几乎要把脑袋都呼噜掉了！”正如特维德顿所评说的那样。

“他躺在这潮湿的草地上，我怕他会感冒的，”爱丽丝说，她是一个非常细心体贴人的小姑娘。

“他现在正在做梦，”特维德地说。“你想他是在做什么梦呢？”

爱丽丝说：“没有人猜得出来。”

“咳，是梦见你呀！”特维德地大声喊道，耀武扬威地拍着手。“如果他停止梦见你的话，那么你想你会在哪儿呢？”

“当然啦，就在我现在待的地方啰，”爱丽丝说。

“才不呢！”特维德地傲慢不逊地反驳说。“你会在子虚乌有的地方。嗨，你只不过是他的梦里的一种东西而已！”

“如果那边那个国王醒过来的话，”特维德顿接口说，“你就会灭掉—砰！—就像一支蜡烛一样！”

“我决不会的！”爱丽丝愤慨地大声叫喊。“而且，假如我只不过是他的梦里的一种东西，那么你呢，我倒想知道知道？”

“同样，”特维德顿说。

“同样，同样！”特维德地大声说。

他把这句话喊得这样响，以致爱丽丝不得不说一声“嘘！你要是弄出这么大的噪声，我怕你要把他吵醒啦。”

“嗯，你的关于吵醒他的高论是没有用的，”特维德顿说，“你只不过是他的梦里的一种东西而已。你知道得很清楚，你不是真实的。”

“我是真实的！”爱丽丝说，不禁哭了起来。

“哭啊哭是不会把你自己变得真实一点点的，”特维德地批评说。“也没有什么东西需要这么哭。”

“如果我不是真实的，”爱丽丝说—泪眼中半带着笑意，这一切看来太可笑了—“那么我就不可能哭啦。”

“我希望，你并不认为那些眼泪是真实的吧？”特维德顿用极为轻蔑的口气插话说。

“我知道他们在胡说八道，”爱丽丝心里想，“要为此而哭泣就太愚蠢了。”因此她擦干眼泪，尽可能高高兴兴地说下去：“不管怎么说，我最好走出这座树林，因为天空真的非常暗了。你想会下雨吗？”

特维德顿张开一顶很大的伞遮住自己和他的弟弟，并且抬头望望。“不，我想不会下雨，”他说。“至少—这下面不会。决不会。”

“不过也许伞外边会下雨呢？”

“也许吧，如果天要下的话，”特维德地说。“我们并不反对。正好相反。”

“自私的东西！”爱丽丝心想，她正要说一声“晚安”，离开他们的时候，特维德顿一下子从雨伞下面蹦了出来，一把抓住她的手腕。

“你看见那个了吗？”他说，激动得嗓音哽咽，两眼一下子变得又大又黄，一根颤抖的手指指着一个横在树下的白色的小东西。

“那不过是—个呱呱板罢了，”爱丽丝仔细地探查那个白色的小东西以后说。“你知道，那不是一条响尾蛇[5]，”她急忙加上一句，心里想到他是吓坏了。“只不过一个旧的呱呱板—相当破旧。”

“我知道是这样的！”特维德顿大声说，疯狂地跺脚，还扯头发。“当然，是被弄坏的！”说到这里，眼睛盯着特维德地瞧，他立刻跌坐在地上，并且试图把自己躲藏在那顶雨伞下。

爱丽丝把手搁在特维德顿的手臂上，用抚慰的口气说：“你何必

为了一个旧的呱呱板发这么大的脾气呐。”

“不是旧的！”特维德顿叫起来，火发得更大了。“那是新的，我跟你说吧—我昨天才买来—我的漂亮的新呱呱板呀！”他的声音升高到十足的尖叫。

在这整个时间里，特维德地都在拼命试图收拢这把雨伞，而他自己正待在伞内。这件事情做得太特别了，以至于把爱丽丝的注意力从那个发怒的兄弟身上吸引去不少。但是特维德地不很成功，结果是他翻了个身，裹在雨伞里，只露出一个头来。他就那样躺着，把嘴巴和大眼睛一下张开，一下合上—“这模样说什么也没有比说像一条鱼更好的了，”爱丽丝这样想。

“你当然同意干一仗的啰？”特维德顿用一种比较温和的口气说。

“我想是这样，”另一个拉长着脸回答，他已经爬出了那把雨伞。“只不过她一定得帮助我们打扮起来，你知道。”

于是这两兄弟手搀手走进树林里去，一会儿又走回来，臂弯里抱着许多东西—比如枕垫、毛毯、炉边地毯、桌布、碟盖、盘罩以及煤斗等。“我希望你在使用别针和缚带子方面是一把好手吧？”特维德顿问道。“这些东西里的每一件都要想方设法穿戴起来。”

爱丽丝后来说，她这一生之中，从来也没有看到过事情做得如此乱七八糟的—像这对难兄难弟手忙脚乱的样子—把那么大量的东西直往身上放—给了她那么大的麻烦去缚带子和扣纽扣—“在他们一切准备就绪的时候，他们真的什么都不像，却正好像两捆旧衣服！”在她把一个枕垫包住特维德地的脖子的时候，她暗自思忖，“保护他的头不给人砍掉，”就像他说的那样。

“你知道，”他又非常严肃地说，“在战争中，这是可能发生在一个人身上的最严重的事情之一—人头落地。”

爱丽丝笑出声来，但是为了怕伤他的感情，她设法改变成一声咳嗽。

“我的脸色发白吗？”特维德地说，他走上前来让她把他的头盔给系上。（他把那东西叫做头盔，然而它看来实在是十分像一个带柄的小平底锅。）

“嗯—是的—有一点儿，”爱丽丝轻声柔气地回答。

“在一般情况下，我是非常勇敢的，”他压低嗓音继续说。“只不过

我今天偶然犯了头痛病。”

“我还犯了牙痛病呢！”特维德地说，他偷听到了他兄弟的话。“我比你身体情况差多啦！”

“那么你们今天还是别打架为好，”爱丽丝说，心想这正是一个缔造和平的大好机会。

“我们必须打一小架，不过我不在乎继续打下去，”特维德顿说。“现在是几点钟啦？”

特维德地看看手表，说：“四点半。”

“让咱们打到六点钟，然后吃晚饭，”特维德顿说。

“很好，”另一位相当悲伤地说。“她可以监视我们—只不过你最好不要离得太近，”他添了一句。“一般来说，凡是我看见的东西我都给它一拳—这是在我真正激动的时候。”

“而我是，凡是在我够得到的范围之内的东西，我都给它一拳，”特维德顿大声说，“不论我看得见还是看不见它！”

爱丽丝笑起来。“那么我想，你们一定常常会一拳打在树上，”她说。

特维德顿环顾四周，颇为志得意满地笑笑。“在咱们打完架以后，”他说，“我认为，在这四周就不会有一棵还没有倒下去的树！”

“而这一切都是为了一个呱呱板呀！”爱丽丝说，她依然希望使他们对于为了如此微不足道的东西而打架产生一点儿羞耻感。

“如果那个呱呱板不是新的话，”特维德地说，“我就不会对那个东西那么在意了。”

“但愿那只巨大的乌鸦飞来就好了！”爱丽丝心里想。

“你知道，这里只有一把剑，”特维德顿对他的弟弟说。“不过，你可以用那把雨伞—它也一样锋利的。只不过咱们必须赶快动手。天色正在渐渐暗得很厉害啦。”

“还要更暗呢，”特维德地说。

天一下子那么暗下来，爱丽丝觉得一场雷雨一定就要来了。“乌云多么浓黑呀！”她说。“来得多么快呀！嗨，我真要相信乌云是长着翅膀的啦！”

“是那只乌鸦！”特维德顿惊吓得尖声叫嚷起来。于是这一对难兄难弟一转眼工夫就溜之大吉，无影无踪了。

爱丽丝向树林里边跑了一小段路，站在一棵大树下。“在这里，它绝对不能抓到我，”她想。“在树丛之间，它身子太大了，怎么也挤不进来。不过我希望它不要那么拍打双翅—这在树林子里简直扇起了一阵飓风—这儿是什么人的披肩给吹跑啦！”

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[1] 伦敦有一所著名的图索德夫人（Madam Marie Tussaud，1761—1850）蜡像陈列馆，收费供游客参观。这里可能暗指这个陈列馆。

[2] 英国儿童有一种“桑树林游戏”，一面唱这首歌，一面转圈圈。

[3] 英语中，牡蛎（oyster）可喻为极少开口说话的人。这里显然隐含此意。

[4] 封蜡（sealing wax），又译火漆，旧时用来做信件等封口、打封印之用。海豹原文为seal，转为动名词sealing又有“猎海豹业”的意思。

[5] 呱呱板是一种玩具，也作报警或助威之用，原文是rattle；响尾蛇的原文是rattle-snake。

第五章 羊毛和水

她说话的时候抓住了那条披肩，四面看看，寻找失主。只一会儿工夫，那位白王后穿越树林狂奔而来，她双臂大大张开，就好像在飞似的，爱丽丝便拿着那条披肩彬彬有礼地向她走去。

“我非常高兴自己碰巧在路上，”爱丽丝帮助她再披上披肩的时候说。

白王后只是对她瞧着，带着一种软弱无助的惊慌的样子，嘴里不断地、悄没声儿地自言自语，听起来好像是说：“面包—和—奶油，面包—和—奶油，”这使爱丽丝觉得，如果终究要彼此交谈的话，她必须自己想办法。因此她小心翼翼地开始说：“我可以向白王后致意吗？”

“嗯，可以，如果你说的是‘着—衣’[1]的话，”王后说。“可那根本不是我对这件事情的看法。”

爱丽丝觉得，决不能在她们刚一开始谈话的时候就辩论起来，所以她微微一笑，说：“如果陛下愿意指教我应该如何开始，我一定尽心尽力做到。”

“可是我根本不想做！”可怜的王后咕哝着说。“我刚才给自己着衣着了两个小时啦。”

在爱丽丝看来，如果她刚才有别的什么人替她穿着打扮的话，那就会好得多。她穿得那么邋里邋遢，乱七八糟的。“每一样东西都是别别扭扭的，”爱丽丝心中思忖，“她身上到处是别针！—我可以替你把披肩弄弄平整吗？”她接着出声问道。

“我不知道它是怎么搞的！”王后用一种闷闷不乐的声音说。“我想，它是生气了。我把它别在这儿，我又把它别在那儿，可是总归不能讨它喜欢！”

“你知道，如果你把它全都在一边别上，它是不能变得平整的，”爱丽丝轻轻地替她把披肩弄得服服帖帖，说道。“啊呀，天哪，你的头发搞成什么样子啦！”

“发刷缠在里边了！”王后叹了一口气说。“昨天我还丢了一把梳子。”

爱丽丝小心地把发刷解了开来，又尽心尽力地把她的头发弄整齐了。“嘿，你现在的样子好得多啦！”她把大多数别针调整了一下以后说。“不过，你真的应该有一位女侍从官！”

“我确信我很高兴让你来担当！”女王说。“一星期两个便士，每隔一天吃果酱。”

爱丽丝不禁笑了起来，同时说道：“我并不需要你雇用我—我也不在乎果酱。”

“那可是上好的果酱呀，”王后说。

“嗯，无论怎么样，我今天可一点也不要。”

“你就是的确想要，你也要不到，”王后说。“其规则是：明天有果酱，昨天有果酱—但是今天绝对没有果酱。”

“那么一定会有‘今天有果酱’的时候呀，”爱丽丝反驳说。

“不，不可能，”王后说。“规则是每隔一天吃果酱；你知道，今天可不是哪一个隔一天。”

“我听不懂你的话，”爱丽丝说。“你的话混乱得可怕！”

“那是逆向生活的结果，”王后和蔼可亲地说。“在刚开始的时候，它常常使人有一点儿晕眩—”

“逆向生活！”爱丽丝学着说一句，惊讶得不得了。“我从来没有听到过这样的事情啊！”

“—不过这里边有一项很大的好处：一个人的记忆向两条路探索。”

“我肯定我的记忆只向一条路探索，”爱丽丝争论说。“我可不能在事情发生之前回忆它。”

“仅仅能够向过去追索，这是一种可怜的回忆，”王后评论说。

“那么哪一种事情你回忆得最清楚呢？”爱丽丝冒昧地问道。

“哦，那是再下一个星期里发生过的事情，”王后用轻描淡写的声调回答。“比方说，现在，”王后继续说下去的时候，把一大张膏药贴

在手指上，“有一位外交信使。他现在受处罚给关在监狱里了，可是审判甚至还没有开始，直到下星期三才开始。而且，当然啦，罪行要在这一切的最后才发生。”

“假如他从来不犯这个罪呢？”爱丽丝问道。

“那就太好啦，不是吗？”王后一面说，一面把一小根缎带缚住绕在手指上的膏药。

爱丽丝觉得对这话是无可非议的。“当然这是太好啦，”她说。“可是这个人受了处罚却不是太好啦。”

“不管怎么说，这一点你可错了，”王后说。“你可曾被处罚过呢？”

“只不过因为犯了错误，”爱丽丝说。

“那么为此对于你就太好啦，我知道！”王后扬扬得意地说。

“不错，然而我的确做过我因之受处罚的事情啊，”爱丽丝说。“这是完全不同的嘛。”

“不过，要是你未曾做过，”王后说，“那就会还要更好。更好，更好，更好！”她每说一声“更好”，声音就更高，直到最后简直变成了尖声嘶喊。

爱丽丝正开始说：“这里有什么地方弄错了—，”这时候王后却已经开始尖叫起来，叫得那么响，使她不得不让自己的话就此中断。“哦，哦，哦！”王后大声叫嚷，把自己的手甩来甩去，仿佛要把它甩掉似的。“我的手指头在出血呀！哦，哦，哦，哦！”

她的尖叫声是那么完完全全地像蒸汽机的汽笛声，爱丽丝不得不双手捂住耳朵。

“究竟是怎么一回事？”一有机会能使自己的声音被别人听见的时候，她问道。“你扎伤了你的手指了吗？”

“我还没有扎伤，”王后说，“不过我马上就会—哦，哦，哦！”

“那么你想在什么时候扎伤呢？”爱丽丝说，有非常想笑出声来的感觉。

“在我重新把披肩别起来的时候，”可怜的王后唉声叹气地说，“胸针会自己打开。哦，哦！”就在她说这句话的时候，胸针打开来了，王后狂乱地一把抓住它，试图把它再合上。

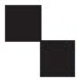
“小心！”爱丽丝叫起来。“你把它捏得完全弯曲了！”于是她去拿

那根胸针，然而晚了一步，别针已经滑落，王后也已经扎伤了手指。
“你瞧，这就是流血的原因，”她微笑着对爱丽丝说。“现在你明白在这里事情是怎样发生的啦。”
“不过，你现在为什么不尖叫呢？”爱丽丝问，双手保持准备状态，以便再次捂住耳朵。
“嗯，我已经把尖叫都叫完了，”王后说。“要是从头再来一遍，会有什么好处呢？”
这时候，天色亮起来了。“乌鸦一定已经飞走了，我想，”爱丽丝说。“它飞掉，我真开心。我原先还以为是黑夜来临了呢。”
“我但愿我也能想办法开心！”王后说。“可是我怎么也记不住规则。你生活在这树林子里，愿意什么时候高兴就什么时候高兴，一定非常幸福！”
“只不过这里实在是非常寂寞啊！”爱丽丝用一种悲凉伤感的声音说。同时，一想到自己的孤独，两滴大大的泪珠沿着两边腮帮子滚下来。
“哦，不要那样想下去！”可怜的王后绝望地紧绞着双手喊道。“想一想你是一个多么伟大的姑娘吧。想一想你今天已经走了多么长的路吧。想一想现在是几点钟吧。想一想任何事情吧，只不过不要哭！”
爱丽丝听到这句话，即使泪水潸潸而下，也忍不住笑出声来。“你能够凭着想一想什么事情就停住不哭吗？”她问道。
“这正是行之有效的办法，”王后断然决然地说。“你知道，没有人能够同时做两件事。让咱们想一想你的年龄来开始吧—你多大啦？”
“我整整七岁半。”
“你不必说‘整整’，”王后批评说。“你不说那个，我就能相信。现在，我讲某件事让你相信。我正好一百零一岁又五个月零一天。”
“我不能相信这种话！”爱丽丝说。
“你不能吗？”王后用一种同情的声调说。“你再试试看：深深吸一口气，闭上眼睛。”
爱丽丝笑起来。“试试看是没有用的，”她说。“一个人是不能相信不可能的事情的。”
“我敢说你未曾有过很多实践，”王后说。“我在你那个年纪的时候，经常是一天实践半小时。咳，有时候在早饭前我就相信了六件之

多的不可能的事情。披肩又跑掉啦！”

在她说话的时候，胸针就松开了，一阵突然刮起的风把王后的披肩吹过了一条小溪流。王后又张开双臂，飞跑着去追，而这一次她成功地自己逮住了它。“我抓到手啦！”她以得胜的声调大叫着。“现在你将看到我重新把它别上，全部由我自己干！”

“那么我希望你的手指头现在已经好些了吧？”爱丽丝非常有礼貌地说道，同时跟着王后越过那条小溪流。



①

① 本书原文多处出现这样两个方格，方格似暗示国际象棋的棋盘。

“哦，好多啦！”王后大声喊着，喊着喊着，声音逐渐升到一种尖声怪叫。“好—多啦！多—啦！多—呵—呵—呵啦！多—呵—呵呵！”最后这个字结束为一串绵长的咩咩声，那么像羊叫，使得爱丽丝不胜惊吓。

她朝王后看着，王后似乎忽然之间已经把自己裹在羊毛里了。爱丽丝揉揉眼睛，再瞧瞧。她弄不明白究竟发生了什么事情。她是在一家商店里吗？那是真的吗？—正坐在柜台那一边的真的是一头绵羊吗？尽管揉眼睛，她只能知道这么一些：自己是在一家昏暗的小商店里，胳臂肘搁在柜台上，她的对面是一头老绵羊，正坐在一张扶手椅子里打毛线，时不时地停下手中的活儿，透过一副大眼镜对她瞧着。

“你要买什么东西吗？”绵羊终于开口说，眼睛从编结物上抬起一会儿瞧着。

“我现在还不十分知道，”爱丽丝十分温和地说道。“要是可以的话，我想先把四周都看一看。”



“你可以看你的前面，也可以看两边，只要你愿意，”绵羊说道。“但是你不能看你的四周—除非你的后脑勺长着眼睛。”

可是这样的眼睛，正如实际情况那样，爱丽丝并没有长；因此她心满意足地转过身来，向货物架走去，看看那些货物。

商店里似乎充满了各式各样稀奇古怪的东西—但是最最奇妙的则是，她每一次紧盯着不管哪一个货物架瞧，以便确切地看清楚架子上有些什么东西，这时候，就是那个架子上总是空空如也，虽然其周围架子上的东西都满得不能再满。

“这里的东西是如此飘忽不定啊！”她最后声调哀伤地说。她刚才花了一两分钟时间，毫无结果地追踪一件大而亮的东西，这东西看来有时候像是一个玩具娃娃，有时候像是一个针线盒，它总是出现在她盯着瞧的那个架子的上面那只架子上。“这件事情是所有事情当中最最叫人恼火的—不过我要跟你说—”她继续说下去的时候，忽然一个主意在头脑中亮起来：“我要跟着它往上瞧，直瞧到最最顶上的那个架子。我预料，它要想穿过天花板，这一来，可就会难倒它啦！”

然而，即使这个计划也失败了。那件“东西”一点儿声息都没有，就轻易地穿过了天花板，仿佛它这样做是习以为常似的。

“你是一个孩子呢，还是一个手转陀螺呀？[2]”绵羊问道，一面拿起另外一副编结针。“如果你老是像个手转陀螺那样转个不停，你立刻就要使我头晕了。”她现在正在一次使用十四副编结针打毛线，爱丽丝不得不十二分惊讶地眼睁睁瞧着她。

“她怎么能够用这么多的针打毛线啊？”这位迷惑不解的孩子心里琢磨着。“她一分钟又一分钟地越来越像一头箭猪！”

“你会划船吗？”绵羊问道，说话之间递给她一副编结针。

“是的，会一点儿—然而不是在陆地上—而且也不用编结针—”爱丽丝正开始说的时候，突然之间编结针在她双手中变成了一双木桨，她发现她们俩已经在一条小船里了，正在两岸之间轻轻淌过去。因此，她无话可说，只有尽力而为。

“羽毛！”绵羊在拿起另外一副编结针的时候叫嚷着。

这声叫喊听来不像是需要任何回应的话，所以爱丽丝不言语，只是划着桨把船荡开。她觉得，这水有一些十分奇怪之处，因为时不时地双桨被粘住了，几乎不能再提出来。

“羽毛！羽毛！”绵羊又叫喊着，同时拿出更多的编结针。“你马上就会捉到一只螃蟹。”

“一只可爱的小螃蟹呀！”爱丽丝猜想。“我会喜欢的。”

“你听见我叫‘羽毛’了吗？”绵羊怒气冲冲地喊着，同时拿起一大把编结针。

“我确实听到了，”爱丽丝说。“你说了许多遍了—而且叫得非常响。请问螃蟹在哪儿呀？”

“当然在水里啰！”绵羊说着把一些编结针插在自己的头发上，她

的双手已经握满了。“羽毛，我说！”

“你为什么喊羽毛喊了这么多遍呢？”爱丽丝感到很困扰，终于这样问。“我可不是一只鸟啊！”

“你是一只鸟，”绵羊说。“你是一只小鹅。”

这句话有点儿冒犯了爱丽丝，因此一两分钟里两人没有交谈，那条小船却轻轻地向前滑去，有时候漂流在水草丛生的地方（这使得双桨比先前更糟糕地紧粘在水中），有时候又来到树丛之下，不过一直是沿着两边高高的、在她们头顶上皱着眉头的河岸划行。

“哦，对不起！那里长着芳香的灯心草！”爱丽丝突然兴高采烈地大叫起来。“那里真的长着—而且漂亮极了！”

“关于它们，你用不着对我说‘对不起’，”绵羊说，眼睛依然瞧着她的编结物，抬也不抬。“我并没有把它们放在那里，而且我也不打算把它们带走。”

“不错，可是我的意思是—对不起，咱们可以待一会儿，采一些走吗？”爱丽丝恳求着。“只要你不在意把船停一会儿。”

“我怎么能停船啊？”绵羊说。“只要你停止划桨，船就自然停了嘛。”

于是这条小船就自由自在地顺流而下，直到轻轻滑到那些摇曳生姿的灯心草丛中。然后那两只小小的衣袖小心翼翼地卷了起来，那两只小小的手臂浸没到胳臂肘那儿，在相当深的下面抱住一些灯心草，然后折断它们—一时间，爱丽丝把绵羊以及编结什么的一股脑儿都忘光了，只顾在船边上探出身子，她缠结的头发的发梢正好蘸着水—这时候，她闪着明亮的渴望的眼睛，双手抓着那些心爱的芳香的灯心草，一把又一把。



“我但愿这条船不会翻过来！”她心中想着。“哦，那一株多么可爱呀！只可惜我差一点，够不到它。”这事情看来的确是有一点儿叫人恼火（“几乎像是故意跟人过不去，”她这样想），虽然在这条船滑过去的时候，她设法采撷了许多美丽的灯心草，然而总是有更可爱的灯心草长在她够不到的地方。

“最美丽的东西总是在更远的地方！”她最后说，对于灯心草偏要长在够不到的地方，真是顽固不化，不免长叹一声。同时，两腮通红、双手和头发湿淋淋的她爬回到自己的位子，着手打理她新弄到的那些宝贝儿。

正当此时，那些灯心草从她采撷的那一时刻起，就已经开始枯萎，消失了所有的香气和美丽，这对于爱丽丝说来有什么关系呢？你知道，即使是真正的馥郁芬芳的灯心草，也仅仅能延长色泽和香味一小会儿呀—何况这些堆在她脚旁的只不过是梦中的灯心草，几乎像白雪那样融化—不过爱丽丝并不注意这一点，还有那么许多别的稀奇古怪的事情要动脑筋呢。

她们没有划走多远的路，一把桨的桨片又黏黏在水里不肯出水（爱丽丝后来是这样说明的），其结果是船桨的木柄打中了她的下巴颏儿，而且，尽管可怜的爱丽丝发出一连串细声尖叫：“哦，哦，哦！”木柄还是径直把她从座位上扫开，让她跌倒在那一堆灯心草之间。

不过，她一点儿也没有受伤，立刻就又爬了起来。那头绵羊在此期间却一直继续打着毛线，好像什么事情也没有发生似的。“你逮到的可是一只好螃蟹啊！”她说，这时爱丽丝坐回到自己的位子上，发现自己仍然待在船上，感到非常欣慰。

“是吗？可是我没有看见啊，”爱丽丝说，对着船外边的黑黑的水里仔仔细细地察看。“我希望螃蟹没有开溜—我多么喜欢带一只小螃蟹回家去啊！”可是绵羊仅仅不屑一顾地笑笑，继续打她的毛线。

“这里有许多螃蟹吗？”爱丽丝问道。

“有螃蟹，还有其他东西，应有尽有，”绵羊说。“任凭挑选，只不过你要拿定主意。现在，你要买什么东西呢？”

“买！”爱丽丝回应一声，声调中半是惊讶，半是害怕—因为双桨啊、小船啊、河水啊，在一瞬间全都消失得无影无踪，而她本人又回到了这爿昏暗的小商店里了。

“劳驾，我想买一个鸡蛋，”她胆怯地说。“蛋怎么卖啊？”

“五便士法寻[3]买一个—两便士买两个，”绵羊回答说。

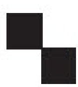
“这么说来，买两个比买一个价钱便宜啦？”爱丽丝用惊讶的口气问，同时掏出钱包来。

“只不过你要是买两个的话，你必须把两个都吃掉，”绵羊说。

“那么，劳驾，我就买一个吧，”爱丽丝说，把钱放在柜台上。这是因为她心里琢磨：“你知道，这些鸡蛋也许并不完全新鲜。”

绵羊拿了钱，放到一个钱柜里，然后说：“我从来都不把东西放在人家的手上—这绝对不可以—你必须自己拿鸡蛋。”说完这句话，她就走到店堂的另一头去，把那只鸡蛋竖直了放在货物架上。

“我不明白为什么那样做不可以？”爱丽丝想，她在桌椅中间摸索着走，因为在商店里走到底实在太暗了。“那只蛋，我越是向它走去，它越是离得更远。让我瞧瞧，这是一把椅子吗？怎么，好怪哟，它有树枝呀！发现树木生长在这种地方可多么奇怪呀！这里竟然还有一条小溪流哪！嗨，这实在是我所见到过的最最奇怪的商店了！”


①

① 本书原文多处出现这样两个方格，方格似暗示国际象棋的棋盘。

于是她继续往前走，每走一步，心中的疑问便更多，更多，因为

每一件东西在她走近的那一瞬间都变成了一棵树，她预料那只鸡蛋很可能同样会变成一棵树。

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[1] “致意”原文是addressing；“着—衣”原文是a-dressing，这两个英文字只有微小差别，读音十分接近。

[2] 手转陀螺（teetotum），一种玩具，也是赌具。英文中like a teetotum，形容人忙得团团转。这里便有此意。

[3] “五便士”是英国铜币。“法寻”是值四分之一便士的英国铜币，1961年起已废止不用。

第六章 汉普蒂·邓普蒂[1]

然而，那个鸡蛋却只是变得越来越大，越来越像个人样儿。她走到离它几码远的地方的时候，看见它长着一双眼睛、一个鼻子和一张嘴巴；她再靠近它的时候，便看得清清楚楚，那正是汉普蒂·邓普蒂本人。“它不可能是别的任何人！”她心里说。“我敢肯定这一点，就好像他的名字写满在他的脸上似的！”

那张硕大无朋的脸，可以很容易地写上一百个名字。汉普蒂·邓普蒂像一个土耳其人那样盘腿坐着，是坐在一堵高墙的顶端—那么狭窄的墙顶，爱丽丝很不明白他怎么竟然能够保持平衡—同时，因为他的眼睛直愣愣地盯着对面瞧，一点儿都不注意她，她想，他到头来一定是一个塞满填料的玩偶。

“他多么不折不扣地像一个鸡蛋呀！”她说出声来，站在那儿伸出双手准备接住他，因为她无时无刻不防备着他会掉下来。

“这是令人非常恼火的事，”在一阵长时间的沉默之后，汉普蒂·邓普蒂说，说话之间，一眼都不对爱丽丝瞧，“竟然被人叫做鸡蛋—非常恼火！”

“我刚才说你看起来像一个鸡蛋，先生，”爱丽丝和和气气地解释。“你知道，有些鸡蛋是非常漂亮的，”她接着说，希望把自己的评说转变成一种恭维。

“有些人，”汉普蒂·邓普蒂说，像原先一样，眼睛瞧着别处，“像娃娃一样没有头脑！”

对于这句话，爱丽丝不知道说些什么好。她觉得，这完全不像是会话，因为他没有对她说过一句话。事实上，他最后那句话显然是冲着一棵树说的—于是她站在那儿，对自己轻声背诵着：—

汉普蒂·邓普蒂坐上一堵墙，
汉普蒂·邓普蒂一下跌得惨。
国王所有的马，国王所有的人，
都不能再叫汉普蒂·邓普蒂守本分。

“这首诗的最后一行太长了，”她接着说，几乎是脱口说了出来，忘记那位汉普蒂·邓普蒂能听见。

“不要那样子站着自个儿絮絮叨叨的，”汉普蒂·邓普蒂说，头一回对她瞧着，“但是把你的名字和来干什么的告诉我。”

“我的名字是爱丽丝，不过—”

“这个名字真够蠢的！”汉普蒂·邓普蒂不耐烦地打断她的话。“那是什么意思啊？”

“名字一定要有什么意思吗？”爱丽丝疑疑惑惑地问道。

“当然一定要有啰，”汉普蒂·邓普蒂冷笑一声说道，“我的名字意味着我的体形—而且还是一副非常漂亮的体形。至于像你这样的名字呢，你几乎可能是任何体形。”

“你为什么孤孤单单地坐在这外面呢？”爱丽丝问道，她不想开始一场争论。

“怎么啦，因为没有人陪伴我呀！”汉普蒂·邓普蒂直嚷嚷。“你本来以为我不知道怎么回答那句话吗？再问一句吧。”

“你不认为到地上来你会比较安全一些吗？”爱丽丝继续问道。她一点也没有再出一个哑谜的意思，只不过对这位怪怪的人物有一种出于好心的忧虑。“那堵墙真的是非常狭窄呀！”

“你问的哑谜都是容易得不得了的！”汉普蒂·邓普蒂用咕噜咕噜的声音嚷着。“我当然不这么认为！怎么啦，假如我竟然摔下来—这是根本不会发生的事—不过假如我摔下来了—”说到这里他噘起嘴唇，一副了不起的庄重的样子，爱丽丝看了禁不住笑起来。“假如我竟然摔下来了，”他继续说，“国王曾经答应我—啊，要是你愿意的话，你可以脸色发白！你没有想到我打算说这句话吧，是不是啊？国王曾经答应我—他亲口答应—要—要—”

“要派来他所有的马和所有的人，”爱丽丝相当不明智地接口说。

“现在我断定这件事太可恶了！”汉普蒂·邓普蒂勃然大怒，高声喊

叫起来。“你刚才一直在门外—在大树背后—在烟囱里边偷听—否则你不可能知道这句话的！”

“我的确没有偷听！”爱丽丝非常文雅地说。“这句话在书上写着。”

“啊，好呀！他们尽可以把这种事情写在书上，”汉普蒂·邓普蒂用比较温和的声调说道。“这就是你们叫做‘英国历史’的东西啦，正是如此。现在，你好好瞧瞧我！我是一个曾经跟国王谈过话的人，我谈过的。也许你再也不会见到第二个这样的人了。为了表示我并不骄傲，你可以跟我握握手！”他露齿而笑，嘴巴几乎从这边耳根裂开到那边耳根，同时向前俯下身子（这样做的时候几几乎从墙上摔下来），把手伸给爱丽丝。她握住那只手的时候，有点儿担忧地对他瞧着。“如果他笑得再厉害一些，他的两只嘴角有可能在脑后连在一起，”她心想。“那时候，我不知道他的头会发生什么事！我只怕它会掉下来吧！”



“不错，他所有的马和他所有的人，”汉普蒂·邓普蒂继续说。“他们马上就把我再扶起来，他们会这样做的！不过，这一场对话进行得太快了一点儿。让我们回到倒上去第二个话题吧。”

“我只怕自己想不大起来是什么了，”爱丽丝彬彬有礼地说。

“既然如此，咱们再从头开始吧，”汉普蒂·邓普蒂说，“现在轮到我选择一个话题了—”（“他说起来就好像这是一种游戏似的！”爱丽丝心想。）“那么这里有一个问题要问你。你说过你曾经是几岁啦？”

爱丽丝匆匆算了一算，说道：“七岁零六个月。”

“错啦！”汉普蒂·邓普蒂扬扬得意地大叫。“你从来没有说过像这样的一个字！”

“我是想，你的意思是‘你现在是几岁？’”爱丽丝解释。

“假如我是那个意思的话，我就会那样说的，”汉普蒂·邓普蒂说。

爱丽丝不想开始另一场争论，所以她保持沉默。

“七岁零六个月！”汉普蒂·邓普蒂思考着重复说一句。“一种尴尬的年纪啊。要是你曾经征求过我的忠告，我会说：‘我在七岁的时候就不长了’—不过现在已经太晚啦。”

“关于生长的问题，我从来都不征求忠告，”爱丽丝愤怒地说。

“太骄傲了吧？”对方责问道。

对于这一提示，爱丽丝感到更为愤怒。“我的意思是，”她说道，“一个人没有办法不长大。”

“一个人没有办法，也许是的，”汉普蒂·邓普蒂说；“但是两个人有办法。如果有恰当的协助，你或许在七岁的时候就已经不长了。”

“你系了一根多么漂亮的裤腰带啊！”爱丽丝忽然这样称赞。（她想，他们之间关于年龄的话题已经谈得够多的了；如果他们真的可以轮流挑选话题的话，那么现在该轮到她啦。）“起码，”她转念一想，纠正了自己的话，“是一条漂亮的领巾[2]，我应该这样说—不对，我的意思是，一条裤腰带—请您原谅！”她惊慌失措地接着说，因为汉普蒂·邓普蒂彻头彻尾地不高兴了，爱丽丝开始希望自己没有选择那个话题才好。“要是我原先知道，”她心中暗想，“哪儿是他的脖子，哪儿是他的腰部就好啦！”

显然汉普蒂·邓普蒂非常生气，尽管他一两分钟之内什么也没有说。在他又开始说话的时候，那是用一种低沉的怒吼声说的。

“那是一种—最最—叫人恼火的—事情，”他终于开口说，“一个人竟然不知道什么是领巾，什么是裤腰带！”

“我知道自己非常无知，”爱丽丝用一种很谦卑的声调说，因此汉普蒂·邓普蒂变得心平气和了。

“这是一条领巾，孩子，一条漂亮的领巾，正如你说的。这是白国王和王后送给我的礼物。你瞧！”

“真的吗？”爱丽丝说，非常高兴地发现自己到底是选择了一个好话题啦。

“他们送给我的，”汉普蒂·邓普蒂若有所思地继续说，同时架起了二郎腿，双手抱住膝盖，“他们送给我的—作为一件非生日礼物。”

“请您原谅？”爱丽丝带着迷惑不解的样子问道。

“没有什么好原谅的，”汉普蒂·邓普蒂说。

“我的意思是，什么叫做一件非生日礼物呢？”

“当然啦，一件在你不是过生日的时候送给你的礼物嘛。”

爱丽丝考虑了一会儿。“我最喜欢的是生日礼物，”她终于说。

“你不知道你自己在说些什么！”汉普蒂·邓普蒂叫起来。“一年有几天？”

“三百六十五天，”爱丽丝说。

“你有几个生日？”

“一个。”

“如果你从三百六十五减去一，还剩几个？”

“当然啦，三百六十四。”

汉普蒂·邓普蒂显出一副疑惑的样子。“我最好看见这道题在纸上做一遍，”他说。

爱丽丝忍不住要笑，她拿出她的备忘簿，做了算术题给他看：

$$\begin{array}{r} 365 \\ 1 \\ \hline 364 \\ \hline \end{array}$$

汉普蒂·邓普蒂拿过簿子，仔仔细细地看。“这道题似乎做得不错—”他开始说。

“你把簿子拿倒啦！”爱丽丝打断他的话。

“我确实是拿倒了！”汉普蒂·邓普蒂嬉皮笑脸地说，这时爱丽丝替他把簿子再倒过来。“我是觉得看起来有一点儿别扭。就像我说的那样，这道题似乎做得不错—虽然我此刻没有时间从头到尾好好看一遍—这道题表明有三百六十四天你可以收到非生日礼物—”

“敢情，”爱丽丝说。

“而只有—天收到生日礼物，你知道。这是你的光荣！”

“我不知道你说‘光荣’是什么意思，”爱丽丝说。

汉普蒂·邓普蒂鄙夷不屑地笑一笑。“你当然不知道啦—除非我告诉你。我的意思是：‘这是一个压倒对方的漂亮的论据！’”

“不过‘光荣’并不意味着‘一个压倒对方的漂亮的论据’呀，”爱丽丝反驳说。

“在我用一个单词的时候，”汉普蒂·邓普蒂用一种相当傲慢的口气说，“它就意味着我选择它去意味的那个意思—既不多，也不少。”

“问题在于，”爱丽丝说，“你是否能够使单词意味那么多不同的事物。”

“问题在于，”汉普蒂·邓普蒂说，“是谁说了算—如此而已。”

爱丽丝真是给弄糊涂了，什么话也说不出。因此，一分钟过后，汉普蒂·邓普蒂又开始说：“有些单词有脾气—特别是动词，它们最为骄傲—形容词，你可以叫它跟任何东西在一起，但是不能跟动词—然而，我却可以把它们全部大家伙儿随意摆弄！不可穿透性[3]！这就是我的说法！”

“可以请你告诉我，”爱丽丝说，“这是什么意思吗？”

“这会儿你才像个明事理的孩子那样说话啦，”汉普蒂·邓普蒂露出非常高兴的样子。“我所说的‘不可穿透性’意思是咱们关于那个话题已经谈得够多的了，要是你提出自己打算下一步要做的事的话，也是挺好的，因为我猜想你不会打算这辈子都停留在这儿吧。”

“这是要使一个单词表达很多很多的含义，”爱丽丝用思考的语调说。

“本人在使一个单词像那样做许多工作的时候，”汉普蒂·邓普蒂说，“总是付给额外报酬的。”

“哦！”爱丽丝叫了一声。她给弄得糊涂了，任何其他的话都说不出了。

“啊，你应该瞧瞧它们怎样在一个星期六的夜里来讨好我，”汉普蒂·邓普蒂继续说，郑重其事地摇头晃脑，“为了索取它们的工资呀，你知道。”

（爱丽丝不敢问他付给它们什么东西；因此，你瞧，我也无法告诉你。）

“阁下，您在解释单词方面似乎很聪明，”爱丽丝说。“能不能请您指教那首叫做《胡言乱语》的诗的含义呢？”

“让我听听看，”汉普蒂·邓普蒂说。“我能解释所有创作出来的诗歌—以及许多许多迄今尚未创作出来的诗歌。”

这句话表明大有希望了，于是爱丽丝背诵那首诗的第一节：—

那是brillig，还有滑溜溜的toves
　　曾经旋转和gimble在wabe：
所有的mimsy都是borogoves，
　　而那个mome raths outgrabe。

“先说这几句已经够了，”汉普蒂·邓普蒂打断她的背诵。“这里有很多难懂的单词。‘*Brillig*’的意思是下午四点钟—就是你开始*broiling*[4]晚餐食物的时候。”

“这个解释非常清楚，”爱丽丝说。“那么‘*slithy*’呢？”

“嗯，‘*slithy*’的意思是‘lithe和slimy’[5]。‘Lithe’是跟‘生机勃勃’一样的意思。你瞧，它像是一个混合词[6]—把两个意义捆在一个单词里。”

“我现在明白啦，”爱丽丝思索着说。“那么‘*toves*’是什么呀？”

“嗯，‘*toves*’有点儿像獾—又有点儿像蜥蜴—又有点儿像瓶塞钻。”

“它们一定是样子非常奇特的生物吧。”

“它们确实是那种东西，”汉普蒂·邓普蒂说。“而且它们还在一些日晷下面筑巢—而且它们还以干酪为主食。”

“那么什么叫做去‘*gyre*’和去‘*gimble*’呢？”

“去‘*gyre*’就是像一架陀螺仪[7]那样一圈一圈地旋转。去‘gimble’就是像一把手钻[8]一样钻孔。”

“那么‘*the wabe*’[9]就是日晷周围的小块草地啦，对不对？”爱丽丝说，对自己的聪明机灵感到惊讶。

“那当然啰。你知道，把它叫做‘*wabe*’，是因为有很大一片在它的前面，很大的一片在它的后面—”

“还有很大的一片在两边，”爱丽丝接口说。

“完完全全正确。很好，再说‘*mimsy*’就是‘单薄和悲惨’[10]的意思（这里教给你另外一个混合词）。还有，一只‘*borogove*’就是一只精瘦的、形象肮脏的鸟儿，它的羽毛向四面八方散射开来—有点儿像一把活拖把。”

“那么，‘*mome raths*’是什么意思呢？”爱丽丝问道。“我怕我在给你增添许多麻烦了。”

“嗯，一头‘*rath*’就是一种青猪[11]。不过‘*mome*’的意思我还不大肯定。我想那是‘*from home*’[12]的简称—意思是它们迷了路，你知道。”

“那么‘*outgrabe*’是什么意思呢？”

“嗯，‘*outgribing*’[13]是某种在哞哞的叫声和嘘嘘的呼啸声之间的一种东西，中间还有一种打喷嚏的声音。不管怎么样，你都会听到这种声音的，也许—在这树林子的那一头—而且，你一旦听到的时候，就会十分满意。是谁把那一套那么刺耳的拙劣诗作背给你听的？”

“我是在一本书上读到的，”爱丽丝说。“不过我曾经听到过人家为我背的比这容易得多的诗作，那是—特维德地背的，我想是他。”

“说到诗歌，你知道，”汉普蒂·邓普蒂说，他伸出一只巨大的手，“要谈背诵的话，我能够像别人背得一样好—”

“哦，不必谈背诵！”爱丽丝急急忙忙地说，希望一开始就阻止他。

“我准备背诵的这首诗，”他毫不理会她的话，只管说下去，“完全是为了让你开心而写的。”

爱丽丝觉得因此之故，她真的应该听听这首诗。因此她坐下来，相当不乐意地说了一声“谢谢你”。

> “冬天，田野里一片白茫茫，
> 为了使你开心我歌唱—

只不过我并没有唱，”他添上一句，作为解释。

“我看到你并没有唱，”爱丽丝说。

“要是你能看到我是不是在唱，那么你比大多数人的眼睛都更敏锐，”汉普蒂·邓普蒂严厉地说。爱丽丝默不作声了。

> “春天，树林渐渐绿满枝，
> 我试试告诉你我的意思。”

“非常感谢你，”爱丽丝说。

“夏天，日子变得很长，
也许你会明白我的歌唱。

秋天，树叶转黄衰败。
拿笔和墨水把它写下来。”

“我会写下来的，如果我能记得那么久的话，”爱丽丝说。

“你用不着老是像这样多嘴多舌的，”汉普蒂·邓普蒂说。“这些话不是深明事理的，却惹得我心烦。”

“我送给游鱼一个信息，
我告诉它们：‘这就是我希望的。’

海中的小鱼儿漫游成群，
它们带给我一个回音。

那些小鱼儿这样回嘴：
‘我们办不到，先生，因为—’”

“我怕自己不怎么听得懂，”爱丽丝说。

“再往下就比较容易啦，”汉普蒂·邓普蒂回答说。

“我又派人给它们送个信：
‘最好还是服从命令。’

鱼群龇牙咧嘴地笑答：
‘怎么啦，你的脾气真大！’

对它们说一次，对它们说两次，
它们就是不听我的指示。



我拿了一把水壶大又新，
适合我不得不做的事情。

我的心跳怦怦，我的心扑扑跳，
在水泵我把水壶灌满了。

于是有人来对我说道：
‘小小鱼群儿都已经睡觉。’

我对他说，我对他说明白：
‘那么你必须把它们叫起来。’

我说得很响而且很清楚，
我对着他的耳朵大声呼。”

汉普蒂·邓普蒂在背诵这一节诗歌的时候，把声音提高到几乎是尖声喊叫，爱丽丝不禁浑身打战，心想：“我怎么也不愿意当那个信使！”

“但是他非常僵死和傲慢：
说道：‘你不必叫得这么响！’

但是他非常傲慢和僵死，
他说：‘我可以去叫醒，假使—’

从架上我拿起一把瓶塞钻，
准备自己去把它们叫唤。

我发现门儿上了锁，
我拉呀、推呀、敲呀，跺。

我发现门儿被关上，
我试着转动把手，但—”

接着是一阵长时间的休止。

“就是这些了吗？”爱丽丝小心翼翼地问。

“就是这些啦，”汉普蒂·邓普蒂说。“再会。”

爱丽丝心想：这一下相当突然。但是，在这样一个非常强烈的暗示，告诉她应该离开了以后，她觉得继续待下去，就不太礼貌了。于是她站起身来，伸出了手。“再会，待到下次再相见！”她尽可能露出高兴的样子说。

“假如我们真的再相见的话，我也决不会再认识你，”汉普蒂·邓普蒂用一种不满意的声调回答说，给了她一根手指头去握别。“你跟别

人简直一模一样。”

“一般来说，是凭一张脸来区别的，”爱丽丝用一种思考的口气来论说。

“这正是我所抱怨的事，”汉普蒂·邓普蒂说。“你这张脸跟每一个人有的脸相同—两只眼睛，如此这般—”（他用大拇指在空中比划眼睛的位置）“鼻子长在当中间，嘴巴长在下边。老是这副样子。比方说，如果你这两只眼睛都长在鼻子的同一边—或者嘴巴长在顶上边—那样就会有所帮助了。”

“那种样子不好看，”爱丽丝反对说。然而汉普蒂·邓普蒂只是闭上眼睛，说道：“等到你试过再谈吧。”

爱丽丝等了一分钟，想看看他是否还有话说。然而，他再也不睁开眼睛，也不再注意她一下，她便又说了一声“再会！”在听不到任何回应以后，她就静悄悄地走开了。但是她一面走，一面不免自言自语地说：“在一切不能令人满意的—”（她把这个单词念出声来，因为念出这样长的单词[14]是一件很舒心的事）“在一切不能令人满意的人们之中，我竟然碰到—”她就此没有把这句话说完，因为这时候一下轰隆隆的撞击声把整个森林从这边到那边都震动了。

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[1] 汉普蒂·邓普蒂（Humpty Dumpty），英国民谣中一个从墙上摔下来跌得粉碎的蛋形矮胖子。转义指倒下去就起不来的人，或损坏后无法修复的东西。

[2] 领巾，原文是cravat，一种西方旧式的男用领饰，与现在的领带（tie）不同。

[3] 原文impenetrability，是比较冷僻的单词。作“不可入”、“不能贯穿”，以及物理学上的“不可入性”解，转义可译为“深奥莫测”。

[4] broiling是用火烤肉的意思；brillig是作者生造的单词，但与broiling有些形似。

[5] lithe是柔软或轻快的意思。slimy是黏糊糊的或泥泞的意思。slithy是作者生造的单词，用slimy和lithe两个单词捏合而成。

[6] 混合词，原文是portmanteau，又译为“紧缩词”或“合并词”。

[7] 陀螺仪，原文是gyroscope，一种由一个高速自旋的重物来保持角基准方向的仪器。gyre的原义是“旋转”。

[8] 手钻，原文是gimlet。gimble则是作者生造的单词，与gimlet的字形和读音都比较接近。

[9] wabe是作者生造的单词，与web（网）的字形和读音相近，不知是否由此而来。

[10] “单薄”的原文是flimsy；“悲惨”的原文是miserable。作者把这两个单词捏合起来，生造了一个混合词mimsy。

[11] rath原义为一种围墙，或形容词：快的。但此处属于生造单词。青猪原文为green pig，意为“不成熟的猪”。

[12] mome原义为“笨蛋”（古义）。但此处属于生造的单词。from home原义为“来自家乡”，读音与mome相近。

[13] outgribing也许是outgrabe的现在式分词，但两者均为作者生造的单词。

[14] “不能令人满意的”原文是一个单词：unsatisfactory，共有六个音节，所以说是一个长单词。

第七章 狮子和独角兽[1]

就一转眼工夫，只见一群士兵穿越树林奔跑过来，打头的是三三两两，接着来的是十到二十个人一起，最后则是那么一大群一大群，似乎要塞满整个树林。爱丽丝躲到一棵大树后面，以免被人从身上踩过去，她就在那儿瞧着他们奔过去。

她觉得这辈子都没见过脚步是如此歪歪斜斜的兵士。他们老是一会儿在这个东西上绊倒，一会儿在那个东西上绊倒，一旦某个人倒了下去，另外几个人总是倒在他身上，因此，地上一会儿就满是一小堆一小堆的人。

接着来的是骑兵。这些骑手因为有四条腿，比起那些步兵来要好得多；然而，即使是他们也时不时地摔跟头。而且似乎已经成了一个规律，一旦一匹马绊倒了，骑手立刻便摔得远远的。混乱的局面一分钟比一分钟厉害，爱丽丝庆幸自己跑出了树林，跑到一处开阔的地方，在这儿，她发现那位白国王席地而坐，在他的备忘簿子上忙忙碌碌地写些什么。

“我把他们全部派出去啦！”国王看见爱丽丝用喜滋滋的声调说。“亲爱的，你穿过树林的时候，可曾碰巧遇见什么兵士吗？”

“是的，我遇见了，”爱丽丝说。“我想有好几千呢。”



“准确的数目是四千二百零七名，”国王参阅了他的簿子，说道。“你知道，我无法把所有的骑兵都派出来，因为其中两名需要参加棋赛。而且我也没有把两名传令兵派出来。他们俩到城里去了。你对那条道路瞧瞧，告诉我你能不能看见他们两人中的一个。”

“我看路上一个人也没有哇，”爱丽丝说。

“我真希望我长着那样一双眼睛，”国王用一种焦急烦躁的声调说。“能够什么人也看不见！而且还在这样近的距离！怎么着，在这样的光线里看见实实在在的人，这正是我能够做到的事。”

这些话爱丽丝全都没有听进去，她正在用一只手为眼睛遮光，仍然一心一意地对道路那头望去。“我现在看见一个人啦！”她终于喊叫起来。“不过他在非常缓慢地走过来—而且摆弄着多么奇怪的姿势哪！”（因为那个传令兵老是在跳跳蹦蹦的，在他走过来的时候，又像一条鳝鱼那样扭来扭去，两只大手张开来，好像一边一把大扇子。）

“完全不是这样，”国王说。“他是一名盎格鲁-撒克逊[2]传令兵—那种姿势则是盎格鲁-撒克逊姿势。他只有在高兴的时候才摆弄那种姿势。他的名字是Haigha。”（他把这个名字读做“海耶”，以便与“mayor”押韵。[3]）

“我爱我的爱人带有一个H，”爱丽丝不禁开始背起来，“因为他Happy（快乐）。我恨他带有一个H，因为他Hideous（讨厌）。我给他吃一块—一块—一块Hamsandwiches（火腿三明治）和Hay（干草）。他的名字是Haigha，他住在—”

“他住在Hill（山）上，”国王简简单单地接口说，一点也没有意识到自己是在参加一个游戏，而爱丽丝依然在犹豫不决，要想出一个用H开头的城市的名字来。“另外一个传令兵叫做Hatta（海塔）。你知道，我必须有两个—来来去去。一个来，一个去。”

“我求你原谅，行吗？”爱丽丝说。

“求可不是有面子的事，”[4]国王说。

“我的意思只是说我听不懂，”爱丽丝说。“为什么要一个来，一个去呢？”

“我不是跟你说了吗？”国王不耐烦地重复说。“我必须有两个—去拿和搬。[5]一个去拿来，另一个去搬来。”

就在此刻，那个传令兵走到了。他上气不接下气，一点儿都不能吐出一个字来，只能把两只手乱挥乱舞，同时对那个可怜的国王做出最最可怕的怪脸。



“这位年轻的小姐喜欢你带有一个H，”国王向他介绍爱丽丝说，希望以此来转移这个传令兵对他自己的注意—然而毫无用处—那种盎格鲁-撒克逊姿势反而一分钟比一分钟来得更为特别，那两只眼睛睁得大大的，眼珠子狂乱地从这一边滴溜溜滚到那一边。

“你把我吓坏啦！”国王说。“我觉得发晕啦—给我一块火腿三明治呀！”

听了这句话，爱丽丝极感兴趣地看见传令兵打开挂在他脖子上的一个布袋，拿出一块三明治给国王，国王便狼吞虎咽地大嚼起来。

“再来一块三明治！”国王说道。

“现在除了干草以外什么也不剩了，”传令兵对布袋瞅了瞅说道。

“那么，就给我干草吧，”国王用微弱的耳语声喃喃地说。

爱丽丝很高兴地看到干草使他精神振奋了许多。“你在觉得虚弱无力的时候，没有什么像吃干草那么好的了，”他把干草扎吧扎吧地咀嚼个精光以后，对她说道。

“我想，往你身上泼些凉水会更好一些吧，”爱丽丝提出一个主意。“—或者闻一点嗅盐[6]。”

“我刚才并没有说再没有什么更好的，”国王回答说。“我刚才只是说没有什么像吃干草那么好。”对于这句话，爱丽丝不敢否认。

“你刚才在路上超过谁了没有？”国王继续说道，一面伸手向传令兵要干草吃。

“没有超过谁，”传令兵说道。

“这就对啦，”国王说。“这位年轻的小姐也看见他了。因此，当然没有人比你走得更慢啦。”

“我尽力而为，”传令兵用一种闷闷不乐的声调说。“我敢肯定没有人走得比我快许多！”

“他不可能那样，”国王说道，“否则他就头一个来到这儿了。不管怎么样，现在你已经喘过气来了，你可以告诉我们城市里发生过什么事情啦。”

“我要悄悄地说话，”传令兵说，他把双手做成一个喇叭形放在嘴边，俯下身来靠近国王的耳朵。爱丽丝对此感到遗憾，因为她也想听听新闻。想不到那个传令兵并没有悄悄地说话，反而径直用他最高的声音大声喊叫：“他们又在那样干了！”

“你把这个叫做悄悄地说话吗？”可怜的国王直嚷嚷，他跳了起来，身子摇摇晃晃。“要是你再这么胡来，我就把你抹上黄油！声音像地震似的在我的脑袋里轰过来轰过去啦！”

“那可能是非常小规模的地震吧！”爱丽丝心想。“是谁又在那样干了呢？”她斗胆问一句。

“哎，当然是狮子和独角兽啦，”国王说。

“为争夺王冠而战斗吗？”

“没错，肯定如此，”国王说。“天大的笑话是，始终是为了我的这

顶王冠！咱们跑去看看他们吧。”他们仨便一路小跑着走去，爱丽丝一边跑一边默默地背诵一首老歌的歌词：—

> 狮子和独角兽为了王冠而战斗，
> 狮子把独角兽打得满城走。
> 有人给他们白面包；给黑面包的也有，
> 有人给葡萄干蛋糕，把他们从城里轰走。

“他们—哪一个—赢了—就得到王冠吗？”她竭尽所能地发问，因为她跑得喘不过气来了。

“天哪，没有的事！”国王说。“你这是什么想法呀！”

“能不能请你—好心—”爱丽丝又跑了一小段路以后，气喘吁吁地说，“停一分钟—就让人—缓过一口气来呢？”

“我是够好心的，”国王说，“只不过不够强壮罢了。你瞧，一分钟闪过去快得那么吓人。你还不如设法叫停一只‘板打死乃去’[7]为好！”

爱丽丝不再有力气说话了，所以他们不言不语地继续一路小跑，直到看见一大群人围在那里，中央是狮子和独角兽，正在打架哪。它们打得尘土飞扬，云山雾罩，爱丽丝开头看不清楚谁是谁。不过她不久就凭独角兽的角终于认出来了。

他们把自己安顿在另一个叫海塔的传令兵正站着看打斗的地方的附近，这海塔一只手端着一杯茶，另一只手拿着一片抹黄油的面包。

“他只不过刚刚从监狱里放出来，他被关进去的时候，连茶点都没有用完呢，”海耶对着爱丽丝的耳朵悄没声儿地说。“监狱里，只给他们吃牡蛎壳—所以你瞧他饿慌了，渴死了。你好吗，亲爱的孩子？”他把手臂亲热地勾住海塔的脖子，继续说。



海塔回过头来瞅瞅，点点头，然后继续吃他的抹黄油的面包。

“亲爱的孩子，你在监狱里开心吗？”海耶问道。

海塔又一次回过头来瞅瞅，这一次有一两滴泪珠流下了他的面颊，可是他一个字也不说。

“说呀，你行吗！”海耶不耐烦地叫喊。然而海塔只是津津有味地扎吧扎吧吃东西，张口再喝些茶。

“说呀，你肯吗！”国王也叫喊。“它们打得怎么样啊？”

海塔拼命用劲，把一大块抹黄油的面包吞了下去。“它们打得非常精彩，”他用噎住的声音说。“每一位都大约摔倒了八十七次。”

“那么我料想他们马上就会把白面包和黑面包送来了吧？”爱丽丝放胆提醒说。

“面包现在正等着他们呢，”海塔说。“我正在吃的就是其中的一点儿嘛。”

正在此时，战斗停了下来，狮子和独角兽坐下，大口大口地喘气，国王这时就高声叫道：“给他们十分钟时间吃点心！”海耶和海塔立刻着手干活，把几个盛着白面包和黑面包的圆托盘端过来。爱丽丝拿起一片尝尝，可是面包干得要命。

“我想他们今天不会再打啦，”国王对海塔说。“去命令把鼓敲起来。”海塔马上像一只蚱蜢那样一跳一跳地跑去了。

爱丽丝静静地站了一两分钟，眼睛瞧着他。忽然之间她容光满

面。“瞧啊，瞧啊！”她喊道，急切地用手指着。“白王后正在乡村那儿跑过去！她在那边的树林子里飞跑出来—那些王后都能跑得多么快啊！”

“毫无疑问，一定是哪个敌人在追逐她，”国王连头也不回，说道。“那座树林子里充满敌人。”

“不过你是不是准备跑过去帮助她呀？”爱丽丝问，她非常惊讶国王对此事竟然如此处之泰然。

“没用，没用！”国王说。“她跑起来快得简直吓人。你也许倒不如去抓住一只‘板打死乃去’为好！不过，假如你喜欢的话，我就把关于她的事写一个备忘录—她是一位亲爱的好人儿，”他打开备忘簿子的时候，又柔声地自言自语说一遍。“你拼写‘creature’是不是连写两个‘e’[8]？”

就在此时，那只独角兽双手插在口袋里，闲逛着从他们身边走过。“这一次我大获全胜了，”他对国王说，在走过去的时候，只是对他瞟了一眼。

“有一点—有一点，”国王相当紧张地回答。“你不应该用你的角把他捅穿了，你知道。”

“那并没有伤着它，”独角兽满不在乎地说，它继续走去的时候，眼光偶然落在爱丽丝身上。他立即转过身来，站立一会儿，用一种深恶痛绝的样子望着她。

“这是—什吗—东西？”它终于问道。

“这是一个小孩子呀！”海耶急切地回答说，他走到爱丽丝的前面介绍她，双手以一种盎格鲁-撒克逊的姿势向她伸出来。“我们刚刚在今天发现它的。它跟真人一样大小，比野生的大一倍！”

“我一直以为它们是传说里的怪物！”独角兽说道。“它是活的吗？”

“它能说话，”海耶一本正经地说。

独角兽神情恍惚地对爱丽丝瞧着，说道：“说呀，小孩子。”

爱丽丝禁不住抿嘴一笑，开始说道：“你可知道，我也一直以为独角兽都是些传说中的怪物呢？我过去从来也没有看见过一个活的！”

“嗯，现在我们彼此已经看见啦，”独角兽说，“假如你相信我，我

也会相信你。这是不是一件公平交易啊？”

“是的，如果你高兴这样说的话，”爱丽丝说道。

“来吧，老家伙，把葡萄干蛋糕拿出来！”独角兽把头从她转向国王，继续说道。“决不要再把你的黑面包给我吃！”

“当然—当然！”国王咕咕哝哝地说，同时向海耶招招手。“把布袋打开！”他低声耳语。“快些！不要那个—那个全都是干草！”

海耶从布袋里取出一块大蛋糕，递给爱丽丝叫她拿着，又取出一个碟子和一把切肉刀。那些东西怎么会一一从布袋里钻出来，爱丽丝猜不到。她想，那就好像是变魔术一样。

在这个事情正在进行的时候，狮子也已经加入到他们中间来。他看来非常疲倦，睡眼惺忪，半睁半闭。“这是什么呀！”他说，对着爱丽丝懒慵慵地眨眼睛，说话的声调深沉空洞，听来像是一口大钟发出的轰鸣声。



“啊，这是什么，是吧？”独角兽急切地嚷嚷。“你怎么也猜不到！我都猜不到嘛。”

狮子软弱无力地瞧着爱丽丝。“你是动物呢—还是植物呢—还是矿物呢？”它问道，每说一个单词就打一个呵欠。

“它是一个传说中的怪物！”爱丽丝还来不及回答，独角兽就大声叫起来。

“那么，怪物，把葡萄干蛋糕给每一位来一份吧，”狮子说着就趴下来，下巴颏儿搁在前爪上。“坐下来呀，你们两个，”（对国王和独

角兽说）。“你知道，蛋糕要公平对待！”

国王不得不坐在两头巨兽的中间，显然觉得非常不舒服，可是这里没有别的地方给他坐了。

“刚才，为了这顶王冠，咱们也许打得够呛啊！”独角兽说，鬼鬼祟祟地对那顶王冠抬眼望去。可怜的国王几乎把王冠摇动得从头上掉下来了，他浑身颤抖得好厉害呀。

“我应该轻易取胜的，”狮子说。

“对此我可不那么肯定，”独角兽说。

“怎么着，我把你打得满城转，你这只小鸡！”狮子怒气冲天地回答，说话间挺起了半个身子。

这时，国王插嘴了，以免这场口角闹下去。他非常紧张，声音抖得厉害。“满城转吗？”他说。“那可是相当长的路啊。你们走过那座老桥没有，或者走过那个市场没有？你们在老桥上能看到最好的景致。”

“我肯定自己不知道，”狮子又趴下去的时候，咆哮着说。“灰尘太大啦，什么也看不见。那个怪物费了多少时间啦，切那么一块蛋糕呀！”

爱丽丝在一条小溪旁挑了个地方坐着，把那个大盘子放在膝盖上，用那把刀孜孜不倦地锯呀锯的。“这件事情非常伤脑筋！”为了回答狮子的话，她说。（她已经渐渐习惯被人叫做“怪物”了。）“我已经切开好几块了，可是蛋糕总是重新合在一起！”

“你不懂得如何对付镜中蛋糕，”独角兽指出来。“先挨个送一圈，然后再切。”

这句话听来好荒谬，但是爱丽丝驯服地站起身来，端着盘子送一圈，她这样做的时候，蛋糕便自己一分为三。“现在切开吧，”狮子说，这时她已经端着个空盘子回到自己的地方来。

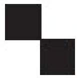
“我要说，这不公平！”独角兽直嚷嚷，爱丽丝则手里拿着刀坐在那儿，完全搞不懂如何对付。“那个怪物给狮子的蛋糕比我的大一倍！”

“不管怎么样，她没有给她自留一份呀，”狮子说。“怪物，你喜欢吃葡萄干蛋糕吗？”

然而，爱丽丝还没有来得及回答他的话，许多鼓已经开始咚咚地

敲了起来。

她弄不明白这闹哄哄的声音是从什么地方发出来的。空气中似乎充满了鼓声，一阵又一阵地穿透她的头脑，直到她觉得耳朵都要震聋了。她一下子跳起来，惊恐万状地跃过了那条小溪，就在她双膝跪地，双手捂住耳朵，劳而无功地试图堵住那可怕的轰鸣声之前，刚好看见狮子和独角兽站起身来，由于他们的宴饮被打断了而面露愠色。


①

① 本书原文多处出现这样两个方格，方格似暗示国际象棋的棋盘。

“要不是那个鼓声‘把它们轰出[9]了城市’，”她心中暗自思索，“那就什么也不能做到这一点了！”

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[1] 独角兽（unicorn），传说中的一种怪兽，头和身子像马，后腿像牡鹿，尾巴像狮子，前额正中长着一个螺旋状的角。又，《圣经·旧约全书》中译为“野牛”、“似牛的双角兽”见《约伯记》、《申命记》。这是七十子希腊文本《圣经》（据传由72位犹太学者从希伯来文译为希腊文的《圣经》）将希伯来文re’em误译为unicorn。而re’em则是现已绝种的一种野牛。

[2] 盎格鲁-撒克逊（Anglo-Saxon），古代欧洲大陆上日耳曼人的两个部落集团。公元五世纪起，其中相当多的人移居英国，结合成为盎格鲁-撒克逊人。后来经过长期征战，征服并同化岛上的克尔特人，又与后到的丹麦人、诺曼人结合，逐渐形成近代英吉利民族。

[3] mayor，意为“市长”，读如“梅耶”。

[4] “我求你原谅”原文是“I beg your pardon？”意思是“请你再说一遍”。原文“beg”有“乞求”之意，所以说“不是有面子的事”。

[5] “拿和搬”，原文是to fetch and carry。英文成语fetch and carry有“做杂务”、“当听差”之意。

[6] 嗅盐（sal-volatile），过去欧洲仕女常用药品，用来提神醒脑。

[7] “板打死乃去”是原文Bandersnatch的音译。这是作者卡罗尔虚构的怪物名，现已收入英文词典之中。上文“停一分钟”，原文是to stop a minute，这里原文是to stop a Bandersnatch，也是作者在文字上开的玩笑。

[8] creature，“生物”、“人儿”之意。前一个音节crea读如cree，所以这样问。

[9] 鼓或鼓声的原文是drum；轰出去的原文是drum out。这里的原文语意双关。

第八章 “这是我自己的发明”

过了一会儿，闹哄哄的声音似乎渐渐消失，直到一切都归于静寂无声，爱丽丝抬起头来，感到有一些惊慌。眼前不见一个人影，她头一个想法是自己刚才一定是梦见了那些狮子呀、独脚兽呀，以及那两个奇怪的盎格鲁-撒克逊传令兵的种种怪事。然而，那个大盘子却依然放在她的脚边啊，她就是用这个东西试着切葡萄干蛋糕的。“那么，说到底，我刚才并没有做梦啦，”她心里琢磨着，“除非—除非我们大家都是同一个梦中的一部分。只不过我的确希望那是我的梦，而不是红国王[1]的梦！我不喜欢附属于另外一个人的梦，”她用一种颇为抱怨的口气继续说。“我非常想去叫醒他，看看究竟发生了什么事情！”

就在这时候，她的想法被一阵高声叫喊打断了。“啊嗬咦！啊嗬咦！将你的军！[2]”声中，一名身穿猩红色盔甲的骑士骑马向她这边飞奔而来，手中挥舞着一根巨大的棍棒。刚奔到她面前，那匹马便突然停下来。“你是我的俘虏！”骑士这样喊叫的时候，自己却从马背上摔了下来。

爱丽丝吓了一跳，虽然如此，这时候她却为骑士担惊受怕胜过为自己感到害怕，而且还有些忧心忡忡地瞧着他重新骑上马背。不料他刚在马鞍上舒舒服服地坐好，便再次嚷开了：“你是我的—”但是这时候另一个声音插进来喊道：“啊嗬咦！啊嗬咦！将你的军！”爱丽丝有些惊讶地回头打量新来的敌人。

这一次是一个白骑士。他在爱丽丝的身旁拽停了马，却正像那个红骑士那样从马背上摔下来。然后他又翻身上马，两个骑士骑在马上，好一阵子彼此对视，一言不发。爱丽丝有些迷惑不解，一会儿望望这个；一会儿瞧瞧那个。

“你知道，她是我的俘虏！”红骑士终于开口了。

“不错，可是我来救了她啦！”白骑士回答说。



“那么，好啊，我们必须为她而战斗啦，”红骑士边说边拿起他的头盔（这个头盔挂在马鞍上，有些像马头的形状），戴在头上。

“当然啦，你会遵守战斗规则的吧？”白骑士提醒说，他也戴上了他的头盔。

“我一直是这样的，”红骑士说，他们彼此就乒乒乓乓地干开了，打得凶猛至极，爱丽丝赶快躲在一棵大树后面，以免被打中。

“现在，我弄不明白，战斗规则究竟是什么，”她从躲藏的地方，

小心翼翼地探出头来，眼睁睁地看着那场打斗的时候，心里琢磨着。“一个规则似乎是：假如一个骑士打中另外一个，他就把他从马背上打下来。假如他没有打中，他就自己摔下来—另外一个规则似乎是：他们各把自己的棍棒抱在怀里，仿佛他们俩是潘趣和朱迪[3]似的—他们摔倒的时候弄出多么大的闹声啊！正像一整套火钳、通条、火铲等等都倒在火炉围栏里似的！那两匹马又是多么安静啊！就像是两张桌子似的，任凭两个骑士爬上摔下！”

还有一个战斗规则爱丽丝没有注意到，那个规则似乎是他们总是头下脚上地摔倒；这场战斗的结束正是他们两个就这样头朝下、肩并肩、摔下马来。他们重新站起来的时候，彼此握握手，然后那个红骑士翻身上马，奔驰而去。

“这是一次辉煌的胜利，是不是呀？”白骑士说，他气喘吁吁地走上前来。

“我不知道，”爱丽丝心存疑虑地说。“我不想成为任何人的俘虏。我想成为一个王后。”

“在你跨过下一条小溪的时候，就会成为一个王后了，”白骑士说。“我准备把你安全地送到这树林子的尽头—然后，你知道，我必须赶回来。这是我的最后一步棋。”

“非常感谢，”爱丽丝说。“我可以帮助你卸下你的头盔吗？”显然他无法自己做到；然而她终于设法帮他摇脱了那顶头盔。

“现在可以比较舒畅地呼吸了，”白骑士说，同时用双手把蓬乱的头发往后撸，转过温文尔雅的脸和目光柔和的大眼睛对着爱丽丝。她觉得自己这辈子从来也没有见到过模样如此奇特的兵。

他穿着一件铁皮制的铠甲，看来非常不合身，带子交叉过双肩，系着一个奇形怪状的松木小箱子，底朝上，口朝下，盖子打开悬挂在那儿。爱丽丝盯着盒子瞧，感到好生奇怪。

“我看出来你欣赏我的小箱子，”白骑士用友好的口吻说。“这是我自己的发明—里边装衣服和三明治。你瞧我把它底朝天地带着，这样雨水就不会淋进去了。”

“可是里边的东西会掉出来的呀，”爱丽丝温和地指出。“你可知道盖子是开着的？”

“我不知道这一点，”白骑士说，一阵烦恼的阴影掠过他的脸。“那

么所有的东西一定都已经掉出来啦！没有这些东西，这个箱子就没有用啦。”说话间他就解下了那只小箱子，他正打算把它扔进灌木丛里的时候，一个想法似乎在头脑中一闪，于是他把那个小箱子小心地挂在一棵树上。“你猜得出来我为什么这样做吗？”他问爱丽丝。

爱丽丝摇摇头。

“希望有些蜜蜂会在里边做窝—那么我就会采到蜂蜜了。”

“不过你已经有了一个蜂箱—或者像是蜂箱的东西—系在马鞍上了呀，”爱丽丝说。

“不错，那是一个非常好的蜂箱，”白骑士用一种闷闷不乐的声调说，“是最好的蜂箱之一。然而到现在还没有一只蜜蜂飞近它。那另外一个东西是捕鼠夹。我猜想是老鼠使蜜蜂都不进来—要不然就是蜜蜂使老鼠都不进来，我不明白究竟哪一种想法是对的。”

“我在想那个捕鼠夹是派什么用的，”爱丽丝说。“看来不大可能有什么老鼠跑到马背上去呀。”

“也许是不大可能，”白骑士说。“不过，要是它们真的跑来了，我可不会喜欢让它们到处乱窜。”

“你瞧，”他停了一停，继续说，“一切事情还是预作准备为好。这也就是这匹马四只蹄子全都套上了踝环的原因。”

“不过那些踝环做什么用的呢？”爱丽丝用一种极为好奇的声音问道。

“为了防备鲨鱼咬呀，”白骑士回答说。“这是我自己发明的。现在帮我上马吧。我将陪你走到树林子的尽头—这个盘子做什么用的？”

“这是用来放葡萄干蛋糕的，”爱丽丝说。

“我们还是把它带走为好，”白骑士说。“要是我们能找到葡萄干蛋糕的话，这个盘子就用得着了。帮我把它塞到这个口袋里。”

虽然爱丽丝非常小心地把口袋撑开，这件事却费了好大的周折，因为骑士把盘子放进口袋的动作是非常笨手笨脚的。最初两三次试下来，盘子没进去，自己却跌进去了。“你瞧，这东西装得太紧绷绷的啦，”他们终于把盘子塞进去以后，他说。“口袋里有那么多的蜡烛台呢。”于是他把口袋挂在马鞍上，马鞍上已经承载了一捆捆的胡萝卜、火炉用具，以及许多其他物品。

“我希望，你已经把头发好好地扎起来了吧？”他们上了路，他继

续说。

“只不过像平时那样扎，”爱丽丝微笑着说。

“这是很不够的，”他焦急地说。“你瞧，这里的风刮得非常强烈。就像浓汤一样强烈。”

“你可曾发明一个办法，叫头发不会被风吹散呢？”爱丽丝问道。

“现在还没有，”白骑士说。“不过我已经有一个办法，叫头发不会垂落。”

“我愿意听听，非常愿意。”

“首先你要拿来一根笔直的小棍子，”白骑士说。“然后设法把你的头发攀上小棍子，就像一株果树似的。头发所以会垂落开来，正是因为它往下悬挂—事物从来都不往上掉的，你知道。这是我自己发明的办法。要是你高兴，你不妨试试看。”

爱丽丝心想，这听起来可不是一个令人愉快的办法，有几分钟工夫，她不言不语地往前走，对于那个想法迷惑不解。时不时地，她停住脚步，扶一扶那个可怜的白骑士，他肯定不是一个好骑手。

那匹马每一次止步不前的时候（它频频止步不前），白骑士总是往前掉下来；每一次重新继续开步走的时候（它通常是相当突然开步走），白骑士总是往后掉下来。在其他状态之下，他倒是维持得相当不错，除了他有一个习惯，要时不时地从两边掉下来。因为一般来说，他老是在爱丽丝行走的那一边掉下来，爱丽丝不久就发现，最好的办法是行走的时候，不要太靠近那匹马。

“我怕你骑马没有经过很多练习吧，”她大着胆子说，这时白骑士第五次摔下来，她扶他上马。

白骑士露出非常惊讶的样子，对这个说法感到有一点受辱。“是什么使你说这句话的？”他问道，一面爬回马鞍上，一只手还揪着爱丽丝的头发不放，以免自己在另一边往下摔。

“因为人们有了很多练习以后，他们不会那么频繁地掉下来。”

“我有过大量的练习，”白骑士非常严肃地说；“大量的练习！”

爱丽丝想不出比“真的吗？”更好的话来说了。不过她说这句话的时候尽可能亲切诚恳。此后，他们静静地继续走了一小段路，白骑士闭上眼睛，喃喃自语，爱丽丝则焦急地守望着他下一次的摔跌。



“骑马的伟大艺术，”白骑士忽然之间开始大声说，一面说，一面挥动着右臂，“在于保持—”说到这儿，就像他突然开始一样，句子突然中断了，白骑士头顶朝下，重重地摔了下来，不偏不倚地摔在爱丽丝正在行走的那条小路上。这一次，爱丽丝可吓坏了，她把他搀扶起来的时候，用不胜焦虑的声音说：“我希望骨头没有摔断吧？”

“不值一提，”白骑士说，仿佛他不在乎摔断那么两三根骨头。“骑马的伟大艺术，正如我刚才要说的，是—在于恰当地保持你的平衡。你知道，就像这样—”

他放掉缰绳，伸开双臂，演示给爱丽丝看他所说的意思，可是这一次他摔得仰面朝天，直挺挺地躺在那儿，正好在马蹄下面。

“大量的练习！”他继续重复着说，这时候爱丽丝一直在扶他重新站起来。“大量的练习！”

“真是太可笑了！”爱丽丝喊起来，这一次她完全失去了耐心。“你应该骑一匹带轮子的木马，这才是你应该骑的！”

“那种东西走起来平稳吗？”白骑士用深感兴趣的口吻问道，同时用双臂紧紧搂着马脖子，刚好来得及使自己免于再次摔下来。

“比一匹活马可是要平稳得多啦，”爱丽丝说，尽管她竭尽全力忍住，也无法避免发出一下小小的尖声大笑。

“我要弄一匹，”白骑士自思自量地说，“一匹或者两匹—好几匹。”

这以后，是一阵短暂的沉默，接着白骑士又继续说起话来。“我是一个发明新事物的高手。嗯，我敢说你已经注意到了，上一次你搀

扶我立起来的时候，我那副样子是沉入深思之中，是吧？”

“你那时候有点儿沉闷，”爱丽丝说。

“嗯，当时我正在设计一项越过木栅门的新方法—你愿意听听吗？”

“的确非常愿意，”爱丽丝彬彬有礼地说。

“我来告诉你我是怎么想起来的，”白骑士说。“你瞧，我对自己说：‘惟一的困难在于双脚，而头部则已经够高了。’于是，我首先把自己的头搁在木栅门的顶端—这时头够高了—然后我头朝下竖起来—这时双脚就够高了，你瞧—然后我就越过了木栅门，你瞧。”

“是的，你那样做了以后，我料想你会越过木栅门的，”爱丽丝思考着说。“不过，你不认为那样做会有相当大的难度吗？”

“我还没有试过，”白骑士阴沉地说；“所以我无法确切地知道—不过我想那样做会有一点儿难度。”

对于这一想法，他露出那么恼怒的样子，使得爱丽丝急忙改变了话题。“你这顶头盔是多么奇怪呀！”她喜形于色地说。“这也是你的发明吗？”

白骑士骄傲地朝下对挂在马鞍上的头盔望了一眼。“不错，”他说。“不过我曾经发明过一顶比这个更好—像一块塔糖[4]。在我经常戴那顶头盔的时候，假如我摔下马来，头盔总是笔直地着地。你瞧，这样一来我摔下来就非常小意思了—不过，毫无疑问，的确有跌进头盔里去的危险。有一次我碰上了这种情况—最糟糕的是，我还没能从头盔里挣脱出来，另一个白骑士就来把它戴到头上了。他认为那是他本人的头盔。”

白骑士对于此事流露出那么阴沉沉的样子，以致爱丽丝不敢笑出声来。“我怕你一定伤着他了吧，”她声音颤抖着说，“你是压在他的头顶上呀。”

“当然啦，我不得不踢他，”白骑士非常严肃地说。“于是他再把头盔脱下来—可是费了几小时几小时才把我拉出头盔来。我当时是快[5]得—像闪电一样，你知道。”

“不过那个和快是两码事，”爱丽丝反驳说。

白骑士摇摇头。“我肯定地对你说，在我看来所有的快呀紧呀都一样！”他说。说的时候，双手有些激动地抬起来，立刻便从马鞍上

滚下来了，一个倒栽葱跌进深水沟里。



爱丽丝跑到水沟边上寻找他。她对于这次摔跤很是吃惊，因为白骑士一路骑来，有一段时间非常顺当，她生怕这一次他真的是受伤了。然而，虽然爱丽丝除了看见他的一双脚底以外，什么也看不见，她还是大大松了一口气，因为听见他正在用他平常声调说着话呐。“一切快呀紧呀的，”他重复说。“可是他那么粗心大意，把别人的头盔戴在头上—而且头盔里还有一个人呢。”

“你头朝下的时候，怎么能够继续不慌不忙地说话呀？”爱丽丝

问，一面抓着他的双脚，把他拽出来，放在水沟边上，躺成一堆。

白骑士对于这个问题倒是惊讶不已。“我的身躯在哪儿又有什么关系？”他说。“我的头脑还是一样在继续工作啊。事实上，我越是头朝下，我越是不停地发明新东西。”

“现在，在我发明过的所有东西之中最最聪明的一种，”他停了一停继续说，“就是在该上一道肉食的时候发明一种新的布丁。”

“能及时蒸好作为下一道菜吗？”爱丽丝问道。“嗯，的确，那真曾经是快手干的活儿啊！”

“嗯，那不是下一道菜，”白骑士思索着用慢条斯理的声调说。“不是的，当然不是下一道啊。”

“那么，那一定是下一天了。我料想你不会在一次宴会中上两道布丁吧？”

“嗯，那不是下一天，”白骑士像先前那样重复说。“不是下一天。事实上，”他继续说，头垂了下来，声音变得越来越低，“我不相信那种布丁曾经蒸过！事实上，我不相信那种布丁将来会蒸！然而，那曾经是发明出来的非常聪明的布丁。”

“你那时候打算用什么做布丁呢？”爱丽丝问道，希望使他高兴起来，因为这位可怜的白骑士对于这件事似乎情绪很低落。

“开头要用吸墨水纸，”白骑士呻吟一声，回答说。

“我怕那不会很好吃吧—”

“单单这一样不会很好吃，”他急切地打断她的话；“但是你想象不到它做出来味道有多么不同：把吸墨水纸跟别的东西混合起来—比如黑色火药和封蜡。不过在这儿我必须离开你啦。”他刚刚来到了这座树林子的尽头。

爱丽丝只能带着迷惑不解的样子，因为她正在思考着那种布丁的事呢。

“你不开心，”白骑士用一种忧虑的声调说。“让我给你唱一首歌安慰你吧。”

“那首歌很长吗？”爱丽丝问道，因为这一天她已经听过许多诗了。

“是很长，”白骑士说，“不过它非常、非常美。不论谁听到我唱这首歌—或者是听得热泪盈眶，或者是—”

“或者是什么呀？”爱丽丝问道，因为白骑士忽然煞住不言语了。

“或者是没有热泪盈眶，你知道。这首歌的曲名叫做：《黑线鳕[6]的眼睛》。”

“哦，那是一首歌的曲名，是吗？”爱丽丝问道，她试着使自己感到有兴趣。

“不，你不明白，”白骑士说，看来有些儿心烦的样子。“那是人家这么叫的曲名。真正的曲名是《老而又老的老头儿》。”

“那么我刚才应该说：‘那首歌是那么被人叫的’？”爱丽丝自己纠正说。

“不，你不应该这么说。这是另一码事！这首歌人家叫做《方法和手段》。不过这只不过是人家这样叫，你知道！”

“嗯，那么，那究竟是什么歌呢？”爱丽丝问道，她这一次完完全全给弄糊涂了。

“我正是准备说的呀，”白骑士说道。“这首歌真正是《坐在大门上》；曲子是我自己发明的。”

说话间，他勒住了马，让缰绳落在马脖子上。然后，他用一只手慢慢地打着拍子，用一丝淡淡的笑容使他那张和蔼的傻乎乎的脸明亮起来，仿佛陶醉在自己的歌曲的音乐声中。他唱开了。



爱丽丝在穿越镜子的旅程中，她所见到的所有怪人怪事，要数这一次她一直记得最清楚了。许多年以后，她还能把整个场景再召唤回来，仿佛那只不过是昨天发生的事情—白骑士那一双温和的蓝眼睛，善意的微笑—西斜的阳光闪耀着穿过他的头发，照在他的铠甲上，反射出闪亮的光芒，使她眼花缭乱—那匹马静静地走来走去，缰绳松松地挂在它的脖子上，啃嚼着爱丽丝脚边的青草—以及那座森林后面的黑魆魆的阴影—她把这一切像一幅画一样尽收眼底，这时，她一只手架在眉毛上遮挡阳光，身子靠着一棵树，瞧着那奇怪的一对，半梦半

醒地聆听那首歌的忧郁悲伤的曲调。

“不过那曲子并不是他自己发明的，”她心里琢磨着。“那是《我给你一切，我再也不能》的曲子。”她站在那儿非常专心地听着，然而并没有热泪盈眶。

凡是我能讲我都对你讲：
　　并没有多少事好谈。
我看见老而又老的一个人，
　　他坐上一扇木栅门。
“你是谁，老人家？”我问。
　　“你以什么为生？”
他的话经过我头脑滴滴答，
　　就像水经筛眼掉落下。

他说道：“我在寻找花蝴蝶，
　　它们在小麦田息歇。
把它们和在羊肉饼里头，
　　我到街上去出售。
把它们卖给水手，”他说道，
　　“水手们在海上迎风暴。
就用这个办法挣面包——
　　微不足道，别见笑。”

不过我心中正有个考虑：
　　把络腮胡子染绿，
并一直用一把特大的扇子，
　　遮住不让人窥视。
因此，我没有言语回答
　　那个老人家的话，
却嚷道：“说吧，你何以为生！”
　　并敲击他的脑门。

他轻言细语把故事叙述，
　　他说：“我走我的路，
忽然发现了山泉一道，
　　便放火使它燃烧。

他们因此制成的货物有：
　　罗兰的望加锡[7]发油—
然而他们酬劳我只是
　　给了两个半便士。”

不过我在想一个办法，
　　让人把蛋奶糊吃下，
天天这样吃呀吃得发胀，
　　变得有点儿发胖。
我把他左右摇个不停，
　　摇得他脸色发青。
我喊道：“说吧，你过得可称心？
　　目前干什么营生？”

他说：“我在美丽的石楠林，
　　猎取黑线鳕的眼睛，
把它们在夜深人静之后，
　　制成背心的纽扣。
卖纽扣我金子赚不到手，
　　银闪闪的硬币也没有，
只不过一枚铜钱半便士
　　就买我九个扣子。

“有时我挖土掘黄油面包卷，
　　捉螃蟹用粘鸟胶去粘。
有时我在杂草丛生的土墩墩，
　　寻找双座马车[8]轮。
这就是办法，”（他眼睛眨一眨）
　　“我由此得钱财而发达—
我非常乐意举杯而干，
　　祝阁下贵体健康。”
我当时听他谈，因为我刚刚
　　完成了我的方案：
为使得湄南桥不致于生锈，
　　浸它在酒里煮透。



我非常感谢他告诉我他那
　　发财致富的办法。
不过主要是他乐意喝干，
　　祝我的贵体健康。

此时，要是我竟然不在意，
　　把手指伸进胶水里，
或者把右脚发疯地挤呀挤
　　硬塞进左脚的鞋子里，

或者要是我把重东西
　　对着脚趾头砸自己，
我哭泣是因为它使我想起，
那个老头儿我一直很熟悉—
他看来很和气，说话慢吞吞，
他头发比雪还要白一分，
他脸儿长得像一只乌鸦，
眼睛红似火，就像煤炭渣，
他似乎遭灾难，精神错乱，
他摇动身子，前后晃荡，
低声自语咕噜噜说不断，
仿佛嘴巴里塞满了生面团，
他像个水牛响着鼻息声—
很久以前在夏日的黄昏
　　他坐在木栅门上端。

白骑士唱着这首民谣打油诗，唱到最后一个字的时候，他便收起缰绳，把马头转向他们来的那条道路。“你只要再走几码，”他说，“走下那座小山，走过那条小溪，那时候你就会成为一位王后啦—不过，你愿意先待一会儿，目送我离开的吧？”他添了一句说，这时，爱丽丝正转过头来，急切地望着他手指的方向。“我不会要多久的。在我骑到那条路的转角处的时候，你在这儿等着，摇摇你的手帕！我想那样会给我鼓励的，你瞧。”

“我当然会在这儿等的，”爱丽丝说。“非常感谢你送我这么远—还要感谢你唱了那支歌—我非常喜欢听。”

“但愿如此，”白骑士心存疑虑地说。“不过你并没有像我所预料的那样哭得厉害。”

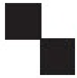
于是他们握握手，白骑士便骑着马慢慢地走进树林。“我希望，目送他离去不会要很长的时间，”爱丽丝自言自语，她站在那儿，眼睛一直朝他看着。“瞧他那副样子啊！又像往常那样倒栽葱啦！不过，他很容易地调整好了—那是由于马身上到处都挂着那么多东西—”她如此继续自言自语，一面眼瞧着那匹马不紧不慢地沿着那条路走去，白骑士却一会儿从这边摔下去，一会儿从那边摔下去。摔了四五次之后，他终于到达转角处，爱丽丝便对他挥动手帕，直到他从眼

前消失。



“我希望这样做鼓励了他，”她转身奔下小山去的时候说。“现在只要越过最后一条小溪，就成为一个王后啦！这听起来多么了不起呀！”她再走几步就来到这条小溪的边上了。“终于走到第八个方格啦！”她大声嚷嚷，蹦了过去，一下子躺倒在像苔藓一样柔软的草坪上休息，草坪上零零落落地点缀着一些小花坛。“哦，来到了这里，我是多么开心啊！我头上这是什么东西呀！”她举起双手去摸头上一个非常沉重的东西，用一种惊愕的声调叫喊起来，那个东西紧紧地箍

住她的头。

①

① 本书原文多处出现这样两个方格，方格似暗示国际象棋的棋盘。

“不过这个东西怎么能够在我不知道的情况下戴在我的头上呢？”她心里琢磨着，把它取了下来，放在她的裙兜上，想弄明白究竟是什么东西。

那是一顶金王冠。

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[1] 第七章开头第三段原文是说“白国王”，这里原文却说“红国王”，也许是作者笔误。

[2] 原文Check！是下国际象棋时攻击对方国王或王后的用语。这里，骑士（马）把爱丽丝当成王后来攻击。

[3] 潘趣和朱迪（Punch and Judy），英国传统的滑稽木偶剧中的两个滑稽角色。

[4] 塔糖（sugar loaf），一种圆锥形的糖块，欧洲中世纪末期至19世纪中期糖块多制成这种形状。

[5] “快”的原文fast也可以解释为“紧”。这里本该是“紧”的意思，表明紧得难以挣脱头盔，但是接下来用“闪电”作比，就成为“快”的意思了。所以下文作了反驳。

[6] 黑线鳕（haddock），产于北大西洋的一种鱼。

[7] 望加锡（Macassar），印度尼西亚苏拉威西岛西海岸的一个港市。现在叫做乌戎潘当（Udjung Pandang）。

[8] 双座马车（Hansom-cab），一种双轮双座马车，驭者站立在车厢后面，设计者为英国建筑师Joseph A. Hansom（1803—1882）。

第九章 爱丽丝王后

“好呀，这是很了不起！”爱丽丝说。“我从来没有想到自己这么快就成了一位王后啦—让我来告诉你该怎么办吧，王后陛下，”她用一种严肃的声调继续说（她总是很喜欢训斥自己），“你决不可以像这样在草地上东躺西靠的！王后们必须有威严气派，你该知道！”

于是她站起身来，走来走去—刚开始的时候显得很僵硬，因为怕那顶王冠会掉下来。不过她想到这里没有人看见她，她便放下心来。“如果我真的是一位王后，”她又坐下来的时候说，“那么我一定能够及时很好地戴上它的。”

一切事情都在那么稀奇古怪地发生着，因此，她发现红王后和白王后一边一个紧挨着坐在她身边的时候，她一点都不感到惊讶。她本来很想问问她们怎么来到这儿的，但是又怕这样问不很有礼貌。不过，她想，问问那盘棋是否下完了大概没有关系。“请问，你能告诉我—”她开口问，怯生生地望着那位红王后。

“别人对你说话你才能说话！”红王后尖锐地打断她的话。

“可是，如果人人都遵守这条规则的话，”爱丽丝说，她总是喜欢跟人小小争论一番，“如果你只在别人对你说话的时候才说话的话，而别人又总是等着你先开口，你瞧，那就没有人会说一句话啦，所以啊—”

“荒谬！”那位王后高声说。“喂，难道你不知道，孩子—”说到这儿，她皱起眉头，不说下去了。想了一会儿以后，她忽然改变了话题。“你刚才说：‘如果你真的是一位王后’是什么意思？你有什么权利这样称呼你自己？你知道，你不能成为一位王后，除非你通过了适当的考试。咱们越是早一些开始便越好。”

“我只不过说‘如果’呀！”可怜的爱丽丝用一种苦恼的声调为自己

辩护。

那两个王后彼此望望，然后红王后有些儿颤抖着说道：“她说她只不过说‘如果’—”

“然而她说了很多，不止这么点儿！”白王后绞扭着双手，悲叹着说！“哦，比这么点儿要多得多！”

“你知道，你的确说过的，”红王后对爱丽丝说。“永远说真话—想过之后再说话—然后把它写下来。”

“我肯定我并没有那个意思—”爱丽丝刚开始说就被红王后不耐烦地打断了。

“这正是我所抱怨的！你应该有什么意思！你倒说说一个没有任何意思的孩子有什么用处？即使是一个笑话也应该有什么意思的—而我希望，一个孩子比一个笑话重要得多。你无法否认这一点，即使想用双手去否认也否认不了。”

“我从来不用我的双手否认什么东西，”爱丽丝反驳说。

“没有人说你这么做过，”红王后说。“我是说如果你想这样做也办不到。”

“她是有那种心理状态，”白王后说，“她要否认某种东西—只不过不知道要否认什么东西罢了。”

“可恶的坏脾气呀，”红王后批评说。接着是一两分钟令人不愉快的沉默。

红王后打破了沉默，对白王后说道：“我邀请你今天下午参加爱丽丝的宴会。”

白王后微微一笑，说道：“我也邀请你。”

“我完全不知道自己要举行什么宴会呀，”爱丽丝说。“而且，如果是有宴会的话，我觉得应该由我来邀请客人才是。”



“我们给过你这样的机会，”红王后评论说，“可是我敢说，迄今为止，在规矩方面你还没有上过几课，学到过多少东西。”

“上课不教规矩，”爱丽丝说。“上课教你做算术，以及这一类的东西。”

“那么你会做加法吗？”白王后问道。“一加一加一加一加一加一加一加一加一加一，是多少？”

“我不知道，”爱丽丝说。“我算不过来。”

“她不会做加法，”红王后打断她的话。“那么你会做减法吗？你算

算八减九吧。”

“你知道，我不会做八减九，”爱丽丝不假思索地回答说。“不过—”

“她不会做减法，”白王后说。“那么你会做除法吗？一把刀分割一个长方面包—这个答案是什么？”

“我想是—”爱丽丝刚一开口，红王后就替她回答了。“涂黄油的面包，当然啰。做做另外一道减法算术吧。从一只狗嘴里拿去一根肉骨头，还剩下什么？”

爱丽丝考虑着。“如果我拿去那根肉骨头，当然啰，肉骨头不会留下来—可是那只狗也不会留下来。它会跑来咬我的—而我肯定我决不会留下来！”

“那么你认为什么东西都不剩吗？”红王后问道。

“我认为这正是答案。”

“跟先前一样，又错啦，”红王后说。“那只狗的脾气会剩下来。”

“可是我看不出怎么—”

“嗨，你瞧！”红王后高声说。“那只狗会发脾气的，是不是？”

“它也许会，”爱丽丝小心翼翼地回答。

“那么，如果那只狗走掉了，它发出来的脾气却会留下来的啦！”[1]红王后洋洋得意地直嚷嚷。

爱丽丝尽可能严肃地说：“狗和它的脾气也许会各走各的路。”不过她心里无法不想：“我们正在说的话真是无聊透顶！”

“算术她一点儿都不会做！”两位王后加重语气异口同声地说。

“你会做算术吗？”爱丽丝突然转过身来冲着白王后问道。她可不愿意被人找出这么多的错儿来。

白王后喘着气，闭上眼睛。“我会做加法，”她说，“只要你给我时间—不过在任何情况之下我都不会做减法！”

“你当然懂得你的ABC啦？”红王后问道。

“当然，我懂，”爱丽丝说。

“我也懂，”白王后悄没声儿地说。“亲爱的，咱们以后会常常一起背字母表的。我告诉你一个秘密吧—我能读懂只有一个字母的词儿[2]！这一点，不是很了不起吗？不管怎么着，千万别泄气。到时候你也会的。”

说到这儿，红王后又发话了。“你能回答实用的问题吗？”她问道。“面包是怎么做成的？”

“这事情我知道！”爱丽丝心急地大声说。“你拿一些面粉儿—”

“你在哪儿采一些花朵儿[3]？”白王后问道。“是在花园里，还是在树篱间？”

“嗯，那完全不是采来的，那是磨—”

“那块地有多少亩[4]？”白王后问道。“你一定不可以忽略掉那么多东西。”

“扇扇她的头脑吧！”红王后焦急地打断她的话。“在费了那么多脑筋之后，她会发烧的。”于是她俩着手用一簇树叶替她打扇，直扇得她乞求她俩住手为止，她的头发被扇得乱蓬蓬的了。

“她现在又一切正常了，”红王后说。“你懂语言吗？fiddle-de-dee的法语怎么说？”

“fiddle-de-dee不是英语啊，”爱丽丝严正地回答。

“谁说过那是英语啦？”红王后说道。

爱丽丝心里想，这一次她看出一条走出困境的道路了。“如果你能告诉我‘fiddle-de-dee’是什么语言，那么我就告诉你法语怎么说！”她洋洋得意地喊道。

然而那位红王后却挺胸凸肚，神气十足，说道：“王后们从来都不跟人家做交易。”

“我倒希望王后们从来都不出难题，”爱丽丝心中这样想。

“咱们别吵嘴了吧，”白王后用一种渴望的声调说。“闪电的起因是什么？”

“闪电的起因，”爱丽丝毫不犹豫地说，因为她觉得对于这个问题很有把握，“是雷—不是，不是！”她急急忙忙地纠正自己。“我的意思是反过来说。”

“纠正已经来不及了，”红王后说。“你一旦说了一件事情，那就固定下来了，而且你必须承担其后果。”

“这句话使我想起—”白王后说。她双眼下视，双手十指交叉，又放开来，“我们遭遇了那样一场雷雨天气，在上个星期二—我是说上一组星期二之一的星期二，你知道。”

这可把爱丽丝弄糊涂了。“在我们的国家里，”她指出，“一次只指

一天。”

红王后说道：“这样做事情可是太小家子气了。瞧我们这儿，基本上一次指两三个黑夜，在冬天，我们有时候一下子指五个黑夜之多—为了暖和，你知道。”

“这么说来，五个黑夜要比一个黑夜暖和啰？”爱丽丝斗胆反问。

“当然啦，暖和五倍[5]。”

“不过，按照同一条规则来说，它们应该是寒冷五倍呀—”

“正是如此！”红王后嚷嚷着说。“暖和五倍，以及寒冷五倍—正如我比你富有五倍，以及聪明五倍一样！”

爱丽丝叹了一口气，不再讲下去。“这完全像是一个没有谜底的哑谜一样！”她心里想。

“汉普蒂·邓普蒂也看见了雷雨的，”白王后继续说，声音放得很低，更像是说给她自己听。“他当时手里拿了一把瓶塞钻来到门前—”

“他要什么呢？”红王后问道。

“他说他打算进来，”白王后继续说，“因为他正在寻找一头河马。可是，那天早上，屋子里碰巧没有这种东西。”

“平常有这种东西吗？”爱丽丝用惊讶的声调问道。

“嗯，只在每逢一组星期四的时候有，”王后说。

“我知道他为什么来，”爱丽丝说。“他要惩罚鱼儿，因为—”

这时候，白王后又开口说话了。“那场雷雨是如此猛烈，你想不到！”（“她永远都想不到，你知道，”红王后说。）“屋顶被掀掉了一部分，非常厉害的雷掉了进来—巨大的火球在房间里直打滚—把桌子、家具都打翻了—弄得我好害怕呀，连我自己的名字都记不起来了呀！”

爱丽丝心中琢磨着：“在一场灾难之中，我可决不会试图去记起自己的名字！这有什么用哇？”不过她没有把这句话说出来，为的是怕伤害这位可怜的王后的感情。

“陛下请务必原谅她，”红王后对爱丽丝说，同时握住白王后的一只手，轻轻抚摩着。“她用意很好，但是一般来说，总是禁不住要说一些傻话。”

白王后怯生生地望着爱丽丝，后者觉得自己应该说一些好心的话，可是此刻确实一句也想不出来。

“她从来没有真正受到很好的教养，”红王后继续说。“不过她的脾气这么好真叫人吃惊！你拍拍她的头，瞧她会多么讨人喜欢！”然而做这种事情是超过爱丽丝胆量的限度了。

“做一件小小的好事—把她的头发放在纸张里[6]—就会对她产生奇妙的作用—”

白王后深深叹了一口气，把头倚在爱丽丝的肩膀上。“我是多么困啊！”她唉声叹气。

“她疲倦了，可怜的人儿呀！”红王后说。“撸平她的头发吧—把你的睡帽借给她—为她唱一首镇定精神的催眠曲吧。”

“我没有把睡帽带在身边，”爱丽丝试着服从第一项指令的时候，说道。“而且我什么镇定精神的催眠曲都不会唱。”

“那么，我必须亲自干这件事儿啰，”红王后说着就张口唱起来：

乖女士，要睡觉，睡在爱丽丝的怀抱！
到筵席准备好，咱们小睡一会儿。
筵席过后咱们去舞会乐逍遥—
红王后，白王后，爱丽丝，以及大伙儿！

“现在你知道歌词了吧，”她接着说，同时把头靠在爱丽丝的另一只肩膀上，“就把它从头到尾唱一遍给我听。我也昏昏欲睡了。”只一会儿工夫两个王后都已酣然入睡，鼾声大作。

“我该怎么办呀！”爱丽丝大叫道，她十分无奈地四处张望，这时，起先是一个圆头颅从她的肩膀上滚下来，然后是另一个，都像重重的肉块掉在她的裙兜上。“我想这样的事情过去从来也没有发生过，竟然一个人不得不同时照看两个睡着的女王！没有，在全部英格兰历史中都没有—也不可能有，你知道，因为从来都未曾有过同时存在不止一个王后的事。喂，醒醒啊，你们两个沉重的东西！”她用不耐烦的声调继续说。可是没有回应，却只听得轻微的呼噜声。



这呼噜声一分钟比一分钟清晰可闻，听来越来越像一个曲调，最后她甚至能够分辨出词汇来。她听得那么入神，以至于那两颗大头颅忽然之间从她的裙兜里消失不见的时候，她都不觉得。

她这时正站在一个拱形的门口，拱门上有“爱丽丝王后”几个大字，在拱门的两边各有一个门铃拉手。其中一个标出：“客人们的门铃”；另一个标出：“仆人们的门铃”。

“我要一直等到那首歌唱完，”爱丽丝这样想，“然后我要拉—拉—我应该拉哪一个门铃呢？”她接着想下去，被那两个名称弄得一点主

意都没有。“我不是一个客人，也不是一个仆人。这里应该有一个门铃标出‘王后’的字样，你知道—”

正在这时候，门打开了一道缝，一个长着长喙的生物探出头来，张望一会儿，说道：“直到下下个星期，不许入内！”便又砰地一声把门关上了。

爱丽丝又敲门，又拉门铃，侍弄了好一阵子，却毫无用处。不过最后，一只坐在树下的非常老迈的青蛙站了起来，步履蹒跚向她走过来。他穿着鲜黄色的衣服，足蹬一双硕大的短统靴。



“这是怎么一回事儿啊？”青蛙用低沉沙哑的声音悄悄问道。

爱丽丝回过头来，心中憋着气，打算找任何人的岔子。“专门应门的那个仆人到哪里去啦？”她愤怒地开始说。

“哪一扇门？”青蛙问道。

对于他这种慢条斯理、拖泥带水的说话腔调，爱丽丝气恼得几乎要跺脚。“这扇门，当然啦！”

青蛙那双大而无神的眼睛对那扇门瞅了一分钟，然后走近那扇门，用大拇指在门上擦擦，仿佛要试试油漆会不会擦掉。然后，他瞧着爱丽丝。

“回答这扇门吗？[7]”他问道。“那么它问了什么话呢？”他的声音那么沙哑，爱丽丝简直听不见他的话。

“我听不懂你的话，”她说。

“我说的是英语，不是吗？”青蛙继续说。“要不然你是个聋子吗？我是说它问了你什么话？”

“什么也没有问！”爱丽丝不耐烦地说。“我刚才在敲门呀！”

“千万别敲—千万别敲—”青蛙口齿不清地说。“它要生气的，你知道。”于是他走上前来，抬起他一只大脚对那扇门踹了一下。“你不去招惹它，”他气喘吁吁地说着，踉踉跄跄地向他那棵树走回去，“它也就不来招惹你，你知道。”

这时候，那扇门被猛然打开了，只听见一个尖锐的嗓音在唱着：—

这是爱丽丝对镜中世界宣布旨意：
“我头上戴了王冠，权杖握在手里。
通告镜中世界子民们，不论干什么的，
都来与红王后、白王后和本人欢宴在一起！”

接下来千百个声音加入了合唱：

于是把酒杯一个个斟满酒，尽量快，
把纽扣和麦麸在宴会餐桌上全撒开。
咖啡里浸猫儿，茶水里浸老鼠也不赖—
三十乘三次欢迎爱丽丝王后来！

随之而来的是一片闹嚷嚷的、嘈杂的欢呼声，爱丽丝心中想道：“三十乘三等于九十。我怀疑会不会有任何人在计数？”一会儿之后，又安静了下来，跟刚才一样的尖锐的嗓音唱起了另一段诗歌：—

“哦，镜中的生物们，”爱丽丝说，“靠拢点！
觐见我，是荣幸；听我言，是我的恩典。
至高的恩典则是赐茶点赏饭菜，
你们和红王后、白王后及本人在一块！”

于是又响起了合唱：—

请把酒杯斟满糖浆和墨水，
或其他任何东西只要是够味。
沙粒与苹果汁，羊毛与葡萄酒相兑，
九十乘九次欢迎爱丽丝王后就位！

“九十乘九次啊！”爱丽丝绝望地重复说。“哦，这可绝对不行！我还是立刻就走进去为好—”她就走进去了，可是她一出现，屋子里却是一片死一样的沉寂。

爱丽丝在巨大的大厅里一路走去的时候，神情紧张地沿着餐桌望去，只见来的宾客大约有五十位，形形色色：有些是走兽，有些是飞禽，他们中间甚至还有几株花卉。“我很高兴他们没等邀请就来了，”她心中这样想。“我本来怎么也弄不清楚应该邀请哪些客人才对！”

在餐桌的前端放着三把椅子，红王后和白王后已经各占一座，中间那张椅子还空着，爱丽丝便坐了下来，她对沉寂的场面觉得不舒服，很希望有谁开口说话。

红王后终于开始说了。“你错过了汤和鱼两道菜了，”她说：“上大块肉！”侍者们便把一只羊腿端到爱丽丝面前，爱丽丝眼瞧着羊腿发窘，因为她过去从来都不用自己动手切大块肉的。

“你似乎有点儿胆怯，让我来把你介绍给这只羊腿吧，”红王后说。“这位是爱丽丝—这位是羊腿。这位是羊腿—这位是爱丽丝。”羊腿竟然在碟子上站了起来，对爱丽丝微微鞠一躬！爱丽丝回了礼，不知道自己究竟是受到惊吓，还是感到有趣。



“我能给你们一片肉吗？”她说，拿起了刀和叉子，眼睛瞧瞧这位王后，又瞧瞧那位王后。

“当然不可以，”红王后非常坚决地说。“把任何被你介绍过的人切开是不合礼节的。把大块肉撤下去！”侍者们便把大块肉端走，换上了一块大葡萄干布丁。

“请不要把我介绍给布丁，”爱丽丝急急忙忙地说，“否则我晚餐什么也吃不到了。我可以给你们一些吗？”

可是红王后一脸阴沉，咆哮着说：“这位是布丁—这位是爱丽

丝。这位是爱丽丝—这位是布丁。把布丁撤下去！”侍者们撤得那么快，使爱丽丝连回应其鞠躬礼都来不及。

然而，她看不出为什么只有红王后可以发号施令；因此，她作为尝试，也嚷开了：“侍者！把布丁端回来！”于是，就像变戏法似的，只一转眼工夫，布丁又出现了。那么大一块布丁呀，她不免感到有点儿害怕，正如她刚才面对那块羊腿似的。然而，她费了很大的劲压服了自己的胆怯，切下一块布丁，递给红王后。

“多么无礼呀！”布丁说道。“你这个家伙，要是我从你身上切下一块来，我真不知道你会觉得怎么样！”

布丁是用一种黏稠的、板油似的声音[8]说的，爱丽丝一时语塞，答不上话来，却只能坐在那儿，目瞪口呆。

“说话呀，”红王后说道，“把整个对话让这个布丁独自个儿讲那是太滑稽了！”

“你们知道不知道，今天人家给我背诵了大量诗歌，”爱丽丝开始说，心中有点儿惊讶地发现，自己一张开口，大家就静寂无声，所有的眼睛都紧盯着她瞧。“非常奇怪的事情是，我觉得—每一首诗或多或少是关于鱼类的。你知道不知道，这儿一带的人为什么那么喜欢鱼类吗？”

她对红王后说这话。红王后的回答却有点儿离题。“关于鱼类嘛，”她把嘴巴凑近爱丽丝的耳朵，非常缓慢、非常严肃地说，“白王后陛下知道一个有意思的谜语—全是诗句—全是关于鱼类的。让她背诵一遍好吗？”

“承蒙红王后的好意提起此事，”白王后用一种像是鸽子的咕咕叫声对着爱丽丝另一只耳朵低语。“这真是莫大的荣幸！我背诵好吗？”

“请吧，”爱丽丝非常有礼貌地说。

白王后欣喜地笑着，摸摸爱丽丝的面庞。然后她开始背诵：

　　“首先，必须捉到那条鱼。”
这很容易，我想婴孩都能捉住它。
　　“其次，必须买来那条鱼。”
这很容易，我想一便士就能买到它。

　　“现在替我烹调鱼儿吧！”

这很容易，制作起来一分钟都不要。
　　“叫它躺在盆子里呀！”
这很容易，因为它已经待在那里了。

　　“把它端到这儿来！让我尝！”
这很容易，餐桌上送来这样一盆菜。
　　“把盆子的盖子掀开让我看！”
啊，这太困难，我怕自己做不来！

　　因为它抓住盖子像黏胶—
抓住盖子不让开，中间躺着那条鱼。
　　究竟哪一种最容易做到：
是掀盖露出鱼，还是捂盖盖谜语？

“花一分钟思考一下，然后猜猜看，”红王后说。“在此期间，我们要为您的健康干杯—祝爱丽丝王后健康！”她把嗓门提到最高度，尖声叫喊起来，所有的宾客也都立即开始为此祝酒，不过他们各人的做法非常奇怪。有些人把杯子像圆锥形熄烛器那样扣在头顶上，啜饮着从脸上淌下来的酒—有些人把酒瓶翻倒，啜饮顺着餐桌边沿流下来的酒—其中三个人（他们看起来像是袋鼠）爬到烤羊肉的盆子里，开始迫不及待地舔光肉汁，“就像猪槽里的猪一样！”爱丽丝心中想。

“你应该用干净的演说致答谢词，”红王后对爱丽丝皱着眉头说道。

“你知道，我们必须支持你，”白王后悄没声儿地说，这时，爱丽丝站起身来致词，她非常谦恭，但是有点儿害怕。

“非常感谢你，”她也悄没声儿地回答，“不过我没有支持也可以做得很好。”

“完全不可能是那样的，”红王后坚定不移地说。因此，爱丽丝只得很有风度地试着遵从。

（“她们是那样推挤[9]我呀！”她后来把这一段宴会的经过告诉她的姐姐的时候，这样说。“你会觉得她们想要把我挤扁了呀！”）

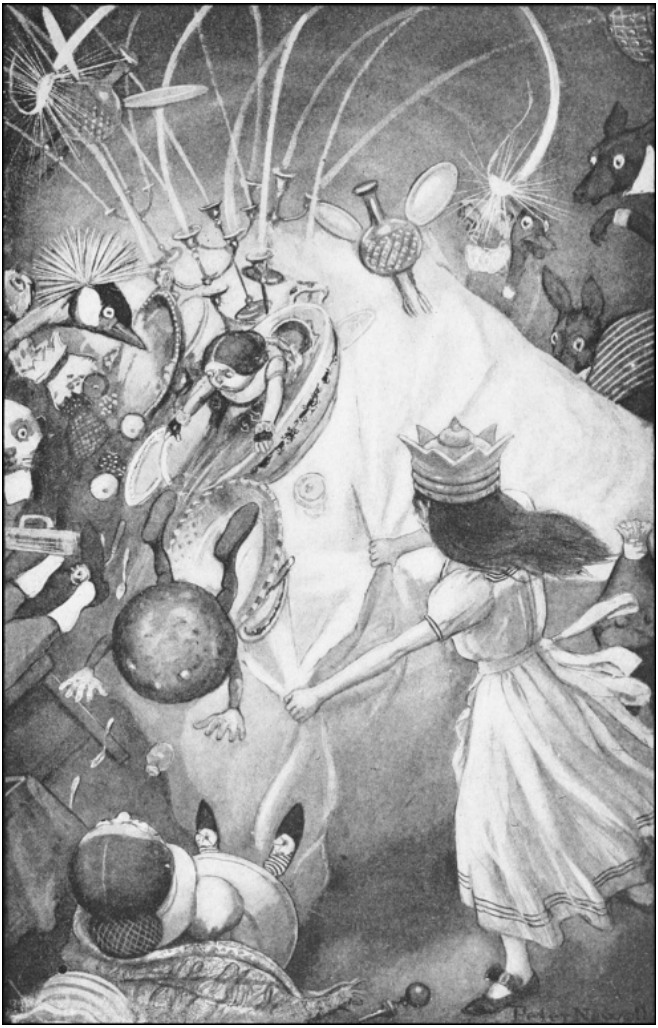
事实上，在她发表演说的时候，她的确很难站立在原地：那两位王后一边一个，那样推挤她，几乎把她推挤得悬空不着地。“我起来答谢—”爱丽丝开始说，她说话间就真的是起来了，离地好几英寸。

不过她赶紧抓住了餐桌的边缘，设法把自己再拉下来。

“你自己要小心！”白王后尖声叫喊，双手拽住爱丽丝的头发。“就要发生什么事情啦！”

于是乎（正如爱丽丝后来描述的那样）顷刻之间各种各样的事情全都发生了。所有的蜡烛全都长高直到天花板，看来就像是一簇灯心草一样的东西，顶上燃放着焰火。至于那些酒瓶嘛，它们每一个都抓住一对盘子，匆匆忙忙安装在身上作为翅膀，同样，用两把叉子作为两条腿，扑棱扑棱振翅到处乱飞，“它们看上去真像是鸟儿，”爱丽丝心里这样想，在可怕的混乱场面开始的时候，她还能有这样的心思。

正在此时，她听见耳边响起一声沙哑的笑声，便转过头来看看那位白王后究竟是怎么一回事。可是坐在椅子上的却不是王后，而是那块羊腿。“我在这儿呀！”一个喊声从盛汤的砂锅里传出来，于是爱丽丝再转过头去，刚好看见王后那张宽阔的、客客气气的脸在砂锅的边上冲着她龇牙咧嘴地笑了一笑，然后就消失在浓汤里了。



刻不容缓。有几个客人已经要去躺在盆子里了，长柄汤勺正在餐桌上向爱丽丝的王位走去，并且不耐烦地对她打手势要她给它让路。

“我一刻也不能再忍受下去了！”她大声喊着，同时跳了起来，双手抓住桌布，只用力一拉，那些盘子、盆子、客人，以及蜡烛就一齐哗啦啦一下子掉在地板上，碎成一大堆。

“至于你嘛，”她继续说，猛孤丁地转身对着那位红王后，她认为她就是这一切胡搅蛮缠的罪魁祸首—但是这位王后已经不在她的身边了—她已经忽然缩小下去，变得只有一个小玩具娃娃那么大小，此刻

正在餐桌上兴高采烈地跑着转圈圈，追逐在她自己身后飘荡着的披肩。

要是在其他任何时候，爱丽丝眼见这种景象一定会觉得惊慌失措的；可是此刻，她真是太激动不已，对于任何事情都不会惊慌失措了。“至于你嘛，”她又说一遍，就在跳越过一只刚刚落在餐桌上的酒瓶的时候，一把抓住那个小玩具娃娃，“我要把你摇晃得变成一只小猫咪，我一定要这样办！”

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[1] “发脾气”原文是lose its temper，其中lose作为单词是“丢失”的意思。这里作者故意照字面的意思，说“脾气会留下来”。

[2] 一个字母的词儿，指a（一个），I（我），O（哦），等，在英文中为数很少。

[3] “面粉”原文是flour，“花朵”原文是flower，两者读音相近。作者有意利用谐音字这样写，但是中文难以表达。

[4] “磨”原文是ground（grind的过去式及过去分词）；“地”的原文同样是ground。作者利用这一词多义的情况作文字游戏。这里用“磨”和“亩”的近似音表达。

[5] 英文time有“次”、“倍”及“时间”等含义。这里，原文是five times，可作“五倍”或“五次”解。

[6] 旧时的欧洲仕女为了打扮，把头发绕在纸卷上，使头发鬈曲。

[7] 上文“应门”的原文是answer the door，照字面理解是“回答门”，这里青蛙所以这样发问。

[8] “板油”原文是suet，这里的布丁可能是羊油布丁（suet pudding），所以说“板油”似的声音。

[9] 上文“支持”原文是support，也有“支撑”的意思。此处“推挤”原文是push。白、红两个王后在两边support，也就是在两边push。因而又有“排挤”的意思。三个王后在一起当然不免排挤。作者用词暗含幽默。

第十章 摇晃

正像爱丽丝所说的那样，她把她从餐桌上拿起来，用尽全身的力气，把她前后摇晃。

那位红王后一点儿都不反抗；只不过她的脸变得非常小了，她的眼睛则变得又大又绿。不仅如此，在爱丽丝继续摇晃她的时候，她就继续变得更小—更胖—更软—而且更圆—而且—

第十一章 睡醒了

——而且，到头来，它的的确确是一只小猫咪。

第十二章 谁做的梦呢？

“红王后陛下可决不该呼噜呼噜叫得这么响，”爱丽丝说着揉揉眼睛，对这只猫咪尊敬地献殷勤，但是带有一些严肃的神情。“哦！你把我从那么一个好梦里吵醒啦！小猫咪啊，你曾经跟我在一起—从头到尾经历那个镜中世界。亲爱的，你知道这一点吗？”

这是猫咪们的一个非常麻烦的习惯（爱丽丝有一次曾经这样评论），那就是，不管你对它们说什么，它们总是呼噜呼噜的。“假如它们能够只把呼噜呼噜表示‘是的’，把喵呜喵呜表示‘不是’，或者有任何这一类规则的话，”她曾经说，“那么就可以交谈一会儿了！可是，如果它们总是发出同样的声音，你怎么能够同这样的人谈话呀？”

这一次，这只猫咪只是呼噜呼噜地叫，这就不可能猜测它究竟想说“是的”还是“不是”。

于是爱丽丝在桌子上的国际象棋子里边寻找，直至找到了那个红王后。然后她在壁炉边的地毯上跪下身来，让猫咪和王后面对面彼此瞧着。“喂，小猫咪！”她喊道，同时得意洋洋地拍着手。“承认这就是你曾经变成的东西吧！”

（“可是它瞧也不对它瞧一眼，”爱丽丝后来对她的姐姐说明事情经过的时候说道。“它掉转头来，假装没有看见它。不过看来它对自己有点儿难为情，因此我觉得它一定就曾经是那位红王后。”）

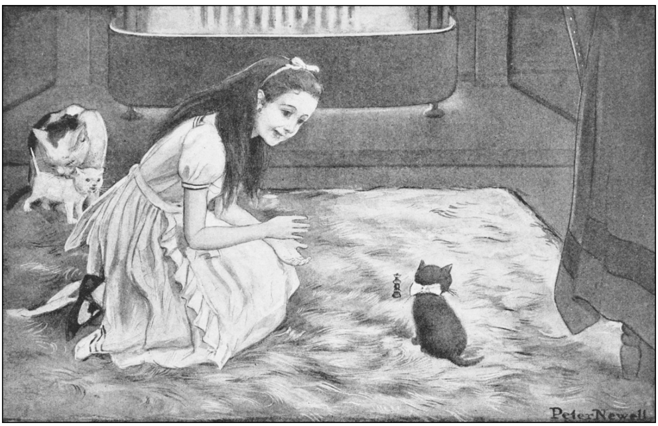
“亲爱的，坐得更直一些呀！”爱丽丝带着欢快的笑声喊道。“在你想着要—要呼噜呼噜什么的时候，得行一个屈膝礼。这节省时间，记住啦！”她把它抓起来，给它一个小小的吻，“这是为了对它曾经是一位红王后表示的敬意。”

“雪花莲啊，我的宝贝儿！”她继续说，转过头来望着那只白猫咪，它依然在耐心地刻苦打扮自己，“我不知道，什么时候黛娜会完

成你那白王后陛下的打扮呢？这一定是在我的梦里你那么不整洁的原因了。—黛娜！你可知道你正在擦洗一位白王后吗？说真的，这是你莫大的失礼行为呀！

“我不知道，黛娜曾经变成了什么？”爱丽丝唠唠叨叨地说，她舒舒服服地躺下身来，一只胳膊肘儿搁在地毯上，下巴颏儿则搁在手掌心上，眼睛盯着那几只小猫咪瞧。“告诉我，黛娜，你可曾变成汉普蒂·邓普蒂呢？我觉得你变过—不过，你最好眼下不要跟你的朋友们提起，因为我还不肯定。

“顺便说说，蔻蒂，要是你真的曾经在我的梦里跟我在一起的话，有一件事你必定是很高兴的—我听到过对我背诵的大量诗歌，全都是关于鱼类的！明儿个早上你将会有一顿真正的款待。在你吃早餐的整个时候，我将为你背诵《海象和木匠》，那时候，你可以假装吃的是牡蛎了，亲爱的！



“现在，蔻蒂，让咱们研究一下究竟是谁梦见了那一切事情。我的亲爱的，这是一个严肃的问题，你可不要像这样舔你的爪子—仿佛黛娜今儿个早上没有替你梳洗似的！你瞧，蔻蒂，那一定是或者我，或者那位红国王做的梦。当然啦，他是我的梦的一部分—不过另一方面，我也是他的梦的一部分呀！蔻蒂，那是红国王吗？你是他的妻子，我亲爱的，所以你应该知道—哦，蔻蒂，你一定得帮帮我弄清楚！我肯定你的爪子是能够等一等的！”然而那只令人气恼的小猫咪却只是开始舔另一只爪子，假装没有听见这个问题。

你认为究竟是谁做的梦呢？

卷尾诗

七月的某一天，在黄昏时光，
晴朗的天空下，有一条小船，
梦一般缓缓地向前漂荡——

三个小姑娘，偎依在一块，
眼睛睁大着，耳朵竖起来，
简单的故事，听得乐开怀——

晴朗的天空，早已经灰黄，
回声减弱了，回忆都遗忘，
秋天的严寒，使七月消亡。

爱丽丝仍缠我，像幽灵显现。
天空下她正在游动流连，
清醒的眼睛决不会看见。

然而姑娘们可爱地靠紧，
睁大眼睛，侧耳倾听，
这故事深深地吸引着她们。

她们沉睡在奇境的世界，
做着梦，日子一天天飞天外，
做着梦，夏季一个个不再来。

曾经驾小船漂流下那条河—

在金光闪闪中流连消磨—

除了梦，人生还能是什么？[1]

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[1] 这首诗共7节，每节3行，共21行。原文中每一行的第一个字母从上往下拼写起来，正好是爱丽丝的全名：Alice Pleasance Liddell（爱丽丝·珀莱裳丝·里德尔）。这是很有趣、也很高超的写作技巧，但是在翻译中难以表达。本书作者卡罗尔正是为了这位姑娘和她的姐妹讲述故事，然后写出著名的《爱丽丝奇境历险记》和这本《爱丽丝镜中奇遇记》。详见拙译《爱丽丝漫游奇境》中的《译本序》。

PREFACE TO THE 1897 EDITION

As the chess-problem, given on the previous page, has puzzled some of my readers, it may be well to explain that it is correctly worked out, so far as the moves are concerned. The alternation of Red and White is perhaps not so strictly observed as it might be, and the “castling”of the three Queens is merely a way of saying that they entered the palace: but the “check”of the White King at move 6, the capture of the Red Knight at move 7, and the final “checkmate”of the Red King, will be found, by any one who will take the trouble to set the pieces and play the moves as directed, to be strictly in accordance with the laws of the game.

The new words, in the poem “Jabberwocky, ”have given rise to some differences of opinion as to their pronunciation: so it may be well to give instructions on that point also. Pronounce “slithy”as if it were the two words “sly, the”: make the “g”hard in “gyre”and “gimble”: and pronounce “rath”to rhyme with “bath. ”

For this sixty-first thousand, fresh electrotypes have been taken from the wood-blocks (which, never having been used for printing from, are in as good condition as when first cut in 1871), and the whole book has been set up afresh with new type. If the artistic qualities of this re-issue fall short, in any particular, of those possessed by the original issue, it will not be for want of painstaking on the part of author, publisher, or printer.

I take this opportunity of announcing that the Nursery “Alice, ”hitherto priced at four shillings, net, is now to be had on the same terms as the ordinary shilling picture-books—although I feel sure

that it is, in every quality (except the text itself, on which I am not qualified to pronounce), greatly superior to them. Four shillings was a perfectly reasonable price to charge, considering the very heavy initial outlay I had incurred: still, as the Public have practically said “We will not give more than a shilling for a picture-book, however artistically got-up, ”I am content to reckon my outlay on the book as so much dead loss, and, rather than let the little ones, for whom it was written, go without it, I am selling it at a price which is, to me, much the same thing as giving it away.

Christmas, 1896

Child of the pure unclouded brow
And dreaming eyes of wonder!
Though time be fleet, and I and thou
Are half a life asunder.
Thy loving smile will surely hail
The love-gift of a fairy-tale.

I have not seen thy sunny face.
Nor heard thy silver laughter:
No thought of me shall find a place
In thy young life’s hereafter—
Enough that now thou wilt not fail
To listen to my fairy-tale.

A tale begun in other days.
When summer suns were glowing—
A simple chime, that served to time
The rhythm of our rowing—
Whose echoes live in memory yet.
Though envious years would say “forget. ”

Come, hearken then, ere voice of dread.
With bitter tidings laden.
Shall summon to unwelcome bed
A melancholy maiden!
We are but older children, dear.
Who fret to find our bedtime near.

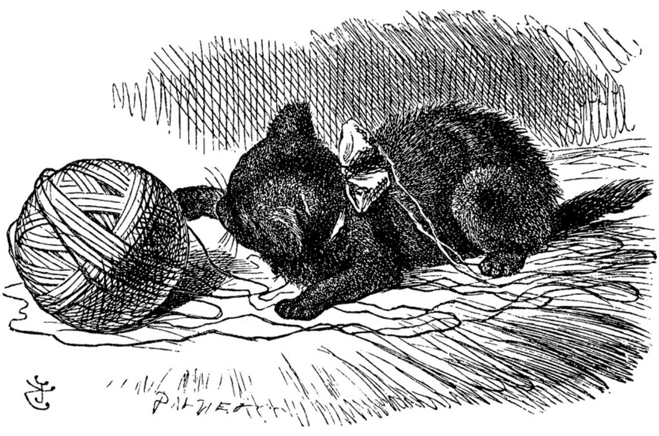
Without, the frost, the blinding snow.
The storm-wind's moody madness—
Within, the firelight's ruddy glow.
And childhood's nest of gladness.
The magic words shall hold thee fast:
Thou shalt not heed the raving blast.

And, though the shadow of a sigh
May tremble through the story.
For "happy summer days"gone by.
And vanish'd summer glory—
It shall not touch, with breath of bale.
The pleasance of our fairy-tale.

CHAPTER I Looking-Glass House

One thing was certain, that the white kitten had had nothing to do with it—it was the black kitten's fault entirely. For the white kitten had been having its face washed by the old cat for the last quarter of an hour (and bearing it pretty well, considering):so you see that it couldn't have had any hand in the mischief.

The way Dinah washed her children's faces was this:first she held the poor thing down by its ear with one paw, and then with the other paw she rubbed its face all over, the wrong way, beginning at the nose:and just now, as I said, she was hard at work on the white kitten, which was lying quite still and trying to purr—no doubt feeling that it was all meant for its good.



But the black kitten had been finished with earlier in the afternoon, and so, while Alice was sitting curled up in a corner of the great arm-chair, half talking to herself and half asleep, the

kitten had been having a grand game of romps with the ball of worsted Alice had been trying to wind up, and had been rolling it up and down till it had all come undone again; and there it was, spread over the hearth-rug, all knots and tangles, with the kitten running after its own tail in the middle.

“Oh, you wicked wicked little thing!”cried Alice, catching up the kitten, and giving it a little kiss to make it understand that it was in disgrace. “Really, Dinah ought to have taught you better manners! You ought, Dinah, you know you ought!”she added, looking reproachfully at the old cat, and speaking in as cross a voice as she could manage—and then she scrambled back into the arm-chair, taking the kitten and the worsted with her, and began winding up the ball again. But she didn’t get on very fast, as she was talking all the time, sometimes to the kitten, and sometimes to herself. Kitty sat very demurely on her knee, pretending to watch the progress of the winding, and now and then putting out one paw and gently touching the ball, as if it would be glad to help if it might.

“Do you know what to-morrow is, Kitty?”Alice began. “You’d have guessed if you’d been up in the window with me—only Dinah was making you tidy, so you couldn’t. I was watching the boys getting in sticks for the bonfire—and it wants plenty of sticks, Kitty! Only it got so cold, and it snowed so, they had to leave off. Never mind, Kitty, we’ll go and see the bonfire to-morrow. ”Here Alice wound two or three turns of the worsted round the kitten’s neck, just to see how it would look: this led to a scramble, in which the ball rolled down upon the floor, and yards and yards of it got unwound again.



“Do you know, I was so angry, Kitty, ”Alice went on, as soon as they were comfortably settled again, “when I saw all the mischief you had been doing, I was very nearly opening the window, and putting you out into the snow! And you’d have deserved it, you little mischievous darling! What have you got to say for yourself? Now don’t interrupt me!”she went on, holding up one finger. “I’m going to tell you all your faults. Number one:you squeaked twice while Dinah was washing your face this morning. Now you ca’n’t deny it, Kitty:I heard you! What’s that you say?”(pretending that the kitten was speaking). “Her paw went into your eye? Well, that’s your fault, for keeping your eyes open—if you’d shut them tight up, it wouldn’t have happened. Now don’t make any more excuses, but listen! Number two:you pulled Snowdrop away by the tail just as I had put down the saucer of milk before her! What, you were thirsty,

were you? How do you know she wasn't thirsty too? Now for number three:you unwound every bit of the worsted while I wasn't looking!

"That's three faults, Kitty, and you've not been punished for any of them yet. You know I'm saving up all your punishments for Wednesday week—Suppose they had saved up all my punishments?"she went on, talking more to herself than the kitten. "What would they do at the end of a year? I should be sent to prison, I suppose, when the day came. Or—let me see—suppose each punishment was to be going without a dinner:then, when the miserable day came, I should have to go without fifty dinners at once! Well, I shouldn't mind that much! I'd far rather go without them than eat them!

"Do you hear the snow against the window-panes, Kitty? How nice and soft it sounds! Just as if some one was kissing the window all over outside. I wonder if the snow loves the trees and fields, that it kisses them so gently? And then it covers them up snug, you know, with a white quilt; and perhaps it says 'Go to sleep, darlings, till the summer comes again. ' And when they wake up in the summer, Kitty, they dress themselves all in green, and dance about —whenever the wind blows—oh, that's very pretty!"cried Alice, dropping the ball of worsted to clap her hands. "And I do so wish it was true! I'm sure the woods look sleepy in the autumn, when the leaves are getting brown.

"Kitty, can you play chess? Now, don't smile, my dear, I'm asking it seriously. Because, when we were playing just now, you watched just as if you understood it:and when I said 'Check!' you purred! Well, it was a nice check, Kitty, and really I might have won, if it hadn't been for that nasty Knight, that came wriggling down among my pieces. Kitty, dear, let's pretend—"And here I wish I could tell you half the things Alice used to say, beginning with her favourite phrase "Let's pretend. "She had had quite a long argument

with her sister only the day before—all because Alice had begun with "Let's pretend we're kings and queens"; and her sister, who liked being very exact, had argued that they couldn't, because there were only two of them, and Alice had been reduced at last to say "Well, you can be one of them, then, and I'll be all the rest. "And once she had really frightened her old nurse by shouting suddenly in her ear, "Nurse! Do let's pretend that I'm a hungry hyæna, and you're a bone!"

But this is taking us away from Alice's speech to the kitten. "Let's pretend that you're the Red Queen, Kitty! Do you know, I think if you sat up and folded your arms, you'd look exactly like her. Now do try, there's a dear!"And Alice got the Red Queen off the table, and set it up before the kitten as a model for it to imitate:however, the thing didn't succeed, principally, Alice said, because the kitten wouldn't fold its arms properly. So, to punish it, she held it up to the Looking-glass, that it might see how sulky it was, "—and if you're not good directly, "she added, "I'll put you through into Looking-glass House. How would you like that?

"Now, if you'll only attend, Kitty, and not talk so much, I'll tell you all my ideas about Looking-glass House. First, there's the room you can see through the glass—that's just the same as our drawing-room, only the things go the other way. I can see all of it when I get upon a chair—all but the bit just behind the fireplace. Oh! I do so wish I could see that bit! I want so much to know whether they've a fire in the winter:you never can tell, you know, unless our fire smokes, and then smoke comes up in that room too—but that may be only pretence, just to make it look as if they had a fire. Well then, the books are something like our books, only the words go the wrong way:I know that, because I've held up one of our books to the glass, and then they hold up one in the other room.



“How would you like to live in Looking-glass House, Kitty? I wonder if they’d give you milk in there? Perhaps Looking-glass milk isn’t good to drink—but oh, Kitty! now we come to the passage. You can just see a little peep of the passage in Looking-glass House, if you leave the door of our drawing-room wide open:and it’s very like our passage as far as you can see, only you know it may be quite different on beyond. Oh, Kitty, how nice it would be if we could only get through into Looking-glass House! I’m sure it’s got, oh! such beautiful things in it! Let’s pretend there’s a way of getting through into it, somehow, Kitty. Let’s pretend the glass has got all soft like gauze, so that we can get through. Why, it’s turning into a sort of mist now, I declare! It’ll be easy enough to get through

—”She was up on the chimney-piece while she said this, though she hardly knew how she had got there. And certainly the glass was beginning to melt away, just like a bright silvery mist.



In another moment Alice was through the glass, and had jumped lightly down into the Looking-glass room. The very first thing she did was to look whether there was a fire in the fireplace, and she was quite pleased to find that there was a real one, blazing away as brightly as the one she had left behind. “So I shall be as warm here as I was in the old room, ”thought Alice:“warmer, in fact, because there’ll be no one here to scold me away from the fire. Oh, what fun it’ll be, when they see me through the glass in here, and ca’n’t get at me!”

Then she began looking about, and noticed that what could be seen from the old room was quite common and uninteresting, but that all the rest was as different as possible. For instance, the pictures on the wall next the fire seemed to be all alive, and the very clock on the chimney-piece (you know you can only see the back of it in the Looking-glass) had got the face of a little old man, and grinned at her.

“They don’t keep this room so tidy as the other, ”Alice thought to herself, as she noticed several of the chessmen down in the hearth among the cinders; but in another moment, with a little “Oh!”of surprise, she was down on her hands and knees watching them. The chessmen were walking about, two and two!

“Here are the Red King and the Red Queen, ”Alice said (in a whisper, for fear of frightening them), “and there are the White King and the White Queen sitting on the edge of the shovel—and here are two Castles walking arm in arm—I don’t think they can hear me, ”she went on, as she put her head closer down, “and I’m nearly sure they ca’n’t see me. I feel somehow as if I was getting invisible—”



Here something began squeaking on the table behind Alice, and made her turn her head just in time to see one of the White Pawns roll over and begin kicking:she watched it with great curiosity to see what would happen next.

“It is the voice of my child!”the White Queen cried out, as she rushed past the King, so violently that she knocked him over among the cinders. “My precious Lily! My imperial kitten!”and she began scrambling wildly up the side of the fender.

“Imperial fiddlestick!”said the King, rubbing his nose, which had been hurt by the fall. He had a right to be a little annoyed with the Queen, for he was covered with ashes from head to foot.

Alice was very anxious to be of use, and, as the poor little Lily was nearly screaming herself into a fit, she hastily picked up the Queen and set her on the table by the side of her noisy little daughter.

The Queen gasped, and sat down:the rapid journey through the air had quite taken away her breath, and for a minute or two she could do nothing but hug the little Lily in silence. As soon as she had recovered her breath a little, she called out to the White King, who was sitting sulkily among the ashes, “Mind the volcano!”

“What volcano?”said the King, looking up anxiously into the fire, as if he thought that was the most likely place to find one.

“Blew—me—up, ”panted the Queen, who was still a little out of breath. “Mind you come up—the regular way—don’t get blown up!”

Alice watched the White King as he slowly struggled up from bar to bar, till at last she said “Why, you’ll be hours and hours getting to the table, at that rate. I’d far better help you, hadn’t I?”But the King took no notice of the question:it was quite clear that he could neither hear her nor see her.

So Alice picked him up very gently, and lifted him across more slowly than she had lifted the Queen, that she mightn’t take his

breath away; but, before she put him on the table, she thought she might as well dust him a little, he was so covered with ashes.

She said afterwards that she had never seen in all her life such a face as the King made, when he found himself held in the air by an invisible hand, and being dusted:he was far too much astonished to cry out, but his eyes and his mouth went on getting larger and larger, and rounder and rounder, till her hand shook so with laughing that she nearly let him drop upon the floor.



"Oh! please don't make such faces, my dear!"she cried out, quite forgetting that the King couldn't hear her. "You make me laugh so that I can hardly hold you! And don't keep your mouth so wide open! All the ashes will get into it—there, now I think you're tidy enough!"she added, as she smoothed his hair, and set him upon the table near the Queen.

The King immediately fell flat on his back, and lay perfectly still; and Alice was a little alarmed at what she had done, and went round the room to see if she could find any water to throw over him. However, she could find nothing but a bottle of ink, and when

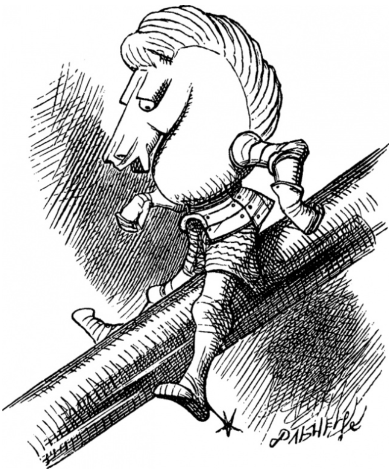
she got back with it she found he had recovered, and he and the Queen were talking together in a frightened whisper—so low, that Alice could hardly hear what they said.

The King was saying “I assure you, my dear, I turned cold to the very ends of my whiskers!”

To which the Queen replied “You haven’t got any whiskers. ”

“The horror of that moment, ”the King went on, “I shall never, never forget!”

“You will, though, ”the Queen said, “if you don’t make a memorandum of it. ”



Alice looked on with great interest as the King took an enormous memorandum-book out of his pocket, and began writing. A sudden thought struck her, and she took hold of the end of the pencil, which came some way over his shoulder, and began writing for him.

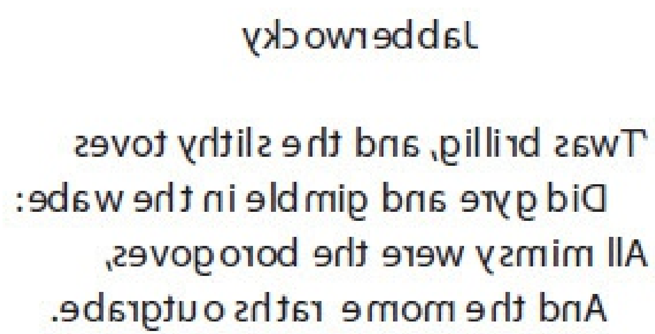
The poor King looked puzzled and unhappy, and struggled with the pencil for some time without saying anything; but Alice was too strong for him, and at last he panted out “My dear! I really must get a thinner pencil. I ca’n’t manage this one a bit:it writes all manner of things that I don’t intend—”

“What manner of things?”said the Queen, looking over the

book (in which Alice had put “The White Knight is sliding down the poker. He balances very badly”). “That’s not a memorandum of your feelings!”

There was a book lying near Alice on the table, and while she sat watching the White King (for she was still a little anxious about him, and had the ink all ready to throw over him, in case he fainted again), she turned over the leaves, to find some part that she could read, “—for it’s all in some language I don’t know, ”she said to herself.

It was like this.



She puzzled over this for some time, but at last a bright thought struck her. “Why, it’s a Looking-glass book, of course! And, if I hold it up to a glass, the words will all go the right way again. ”

This was the poem that Alice read.

Jabberwocky

“‘Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe:
All mimsy were the borogoves.
And the mome raths outgrabe.

“Beware the Jabberwock, my son!
The jaws that bite, the claws that catch!

Beware the Jubjub bird, and shun
The frumious Bandersnatch!"



He took his vorpal sword in hand:
Long time the manxome foe he sought—
So rested he by the Tumtum tree.
And stood awhile in thought.

And, as in uffish thought he stood.
The Jabberwock, with eyes of flame.
Came whiffling through the tulgey wood.

And burbled as it came!

One, two! One, two! And through and through
The vorpal blade went snicker-snack!
He left it dead, and with its head
He went galumphing back.

“And hast thou slain the Jabberwock?
Come to my arms, my beamish boy!
O frabjous day! Callooh! Callay!”
He chortled in his joy.

’Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe:
All mimsy were the borogoves.
And the mome raths outgrabe.

“It seems very pretty, ”she said when she had finished it, “but it’s rather hard to understand!”(You see she didn’t like to confess, even to herself, that she couldn’t make it out at all.) “Somehow it seems to fill my head with ideas—only I don’t exactly know what they are! However, somebody killed something: that’s clear, at any rate—”

“But oh!”thought Alice, suddenly jumping up, “if I don’t make haste, I shall have to go back through the Looking-glass, before I’ve seen what the rest of the house is like! Let’s have a look at the garden first!”She was out of the room in a moment, and ran down stairs—or, at least, it wasn’t exactly running, but a new invention for getting down stairs quickly and easily, as Alice said to herself. She just kept the tips of her fingers on the hand-rail, and floated gently down without even touching the stairs with her feet:then she floated on through the hall, and would have gone straight out at the door in the same way, if she hadn’t caught hold of the door-post. She was getting a little giddy with so much floating in the air, and

was rather glad to find herself walking again in the natural way.

CHAPTER II The Garden of Live Flowers

"I should see the garden far better, "said Alice to herself, "if I could get to the top of that hill:and here's a path that leads straight to it—at least, no, it doesn't do that—"(after going a few yards along the path, and turning several sharp corners), "but I suppose it will at last. But how curiously it twists! It's more like a corkscrew than a path! Well, this turn goes to the hill, I suppose—no, it doesn't! This goes straight back to the house! Well then, I'll try it the other way. "

And so she did:wandering up and down, and trying turn after turn, but always coming back to the house, do what she would. Indeed, once, when she turned a corner rather more quickly than usual, she ran against it before she could stop herself.

"It's no use talking about it, "Alice said, looking up at the house and pretending it was arguing with her. "I'm not going in again yet. I know I should have to get through the Looking-glass again—back into the old room—and there'd be an end of all my adventures!"

So, resolutely turning her back upon the house, she set out once more down the path, determined to keep straight on till she got to the hill. For a few minutes all went on well, and she was just saying "I really shall do it this time—"when the path gave a sudden twist and shook itself (as she described it afterwards), and the next moment she found herself actually walking in at the door.

"Oh, it's too bad!"she cried. "I never saw such a house for

getting in the way! Never!”

However, there was the hill full in sight, so there was nothing to be done but start again. This time she came upon a large flower-bed, with a border of daisies, and a willow-tree growing in the middle.

“O Tiger-lily!”said Alice, addressing herself to one that was waving gracefully about in the wind, “I wish you could talk!”

“We can talk, ”said the Tiger-lily, “when there’s anybody worth talking to. ”

Alice was so astonished that she couldn’t speak for a minute:it quite seemed to take her breath away. At length, as the Tiger-lily only went on waving about, she spoke again, in a timid voice—almost in a whisper. “And can all the flowers talk?”

“As well as you can, ”said the Tiger-lily. “And a great deal louder. ”

“It isn’t manners for us to begin, you know, ”said the Rose, “and I really was wondering when you’d speak! Said I to myself, ‘Her face has got some sense in it, though it’s not a clever one!’ Still, you’re the right colour, and that goes a long way. ”

“I don’t care about the colour, ”the Tiger-lily remarked. “If only her petals curled up a little more, she’d be all right. ”

Alice didn’t like being criticized, so she began asking questions. “Aren’t you sometimes frightened at being planted out here, with nobody to take care of you?”

“There’s the tree in the middle, ”said the Rose. “What else is it good for?”

“But what could it do, if any danger came?”Alice asked.

“It could bark, ”said the Rose.

“It says ‘Bough-wough!’”cried a Daisy. “That’s why its branches are called boughs!”

“Didn’t you know that?”cried another Daisy. And here they all began shouting together, till the air seemed quite full of little shrill

voices. “Silence, every one of you!”cried the Tiger-lily, waving itself passionately from side to side, and trembling with excitement. “They know I ca’n’t get at them!”it panted, bending its quivering head towards Alice, “or they wouldn’t dare to do it!”



“Never mind!”Alice said in a soothing tone, and, stooping down to the daisies, who were just beginning again, she whispered “If you don’t hold your tongues, I’ll pick you!”

There was silence in a moment, and several of the pink daisies turned white.

“That’s right!”said the Tiger-lily. “The daisies are worst of all. When one speaks, they all begin together, and it’s enough to make one wither to hear the way they go on!”

“How is it you can all talk so nicely?”Alice said, hoping to get

it into a better temper by a compliment. “I’ve been in many gardens before, but none of the flowers could talk. ”

“Put your hand down, and feel the ground, ”said the Tiger-lily. “Then you’ll know why. ”

Alice did so. “It’s very hard, ”she said; “but I don’t see what that has to do with it. ”

“In most gardens, ”the Tiger-lily said, “they make the beds too soft—so that the flowers are always asleep. ”

This sounded a very good reason, and Alice was quite pleased to know it. “I never thought of that before!”she said.

“It’s my opinion that you never think at all, ”the Rose said, in a rather severe tone.

“I never saw anybody that looked stupider, ”a Violet said, so suddenly, that Alice quite jumped; for it hadn’t spoken before.

“Hold your tongue!”cried the Tiger-lily. “As if you ever saw anybody! You keep your head under the leaves, and snore away there, till you know no more what’s going on in the world, than if you were a bud!”

“Are there any more people in the garden besides me?”Alice said, not choosing to notice the Rose’s last remark.

“There’s one other flower in the garden that can move about like you, ”said the Rose. “I wonder how you do it—”(“You’re always wondering, ”said the Tiger-lily), “but she’s more bushy than you are. ”

“Is she like me?”Alice asked eagerly, for the thought crossed her mind, “There’s another little girl in the garden, somewhere!”

“Well, she has the same awkward shape as you, ”the Rose said:“but she’s redder—and her petals are shorter, I think. ”

“They’re done up close, like a dahlia, ”said the Tiger-lily:“not tumbled about, like yours. ”

“But that’s not your fault, ”the Rose added kindly. “You’re beginning to fade, you know—and then one ca’n’t help one’s petals

getting a little untidy. ”

Alice didn’t like this idea at all:so, to change the subject, she asked “Does she ever come out here?”

“I daresay you’ll see her soon, ”said the Rose. “She’s one of the kind that has nine spikes, you know. ”

“Where does she wear them?”Alice asked with some curiosity.

“Why, all round her head, of course, ”the Rose replied. “I was wondering you hadn’t got some too. I thought it was the regular rule. ”

“She’s coming!”cried the Larkspur. “I hear her footstep, thump, thump, along the gravel-walk!”

Alice looked round eagerly and found that it was the Red Queen. “She’s grown a good deal!”was her first remark. She had indeed:when Alice first found her in the ashes, she had been only three inches high—and here she was, half a head taller than Alice herself!

“It’s the fresh air that does it, ”said the Rose:“wonderfully fine air it is, out here. ”

“I think I’ll go and meet her, ”said Alice, for, though the flowers were interesting enough, she felt that it would be far grander to have a talk with a real Queen.

“You ca’n’t possibly do that, ”said the Rose:“I should advise you to walk the other way. ”

This sounded nonsense to Alice, so she said nothing, but set off at once towards the Red Queen. To her surprise she lost sight of her in a moment, and found herself walking in at the front-door again.

A little provoked, she drew back, and, after looking everywhere for the Queen (whom she spied out at last, a long way off), she thought she would try the plan, this time, of walking in the opposite direction.

It succeeded beautifully. She had not been walking a minute before she found herself face to face with the Red Queen, and full in

sight of the hill she had been so long aiming at.

“Where do you come from?”said the Red Queen. “And where are you going? Look up, speak nicely, and don’t twiddle your fingers all the time. ”

Alice attended to all these directions, and explained, as well as she could, that she had lost her way.

“I don’t know what you mean by your way, ”said the Queen:“all the ways about here belong to me—but why did you come out here at all?”she added in a kinder tone. “Curtsey while you’re thinking what to say. It saves time. ”

Alice wondered a little at this, but she was too much in awe of the Queen to disbelieve it. “I’ll try it when I go home, ”she thought to herself, “the next time I’m a little late for dinner. ”

“It’s time for you to answer now, ”the Queen said, looking at her watch:“open your mouth a little wider when you speak, and always say ‘your Majesty. ’”

“I only wanted to see what the garden was like, your Majesty —”

“That’s right, ”said the Queen, patting her on the head, which Alice didn’t like at all:“though, when you say ‘garden’—I’ve seen gardens, compared with which this would be a wilderness. ”



Alice didn't dare to argue the point, but went on:"—and I thought I'd try and find my way to the top of that hill—"

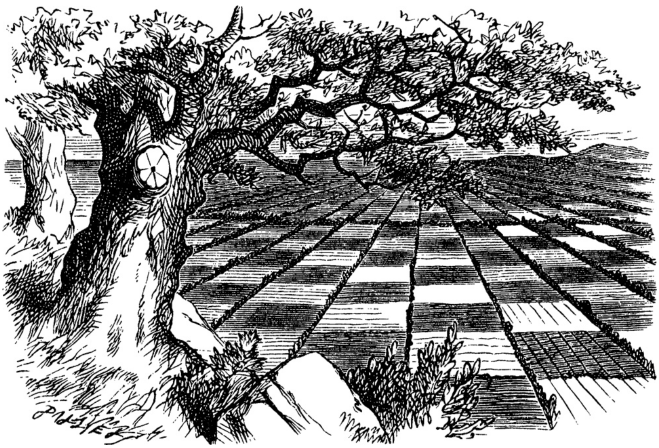
"When you say 'hill, '"the Queen interrupted, "I could show you hills, in comparison with which you'd call that a valley. "

"No, I shouldn't, "said Alice, surprised into contradicting her at last:"a hill ca'n't be a valley, you know. That would be nonsense—"

The Red Queen shook her head. "You may call it 'nonsense' if you like, "she said, "but I've heard nonsense, compared with which that would be as sensible as a dictionary!"

Alice curtseyed again, as she was afraid from the Queen's tone that she was a little offended:and they walked on in silence till they got to the top of the little hill.

For some minutes Alice stood without speaking, looking out in all directions over the country—and a most curious country it was. There were a number of tiny little brooks running straight across it from side to side, and the ground between was divided up into squares by a number of little green hedges, that reached from brook to brook.



“I declare it’s marked out just like a large chess-board!”Alice said at last. “There ought to be some men moving about somewhere —and so there are!”she added in a tone of delight, and her heart began to beat quick with excitement as she went on. “It’s a great huge game of chess that’s being played—all over the world—if this is the world at all, you know. Oh, what fun it is! How I wish, I was one of them! I wouldn’t mind being a Pawn, if only I might join—though of course I should like to be a Queen, best. ”

She glanced rather shyly at the real Queen as she said this, but her companion only smiled pleasantly, and said “That’s easily managed. You can be the White Queen’s Pawn, if you like, as Lily’s too young to play; and you’re in the Second Square to begin with:when you get to the Eighth Square you’ll be a Queen—”Just at this moment, somehow or other, they began to run.

Alice never could quite make out, in thinking it over

afterwards, how it was that they began:all she remembers is, that they were running hand in hand, and the Queen went so fast that it was all she could do to keep up with her:and still the Queen kept crying "Faster! Faster!"but Alice felt she could not go faster, though she had no breath left to say so.

The most curious part of the thing was, that the trees and the other things round them never changed their places at all:however fast they went, they never seemed to pass anything. "I wonder if all the things move along with us?"thought poor puzzled Alice. And the Queen seemed to guess her thoughts, for she cried "Faster! Don't try to talk?"



Not that Alice had any idea of doing that. She felt as if she would never be able to talk again, she was getting so much out of breath:and still the Queen cried "Faster! Faster!"and dragged her along. "Are we nearly there?"Alice managed to pant out at last.

"Nearly there!"the Queen repeated. "Why, we passed it ten minutes ago! Faster!"And they ran on for a time in silence, with the wind whistling in Alice's ears, and almost blowing her hair off her head, she fancied.

"Now! Now!"cried the Queen. "Faster! Faster!"And they went so fast that at last they seemed to skim through the air, hardly touching the ground with their feet, till suddenly, just as Alice was

getting quite exhausted, they stopped, and she found herself sitting on the ground, breathless and giddy.

The Queen propped her up against a tree, and said kindly, “You may rest a little, now. ”

Alice looked round her in great surprise. “Why, I do believe we’ve been under this tree the whole time! Everything’s just as it was!”

“Of course it is, ”said the Queen. “What would you have it?”

“Well, in our country, ”said Alice, still panting a little, “you’d generally get to somewhere else—if you ran very fast for a long time as we’ve been doing. ”

“A slow sort of country!”said the Queen. “Now, here, you see, it takes all the running you can do, to keep in the same place. If you want to get somewhere else, you must run at least twice as fast as that!”

“I’d rather not try, please!”said Alice. “I’m quite content to stay here—only I am so hot and thirsty!”

“I know what you’d like!”the Queen said good-naturedly, taking a little box out of her pocket. “Have a biscuit?”

Alice thought it would not be civil to say “No, ”though it wasn’t at all what she wanted. So she took it, and ate it as well as she could:and it was very dry:and she thought she had never been so nearly choked in all her life.

“While you’re refreshing yourself, ”said the Queen, “I’ll just take the measurements. ”And she took a ribbon out of her pocket, marked in inches, and began measuring the ground, and sticking little pegs in here and there.

“At the end of two yards, ”she said, putting in a peg to mark the distance, “I shall give you your directions—have another biscuit?”

“No, thank you, ”said Alice:“one’s quite enough!”

“Thirst quenched, I hope?”said the Queen.

Alice did not know what to say to this, but luckily the Queen did not wait for an answer, but went on. “At the end of three yards I shall repeat them—for fear of your forgetting them. At the end of four, I shall say good-bye. And at the end of five, I shall go!”

She had got all the pegs put in by this time, and Alice looked on with great interest as she returned to the tree, and then began slowly walking down the row.

At the two-yard peg she faced round, and said “A pawn goes two squares in its first move, you know. So you’ll go very quickly through the Third Square—by railway, I should think—and you’ll find yourself in the Fourth Square in no time. Well, that square belongs to Tweedledum and Tweedledee—the Fifth is mostly water —the Sixth belongs to Humpty Dumpty—But you make no remark?”

“I—I didn’t know I had to make one—just then, ”Alice faltered out.

“You should have said, ”the Queen went on in a tone of grave reproof, “‘It’s extremely kind of you to tell me all this’—however, we’ll suppose it said—the Seventh Square is all forest—however, one of the Knights will show you the way—and in the Eighth Square we shall be Queens together, and it’s all feasting and fun!”Alice got up and curtseyed, and sat down again.

At the next peg the Queen turned again, and this time she said “Speak in French when you ca’n’t think of the English for a thing—turn out your toes as you walk—and remember who you are!”She did not wait for Alice to curtsey, this time, but walked on quickly to the next peg, where she turned for a moment to say “Good-bye, ”and then hurried on to the last.

How it happened, Alice never knew, but exactly as she came to the last peg, she was gone. Whether she vanished into the air, or whether she ran quickly into the wood (“and she can run very fast!”thought Alice), there was no way of guessing, but she was

gone, and Alice began to remember that she was a Pawn, and that it would soon be time for her to move.

CHAPTER III Looking-Glass Insect

Of course the first thing to do was to make a grand survey of the country she was going to travel through. “It’s something very like learning geography, ”thought Alice, as she stood on tiptoe in hopes of being able to see a little further. “Principal rivers—there are none. Principal mountains—I’m on the only one, but I don’t think it’s got any name. Principal towns—why, what are those creatures, making honey down there? They ca’n’t be bees—nobody ever saw bees a mile off, you know—”and for some time she stood silent, watching one of them that was bustling about among the flowers, poking its proboscis into them, “just as if it was a regular bee, ”thought Alice.

However, this was anything but a regular bee:in fact, it was an elephant—as Alice soon found out, though the idea quite took her breath away at first. “And what enormous flowers they must be!”was her next idea. “Something like cottages with the roofs taken off, and stalks put to them—and what quantities of honey they must make! I think I’ll go down and—no, I wo’n’t go just yet, ”she went on, checking herself just as she was beginning to run down the hill, and trying to find some excuse for turning shy so suddenly. “It’ll never do to go down among them without a good long branch to brush them away—and what fun it’ll be when they ask me how I liked my walk. I shall say ‘Oh, I liked it well enough—’ (here came the favourite little toss of the head), ‘only it was so dusty and hot, and the elephants did tease so!’

“I think I’ll go down the other way, ”she said after a pause; “and perhaps I may visit the elephants later on. Besides, I do so want to get into the Third Square!”

So, with this excuse, she ran down the hill, and jumped over the first of the six little brooks.



“Tickets, please!”said the Guard, putting his head in at the window. In a moment everybody was holding out a ticket:they were about the same size as the people, and quite seemed to fill the carriage.

“Now then! Show your ticket, child!”the Guard went on, looking angrily at Alice. And a great many voices all said together (“like the chorus of a song, ”thought Alice) “Don’t keep him waiting, child! Why, his time is worth a thousand pounds a minute!”

“I’m afraid I haven’t got one, ”Alice said in a frightened tone:“there wasn’t a ticket-office where I came from. ”And again the chorus of voices went on. “There wasn’t room for one where she came from. The land there is worth a thousand pounds an inch!”

“Don’t make excuses, ”said the Guard:“you should have bought one from the engine-driver. ”And once more the chorus of voices went on with “The man that drives the engine. Why, the smoke alone is worth a thousand pounds a puff!”

Alice thought to herself “Then there’s no use in speaking. ”The voices didn’t join in, this time, as she hadn’t spoken, but, to her great surprise, they all thought in chorus (I hope you understand what thinking in chorus means—for I must confess that I don’t), “Better say nothing at all. Language is worth a thousand pounds a

word!”

“I shall dream about a thousand pounds to-night, I know I shall!”thought Alice.

All this time the Guard was looking at her, first through a telescope, then through a microscope, and then through an opera-glass. At last he said “You’re traveling the wrong way, ”and shut up the window, and went away.

“So young a child, ”said the gentleman sitting opposite to her, (he was dressed in white paper,) “ought to know which way she’s going, even if she doesn’t know her own name!”



A Goat, that was sitting next to the gentleman in white, shut his eyes and said in a loud voice, “She ought to know her way to the ticket-office, even if she doesn’t know her alphabet!”

There was a Beetle sitting next the Goat (it was a very queer carriage-full of passengers altogether), and, as the rule seemed to be that they should all speak in turn, he went on with “She’ll have to go back from here as luggage!”

Alice couldn’t see who was sitting beyond the Beetle, but a hoarse voice spoke next. “Change engines—”it said, and there it

choked and was obliged to leave off.

“It sounds like a horse, ”Alice thought to herself. And an extremely small voice, close to her ear, said “You might make a joke on that—something about ‘horse’ and ‘hoarse, ’ you know. ”

Then a very gentle voice in the distance said, “She must be labeled ‘Lass, with care, ’ you know—”

And after that other voices went on (“What a number of people there are in the carriage!”thought Alice) saying “She must go by post, as she’s got a head on her—”“She must be sent as a message by the telegraph—”“She must draw the train herself the rest of the way—, ”and so on.

But the gentleman dressed in white paper leaned forwards and whispered in her ear, “Never mind what they all say, my dear, but take a return-ticket every time the train stops. ”

“Indeed I sha’n’t!”Alice said rather impatiently. “I don’t belong to this railway journey at all—I was in a wood just now—and I wish I could get back there!”

“You might make a joke on that, ”said the little voice close to her ear:“something about ‘you would if you could, ’ you know. ”

“Don’t tease so, ”said Alice, looking about in vain to see where the voice came from. “If you’re so anxious to have a joke made, why don’t you make one yourself?”

The little voice sighed deeply. It was very unhappy, evidently, and Alice would have said something pitying to comfort it, “if it would only sigh like other people!”she thought. But this was such a wonderfully small sigh, that she wouldn’t have heard it at all, if it hadn’t come quite close to her ear. The consequence of this was that it tickled her ear very much, and quite took off her thoughts from the unhappiness of the poor little creature.

“I know you are a friend, ” the little voice went on:“a dear friend, and an old friend. And you wo’n’t hurt me, though I am an insect. ”

“What kind of insect?”Alice inquired, a little anxiously. What she really wanted to know was, whether it could sting or not, but she thought this wouldn’t be quite a civil question to ask.

“What, then you don’t—” the little voice began, when it was drowned by a shrill scream from the engine, and everybody jumped up in alarm, Alice among the rest.

The Horse, who had put his head out of the window, quietly drew it in and said “It’s only a brook we have to jump over. ”Everybody seemed satisfied with this, though Alice felt a little nervous at the idea of trains jumping at all. “However, it’ll take us into the Fourth Square, that’s some comfort!”she said to herself. In another moment she felt the carriage rise straight up into the air, and in her fright she caught at the thing nearest to her hand, which happened to be the Goat’s beard.

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But the beard seemed to melt away as she touched it, and she found herself sitting quietly under a tree—while the Gnat (for that was the insect she had been talking to) was balancing itself on a twig just over her head, and fanning her with its wings.

It certainly was a very large Gnat:“about the size of a chicken, ”Alice thought. Still, she couldn’t feel nervous with it, after they had been talking together so long.

“—then you don’t like all insects?”the Gnat went on, as quietly as if nothing had happened.

“I like them when they can talk, ”Alice said. “None of them ever talk, where I come from. ”

“What sort of insects do you rejoice in, where you come from?”the Gnat inquired.

“I don’t rejoice in insects at all, ”Alice explained, “because I’m rather afraid of them—at least the large kinds. But I can tell you the names of some of them. ”

“Of course they answer to their names?”the Gnat remarked carelessly.

“I never knew them do it. ”

“What’s the use of their having names, ”the Gnat said, “if they wo’n’t answer to them?”

“No use to them, ”said Alice; “but it’s useful to the people that name them, I suppose. If not, why do things have names at all?”

“I ca’n’t say, ”the Gnat replied. “Further on, in the wood down there, they’ve got no names—however, go on with your list of insects:you’re wasting time. ”

“Well, there’s the Horse-fly, ”Alice began, counting off the names on her fingers.

“All right, ”said the Gnat. “Half way up that bush, you’ll see a Rocking-horse-fly, if you look. It’s made entirely of wood, and gets about by swinging itself from branch to branch. ”

“What does it live on?”Alice asked, with great curiosity.

“Sap and sawdust, ”said the Gnat. “Go on with the list. ”



Alice looked at the Rocking-horse-fly with great interest, and

made up her mind that it must have been just repainted, it looked so bright and sticky; and then she went on.

"And there's the Dragon-fly. "

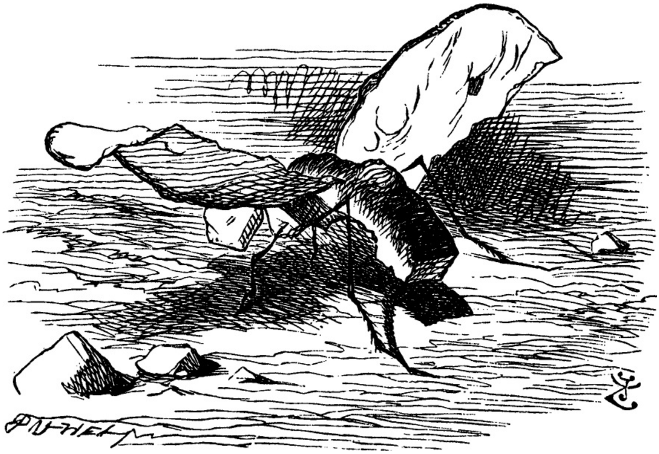
"Look on the branch above your head, "said the Gnat, "and there you'll find a Snap-dragon-fly. Its body is made of plum-pudding, its wings of holly-leaves, and its head is a raisin burning in brandy. "



"And what does it live on?"Alice asked, as before.

"Frumenty and mince-pie, "the Gnat replied; "and it makes its nest in a Christmas-box. "

"And then there's the Butterfly, "Alice went on, after she had taken a good look at the insect with its head on fire, and had thought to herself, "I wonder if that's the reason insects are so fond of flying into candles—because they want to turn into Snapdragon-flies!"



“Crawling at your feet, ”said the Gnat (Alice drew her feet back in some alarm), “you may observe a Bread-and-butter-fly. Its wings are thin slices of bread-and-butter, its body is a crust, and its head is a lump of sugar. ”

“And what does it live on?”

“Weak tea with cream in it. ”

A new difficulty came into Alice’s head. “Supposing it couldn’t find any?”she suggested.

“Then it would die, of course. ”

“But that must happen very often, ”Alice remarked thoughtfully.

“It always happens, ”said the Gnat.

After this, Alice was silent for a minute or two, pondering. The Gnat amused itself meanwhile by humming round and round her head: at last it settled again and remarked “I suppose you don’t want to lose your name?”

“No, indeed, ”Alice said, a little anxiously.

“And yet I don’t know, ”the Gnat went on in a careless tone:“only think how convenient it would be if you could manage to go home without it! For instance, if the governess wanted to call you to your lessons, she would call out ‘Come here—, ’ and there

she would have to leave off, because there wouldn't be any name for her to call, and of course you wouldn't have to go, you know. "

"That would never do, I'm sure, "said Alice: "the governess would never think of excusing me lessons for that. If she couldn't remember my name, she'd call me 'Miss, ' as the servants do. "

"Well, if she said 'Miss, ' and didn't say anything more, "the Gnat remarked, "of course you'd miss your lessons. That's a joke. I wish you had made it. "

"Why do you wish I had made it?"Alice asked. "It's a very bad one. "

But the Gnat only sighed deeply, while two large tears came rolling down its cheeks.

"You shouldn't make jokes, "Alice said, "if it makes you so unhappy. "

Then came another of those melancholy little sighs, and this time the poor Gnat really seemed to have sighed itself away, for, when Alice looked up, there was nothing whatever to be seen on the twig, and, as she was getting quite chilly with sitting still so long, she got up and walked on.

She very soon came to an open field, with a wood on the other side of it: it looked much darker than the last wood, and Alice felt a little timid about going into it. However, on second thoughts, she made up her mind to go on:"for I certainly won't go back, "she thought to herself, and this was the only way to the Eighth Square.

"This must be the wood, "she said thoughtfully to herself, "where things have no names. I wonder what'll become of my name when I go in? I shouldn't like to lose it at all—because they'd have to give me another, and it would be almost certain to be an ugly one. But then the fun would be, trying to find the creature that had got my old name! That's just like the advertisements, you know, when people lose dogs—'answers to the name of "Dash": had on a brass collar'—just fancy calling everything you met 'Alice, ' till one

of them answered! Only they wouldn't answer at all, if they were wise. "

She was rambling on in this way when she reached the wood:it looked very cool and shady. "Well, at any rate it's a great comfort, "she said as she stepped under the trees, "after being so hot, to get into the—into the—into what?"she went on, rather surprised at not being able to think of the word. "I mean to get under the—under the—under this, you know!"putting her hand on the trunk of the tree. "What does it call itself, I wonder? I do believe it's got no name—why, to be sure it hasn't!"

She stood silent for a minute, thinking: then she suddenly began again. "Then it really has happened, after all! And now, who am I? I will remember, if I can! I'm determined to do it!"But being determined didn't help her much, and all she could say, after a great deal of puzzling, was "L, I know it begins with L!"

Just then a Fawn came wandering by: it looked at Alice with its large gentle eyes, but didn't seem at all frightened. "Here then! Here then!"Alice said, as she held out her hand and tried to stroke it; but it only started back a little, and then stood looking at her again.

"What do you call yourself?"the Fawn said at last. Such a soft sweet voice it had!

"I wish I knew!"thought poor Alice. She answered, rather sadly, "Nothing, just now. "

"Think again, "it said:"that wo'n't do. "

Alice thought, but nothing came of it. "Please, would you tell me what you call yourself?"she said timidly. "I think that might help a little. "

"I'll tell you, if you'll come a little further on, "the Fawn said. "I ca'n't remember here. "



So they walked on together through the wood, Alice with her arms clasped lovingly round the soft neck of the Fawn, till they came out into another open field, and here the Fawn gave a sudden bound into the air, and shook itself free from Alice's arm. "I'm a Fawn!"It cried out in a voice of delight. "And, dear me! you're a human child!"A sudden look of alarm came into its beautiful brown eyes, and in another moment it had darted away at full speed.

Alice stood looking after it, almost ready to cry with vexation at having lost her dear little fellow-traveler so suddenly. "However, I know my name now, "she said:"that's some comfort. Alice—Alice —I wo'n't forget it again. And now, which of these finger-posts ought I to follow, I wonder?"

It was not a very difficult question to answer, as there was only one road through the wood, and the two finger-posts both pointed along it. “I’ll settle it, ”Alice said to herself, “when the road divides and they point different ways. ”

But this did not seem likely to happen. She went on and on, a long way, but, wherever the road divided, there were sure to be two finger-posts pointing the same way, one marked “TO TWEEDLEDUM’S HOUSE, ”and the other “TO THE HOUSE OF TWEEDLEDEE. ”

“I do believe, ”said Alice at last, “that they live in the same house! I wonder I never thought of that before—But I ca’n’t stay there long. I’ll just call and say ‘How d’ye do?’ and ask them the way out of the wood. If I could only get to the Eighth Square before it gets dark!”So she wandered on, talking to herself as she went, till, on turning a sharp corner, she came upon two fat little men, so suddenly that she could not help starting back, but in another moment she recovered herself, feeling sure that they must be.

CHAPTER Ⅳ Tweedledum and Tweedledee

They were standing under a tree, each with an arm round the other's neck, and Alice knew which was which in a moment, because one of them had "DUM"embroidered on his collar, and the other "DEE. ""I suppose they've each got 'TWEEDLE' round at the back of the collar, "she said to herself.

They stood so still that she quite forgot they were alive, and she was just going round to see if the word "TWEEDLE"was written at the back of each collar, when she was startled by a voice coming from the one marked "DUM. "

"If you think we're wax-works, "he said, "you ought to pay, you know. Wax-works weren't made to be looked at for nothing. Nohow!"

"Contrariwise, "added the one marked "DEE, ""if you think we're alive, you ought to speak. "

"I'm sure I'm very sorry, "was all Alice could say; for the words of the old song kept ringing through her head like the ticking of a clock, and she could hardly help saying them out loud:—

"Tweedledum and Tweedledee
Agreed to have a battle;
For Tweedledum said Tweedledee
Had spoiled his nice new rattle.

Just then flew down a monstrous crow.

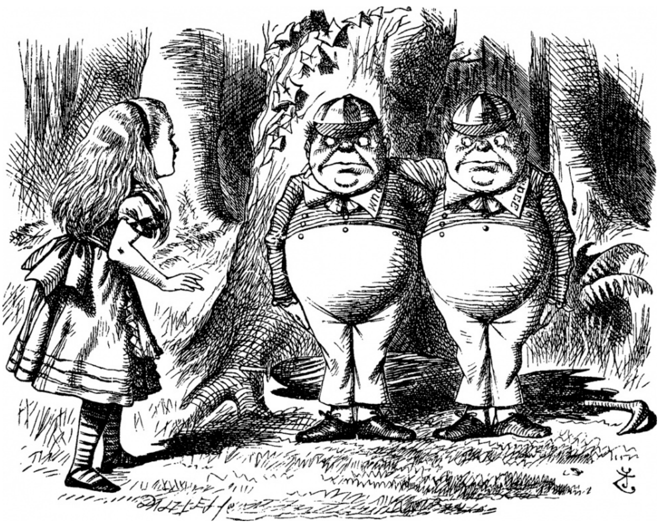
As black as a tar-barrel;
Which frightened both the heroes so.
They quite forgot their quarrel. ”

“I know what you’re thinking about, ”said Tweedledum; “but it isn’t so, nohow. ”

“Contrariwise, ”continued Tweedledee, “if it was so, it might be; and if it were so, it would be; but as it isn’t, it ain’t. That’s logic. ”

“I was thinking, ”Alice said very politely, “which is the best way out of this wood:it’s getting so dark. Would you tell me, please?”

But the fat little men only looked at each other and grinned.



They looked so exactly like a couple of great schoolboys, that Alice couldn’t help pointing her finger at Tweedledum, and saying “First Boy!”

“Nohow!”Tweedledum cried out briskly, and shut his mouth up again with a snap.

“Next Boy!”said Alice, passing on to Tweedledee, though she felt quite certain he would only shout out “Contrariwise!”and so he

did.

“You’ve begun wrong!”cried Tweedledum. “The first thing in a visit is to say ‘How d’ye do?’ and shake hands!”And here the two brothers gave each other a hug, and then they held out the two hands that were free, to shake hands with her.

Alice did not like shaking hands with either of them first, for fear of hurting the other one’s feelings; so, as the best way out of the difficulty, she took hold of both hands at once: the next moment they were dancing round in a ring. This seemed quite natural (she remembered afterwards), and she was not even surprised to hear music playing: it seemed to come from the tree under which they were dancing, and it was done (as well as she could make it out) by the branches rubbing one across the other, like fiddles and fiddle-sticks.

“But it certainly was funny, ”(Alice said afterwards, when she was telling her sister the history of all this,) “to find myself singing ‘Here we go round the mulberry bush. ’ I don’t know when I began it, but somehow I felt as if I’d been singing it a long long time!”

The other two dancers were fat, and very soon out of breath. “Four times round is enough for one dance, ”Tweedledum panted out, and they left off dancing as suddenly as they had begun: the music stopped at the same moment.

Then they let go of Alice’s hands, and stood looking at her for a minute: there was a rather awkward pause, as Alice didn’t know how to begin a conversation with people she had just been dancing with. “It would never do to say ‘How d’ye do?’ now, ”she said to herself:“we seem to have got beyond that, somehow!”

“I hope you’re not much tired?”she said at last.

“Nohow. And thank you very much for asking, ”said Tweedledum.

“So much obliged!”added Tweedledee. “You like poetry?”

“Ye-es, pretty well—some poetry, ”Alice said doubtfully.

“Would you tell me which road leads out of the wood?”

“What shall I repeat to her?”said Tweedledee, looking round at Tweedledum with great solemn eyes, and not noticing Alice’s question.

“‘The Walrus and the Carpenter’ is the longest, ”Tweedledum replied, giving his brother an affectionate hug.

Tweedledee began instantly:

“The sun was shining—”

Here Alice ventured to interrupt him. “If it’s very long, ”she said, as politely as she could, “would you please tell me first which road—”

Tweedledee smiled gently, and began again:

“The sun was shining on the sea.
Shining with all his might:
He did his very best to make
The billows smooth and bright—
And this was odd, because it was
The middle of the night.

The moon was shining sulkily.
Because she thought the sun
Had got no business to be there
After the day was done—
‘It’s very rude of him, ’ she said.

‘To come and spoil the fun!’

The sea was wet as wet could be.
The sands were dry as dry.
You could not see a cloud, because
No cloud was in the sky:

No birds were flying overhead—
There were no birds to fly.

The Walrus and the Carpenter
Were walking close at hand.
They wept like anything to see
Such quantities of sand:
‘If this were only cleared away, ’
They said, ‘it would be grand!’

‘If seven maids with seven mops
Swept it for half a year.
Do you suppose, ’ the Walrus said.
‘That they could get it clear?’
‘I doubt it, ’ said the Carpenter.
And shed a bitter tear.

‘O Oysters, come and walk with us!’
The Walrus did beseech.
‘A pleasant walk, a pleasant talk.
Along the briny beach:
We cannot do with more than four.
To give a hand to each. ’



The eldest Oyster looked at him.
But never a word he said:
The eldest Oyster winked his eye.
And shook his heavy head—
Meaning to say he did not choose
To leave the oyster-bed.

But four young Oysters hurried up.
All eager for the treat:
Their coats were brushed, their faces washed.
Their shoes were clean and neat—
And this was odd, because, you know.
They hadn't any feet.

Four other Oysters followed them.
And yet another four;
And thick and fast they came at last.
And more, and more, and more—
All hopping through the frothy waves.
And scrambling to the shore.

The Walrus and the Carpenter
Walked on a mile or so.
And then they rested on a rock
Conveniently low:
And all the little Oysters stood
And waited in a row.

'The time has come, ' the Walrus said.
'To talk of many things:
Of shoes—and ships—and sealing-wax—
Of cabbages—and kings—
And why the sea is boiling hot—
And whether pigs have wings'

'But wait a bit, ' the Oysters cried.
'Before we have our chat;

For some of us are out of breath.
And all of us are fat!'
'No hurry!' said the Carpenter.
They thanked him muchfor that.

'A loaf of bread, ' the Walrus said.
'Is what we chiefly need:
Pepper and vinegar besides
Are very good indeed—
Now, if you're ready, Oysters dear.
We can begin to feed. '



'But not on us!' the Oysters cried.
Turning a little blue.
'After such kindness, that would be
A dismal thing to do!'
'The night is fine, ' the Walrus said.
'Do you admire the view?

'It was so kind of you to come!
And you are very nice!'
The Carpenter said nothing but
'Cut us another slice.
I wish you were not quite so deaf—
I've had to ask you twice!'

‘It seems a shame, ’ the Walrus said.
‘To play them such a trick.
After we’ve brought them out so far.
And made them trot so quick!’
The Carpenter said nothing but
‘The butter’s spread too thick!’

‘I weep for you, ’ the Walrus said:
‘I deeply sympathize. ’
With sobs and tears he sorted out
Those of the largest size.
Holding his pocket-handkerchief
Before his streaming eyes.

‘O Oysters, ’ said the Carpenter.
‘You’ve had a pleasant run!
Shall we be trotting home again?’
But answer came there none—
And this was scarcely odd, because
They’d eaten every one. ”

“I like the Walrus best, ”said Alice:“because he was a little sorry for the poor oysters. ”



“He ate more than the Carpenter, though, ”said Tweedledee. “You see he held his handkerchief in front, so that the Carpenter couldn’t count how many he took: contrariwise. ”

“That was mean!”Alice said indignantly. “Then I like the Carpenter best—if he didn’t eat so many as the Walrus. ”

“But he ate as many as he could get, ”said Tweedledum.

This was a puzzler. After a pause, Alice began, “Well! They were both very unpleasant characters—”Here she checked herself in some alarm, at hearing something that sounded to her like the puffing of a large steam-engine in the wood near them, though she feared it was more likely to be a wild beast. “Are there any lions or tigers about here?”she asked timidly.

“It’s only the Red King snoring, ”said Tweedledee.

“Come and look at him!”the brothers cried, and they each took one of Alice’s hands, and led her up to where the King was sleeping.

“Isn’t he a lovely sight?”said Tweedledum.



Alice couldn’t say honestly that he was. He had a tall red night-cap on, with a tassel, and he was lying crumpled up into a sort of untidy heap, and snoring loud—“fit to snore his head off!”as Tweedledum remarked.

“I’m afraid he’ll catch cold with lying on the damp grass, ”said

Alice, who was a very thoughtful little girl.

“He’s dreaming now, ”said Tweedledee:“and what do you think he’s dreaming about?”

Alice said “Nobody can guess that. ”

“Why, about you!”Tweedledee exclaimed, clapping his hands triumphantly. “And if he left off dreaming about you, where do you suppose you’d be?”

“Where I am now, of course, ”said Alice.

“Not you!”Tweedledee retorted contemptuously. “You’d be nowhere. Why, you’re only a sort of thing in his dream!”

“If that there King was to wake, ”added Tweedledum, “you’d go out—bang!—just like a candle!”

“I shouldn’t!”Alice exclaimed indignantly. “Besides, if I’m only a sort of thing in his dream, what are you, I should like to know?”

“Ditto, ”said Tweedledum.

“Ditto, ditto!”cried Tweedledee.

He shouted this so loud that Alice couldn’t help saying “Hush! You’ll be waking him, I’m afraid, if you make so much noise. ”

“Well, it’s no use your talking about waking him, ”said Tweedledum, “when you’re only one of the things in his dream. You know very well you’re not real. ”

“I am real!”said Alice, and began to cry.

“You wo’n’t make yourself a bit realler by crying, ”Tweedledee remarked:“there’s nothing to cry about. ”

“If I wasn’t real, ”Alice said—half-laughing through her tears, it all seemed so ridiculous—“I shouldn’t be able to cry. ”

“I hope you don’t suppose those are real tears?”Tweedledum interrupted in a tone of great contempt.

“I know they’re talking nonsense, ”Alice thought to herself:“and it’s foolish to cry about it. ”So she brushed away her tears, and went on, as cheerfully as she could, “At any rate I’d better be getting out of the wood, for really it’s coming on very

dark. Do you think it's going to rain?"

Tweedledum spread a large umbrella over himself and his brother, and looked up into it. "No, I don't think it is, "he said:"at least—not under here. Nohow. "

"But it may rain outside?"

"It may—if it chooses, "said Tweedledee:"we've no objection. Contrariwise. "

"Selfish things!"thought Alice, and she was just going to say "Good-night"and leave them, when Tweedledum sprang out from under the umbrella, and seized her by the wrist.

"Do you see that?"he said, in a voice choking with passion, and his eyes grew large and yellow all in a moment, as he pointed with a trembling finger at a small white thing lying under the tree.

"It's only a rattle, "Alice said, after a careful examination of the little white thing. "Not a rattle-snake, you know, "she added hastily, thinking that he was frightened:"only an old rattle—quite old and broken. "

"I knew it was!"cried Tweedledum, beginning to stamp about wildly and tear his hair. "It's spoilt, of course!"Here he looked at Tweedledee, who immediately sat down on the ground, and tried to hide himself under the umbrella.

Alice laid her hand upon his arm, and said, in a soothing tone, "You needn't be so angry about an old rattle. "

"But it isn't old!"Tweedledum cried, in a greater fury than ever. "It's new, I tell you—I bought it yesterday—my nice NEW RATTLE!"and his voice rose to a perfect scream.



All this time Tweedledee was trying his best to fold up the umbrella, with himself in it: which was such an extraordinary thing to do, that it quite took off Alice's attention from the angry brother. But he couldn't quite succeed, and it ended in his rolling over, bundled up in the umbrella, with only his head out: and there he lay, opening and shutting his mouth and his large eyes—"looking more like a fish than anything else, "Alice thought.

"Of course you agree to have a battle?"Tweedledum said in a calmer tone.

"I suppose so, "the other sulkily replied, as he crawled out of the umbrella:"only she must help us to dress up, you know. "

So the two brothers went off hand-in-hand into the wood, and returned in a minute with their arms full of things—such as bolsters, blankets, hearth-rugs, table-cloths, dish-covers, and coal-scuttles. "I hope you're a good hand at pinning and tying strings?"Tweedledum remarked. "Every one of these things has got to go on, somehow or other. "

Alice said afterwards she had never seen such a fuss made about anything in all her life—the way those two bustled about—and the quantity of things they put on—and the trouble they gave her in tying strings and fastening buttons—"Really they'll be more

like bundles of old clothes than anything else, by the time they're ready!"she said to herself, as she arranged a bolster round the neck of Tweedledee, "to keep his head from being cut off, "as he said.

"You know, "he added very gravely, "it's one of the most serious things that can possibly happen to one in a battle—to get one's head cut off. "

Alice laughed loud: but she managed to turn it into a cough, for fear of hurting his feelings.

"Do I look very pale?"said Tweedledum, coming up to have his helmet tied on. (He called it a helmet, though it certainly looked much more like a saucepan.)



"Well—yes—a little, "Alice replied gently.

"I'm very brave, generally, "he went on in a low voice:"only to-day I happen to have a headache. "

"And I've got a toothache!"said Tweedledee, who had overheard the remark. "I'm far worse than you!"

"Then you'd better not fight to-day, "said Alice, thinking it a good opportunity to make peace.

"We must have a bit of a fight, but I don't care about going on long, "said Tweedledum. "What's the time now?"

Tweedledee looked at his watch, and said “Half-past four. ”

“Let’s fight till six, and then have dinner, ”said Tweedledum.

“Very well, ”the other said, rather sadly:“and she can watch us —only you’d better not come very close, ”he added:“I generally hit every thing I can see—when I get really excited. ”

“And I hit every thing within reach, ”cried Tweedledum, “whether I can see it or not!”

Alice laughed. “You must hit the trees pretty often, I should think, ”she said.

Tweedledum looked round him with a satisfied smile. “I don’t suppose, ”he said, “there’ll be a tree left standing, for ever so far round, by the time we’ve finished!”

“And all about a rattle!”said Alice, still hoping to make them a little ashamed of fighting for such a trifle.

“I shouldn’t have minded it so much, ”said Tweedledum, “if it hadn’t been a new one. ”

“I wish the monstrous crow would come!”thought Alice.

“There’s only one sword, you know, ”Tweedledum said to his brother:“but you can have the umbrella—it’s quite as sharp. Only we must begin quick. It’s getting as dark as it can. ”

“And darker, ”said Tweedledee.

It was getting dark so suddenly that Alice thought there must be a thunderstorm coming on. “What a thick black cloud that is!”she said. “And how fast it comes! Why, I do believe it’s got wings!”

“It’s the crow!”Tweedledum cried out in a shrill voice of alarm; and the two brothers took to their heels and were out of sight in a moment.

Alice ran a little way into the wood, and stopped under a large tree. “It can never get at me here, ”she thought:“it’s far too large to squeeze itself in among the trees. But I wish it wouldn’t flap its wings so—it makes quite a hurricane in the wood—here’s

somebody's shawl being blown away!"

CHAPTER V Wool and Water

She caught the shawl as she spoke, and looked about for the owner: in another moment the White Queen came running wildly through the wood, with both arms stretched out wide, as if she were flying, and Alice very civilly went to meet her with the shawl.

"I'm very glad I happened to be in the way, "Alice said, as she helped her to put on her shawl again.

The White Queen only looked at her in a helpless frightened sort of way, and kept repeating something in a whisper to herself that sounded like "Bread-and-butter, bread-and-butter, "and Alice felt that if there was to be any conversation at all, she must manage it herself. So she began rather timidly:"Am I addressing the White Queen?"

"Well, yes, if you call that a-dressing, "the Queen said. "It isn't my notion of the thing, at all. "

Alice thought it would never do to have an argument at the very beginning of their conversation, so she smiled and said "If your Majesty will only tell me the right way to begin, I'll do it as well as I can. "

"But I don't want it done at all!"groaned the poor Queen. "I've been a-dressing myself for the last two hours. "

It would have been all the better, as it seemed to Alice, if she had got some one else to dress her, she was so dreadfully untidy. "Every single thing's crooked, "Alice thought to herself, "and she's all over pins!—May I put your shawl straight for you?"she added

aloud.

“I don’t know what’s the matter with it!”the Queen said, in a melancholy voice. “It’s out of temper, I think. I’ve pinned it here, and I’ve pinned it there, but there’s no pleasing it!”

“It ca’n’t go straight, you know, if you pin it all on one side, ”Alice said, as she gently put it right for her; “and, dear me, what a state your hair is in!”



“The brush has got entangled in it!”the Queen said with a sigh. “And I lost the comb yesterday. ”

Alice carefully released the brush, and did her best to get the hair into order. “Come, you look rather better now!”she said, after

altering most of the pins. “But really you should have a lady’s-maid!”

“I’m sure I’ll take you with pleasure!”the Queen said. “Twopence a week, and jam every other day. ”

Alice couldn’t help laughing, as she said “I don’t want you to hire me—and I don’t care for jam. ”

“It’s very good jam, ”said the Queen.

“Well, I don’t want any to-day, at any rate. ”

“You couldn’t have it if you did want it, ”the Queen said. “The rule is, jam to-morrow and jam yesterday—but never jam to-day. ”

“It must come sometimes to ‘jam to-day, ’”Alice objected.

“No, it ca’n’t, ”said the Queen. “It’s jam every other day: to-day isn’t any other day, you know. ”

“I don’t understand you, ”said Alice. “It’s dread-fully confusing!”

“That’s the effect of living backwards, ”the Queen said kindly:“it always makes one a little giddy at first—”

“Living backwards!”Alice repeated in great astonishment. “I never heard of such a thing!”

“—but there’s one great advantage in it, that one’s memory works both ways. ”

“I’m sure mine only works one way, ”Alice remarked. “I ca’n’t remember things before they happen. ”

“It’s a poor sort of memory that only works back-wards, ”the Queen remarked.

“What sort of things do you remember best?”Alice ventured to ask.

“Oh, things that happened the week after next, ”the Queen replied in a careless tone. “For instance, now, ”she went on, sticking a large piece of plaster on her finger as she spoke, “there’s the King’s Messenger. He’s in prison now, being punished: and the trial doesn’t even begin till next Wednesday: and of course the crime

comes last of all. ”

“Suppose he never commits the crime?”said Alice.

“That would be all the better, wouldn’t it?”the Queen said, as she bound the plaster round her finger with a bit of ribbon.



Alice felt there was no denying that. “Of course it would be all the better, ”she said:“but it wouldn’t be all the better his being punished. ”

“You’re wrong there, at any rate, ”said the Queen. “Were you ever punished?”

“Only for faults, ”said Alice.

“And you were all the better for it, I know!”the Queen said triumphantly.

“Yes, but then I had done the things I was punished for, ”said Alice:“that makes all the difference. ”

“But if you hadn’t done them, ”the Queen said, “that would have been better still; better, and better, and better!”Her voice went higher with each “better, ”till it got quite to a squeak at last.

Alice was just beginning to say “There’s a mistake somewhere —, ”when the Queen began screaming, so loud that she had to leave the sentence unfinished. “Oh, oh, oh!”shouted the Queen, shaking her hand about as if she wanted to shake it off. “My finger’s bleeding! Oh, oh, oh, oh!”

Her screams were so exactly like the whistle of a steam-engine, that Alice had to hold both her hands over her ears.

“What is the matter?”she said, as soon as there was a chance of making herself heard. “Have you pricked your finger?”

“I haven’t pricked it yet, ”the Queen said, “but I soon shall—oh, oh, oh!”

“When do you expect to do it?”Alice asked, feeling very much inclined to laugh.

“When I fasten my shawl again, ”the poor Queen groaned out:“the brooch will come undone directly. Oh, oh!”As she said the words the brooch flew open, and the Queen clutched wildly at it, and tried to clasp it again.

“Take care!”cried Alice. “You’re holding it all crooked!”And she caught at the brooch; but it was too late:the pin had slipped, and the Queen had pricked her finger.

“That accounts for the bleeding, you see, ”she said to Alice with a smile. “Now you understand the way things happen here. ”

“But why don’t you scream now?”Alice asked, holding her hands ready to put over her ears again.

“Why, I’ve done all the screaming already, ”said the Queen.

“What would be the good of having it all over again?”

By this time it was getting light. “The crow must have flown away, I think, ”said Alice:“I’m so glad it’s gone. I thought it was the night coming on. ”

“I wish I could manage to be glad!”the Queen said. “Only I never can remember the rule. You must be very happy, living in this wood, and being glad whenever you like!”

“Only it is so very lonely here!”Alice said in a melancholy voice; and, at the thought of her loneliness, two large tears came rolling down her cheeks.

“Oh, don’t go on like that!”cried the poor Queen, wringing her hands in despair. “Consider what a great girl you are. Consider what a long way you’ve come to-day. Consider what o’clock it is. Consider anything, only don’t cry!”

Alice could not help laughing at this, even in the midst of her tears. “Can you keep from crying by considering things?”she asked.

“That’s the way it’s done, ”the Queen said with great decision:“nobody can do two things at once, you know. Let’s consider your age to begin with—how old are you?”

“I’m seven and a half, exactly. ”

“You needn’t say ‘exactually, ’ ”the Queen remarked. “I can believe it without that. Now I’ll give you something to believe. I’m just one hundred and one, five months and a day. ”

“I ca’n’t believe that!”said Alice.

“Ca’n’t you?”the Queen said in a pitying tone. “Try again: draw a long breath, and shut your eyes. ”

Alice laughed. “There’s no use trying, ”she said:“one ca’n’t believe impossible things. ”

“I daresay you haven’t had much practice, ”said the Queen. “When I was your age, I always did it for half-an-hour a day. Why, sometimes I’ve believed as many as six impossible things before breakfast. There goes the shawl again!”

The brooch had come undone as she spoke, and a sudden gust of wind blew the Queen's shawl across a little brook. The Queen spread out her arms again, and went flying after it, and this time she succeeded in catching it for herself. "I've got it!"she cried in a triumphant tone. "Now you shall see me pin it on again, all by myself!"

"Then I hope your finger is better now?"Alice said very politely, as she crossed the little brook after the Queen.

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"Oh, much better!"cried the Queen, her voice rising into a squeak as she went on. "Much be-etter! Be-etter! Be-e-e-etter! Be-e-ehh!"The last word ended in a long bleat, so like a sheep that Alice quite started.

She looked at the Queen, who seemed to have suddenly wrapped herself up in wool. Alice rubbed her eyes, and looked again. She couldn't make out what had happened at all. Was she in a shop? And was that really—was it really a sheep that was sitting on the other side of the counter? Rub as she would, she could make nothing more of it: she was in a little dark shop, leaning with her elbows on the counter, and opposite to her was an old Sheep, sitting in an arm-chair, knitting, and every now and then leaving off to look at her through a great pair of spectacles.



“What is it you want to buy?”the Sheep said at last, looking up for a moment from her knitting.

“I don’t quite know yet, ”Alice said very gently. “I should like to look all round me first, if I might. ”

“You may look in front of you, and on both sides, if you like, ”said the Sheep; “but you ca’n’t look all round you—unless you’ve got eyes at the back of your head. ”

But these, as it happened, Alice had not got: so she contented herself with turning round, looking at the shelves as she came to them.

The shop seemed to be full of all manner of curious things—but the oddest part of it all was that, whenever she looked hard at any shelf, to make out exactly what it had on it, that particular shelf

was always quite empty, though the others round it were crowded as full as they could hold.

“Things flow about so here!”she said at last in a plaintive tone, after she had spent a minute or so in vainly pursuing a large bright thing, that looked sometimes like a doll and sometimes like a work-box, and was always in the shelf next above the one she was looking at. “And this one is the most provoking of all—but I’ll tell you what—”she added, as a sudden thought struck her. “I’ll follow it up to the very top shelf of all. It’ll puzzle it to go through the ceiling, I expect!”

But even this plan failed:the “thing”went through the ceiling as quietly as possible, as if it were quite used to it.

“Are you a child or a teetotum?”the Sheep said, as she took up another pair of needles. “You’ll make me giddy soon, if you go on turning round like that. ”She was now working with fourteen pairs at once, and Alice couldn’t help looking at her in great astonishment.

“How can she knit with so many?”the puzzled child thought to herself. “She gets more and more like a porcupine every minute!”

“Can you row?”the Sheep asked, handing her a pair of knitting-needles as she spoke.

“Yes, a little—but not on land—and not with needles—”Alice was beginning to say, when suddenly the needles turned into oars in her hands, and she found they were in a little boat, gliding along between banks: so there was nothing for it but to do her best.

“Feather!”cried the Sheep, as she took up another pair of needles.

This didn’t sound like a remark that needed any answer: so Alice said nothing, but pulled away. There was something very queer about the water, she thought, as every now and then the oars got fast in it, and would hardly come out again.

“Feather! Feather!”the Sheep cried again, taking more needles.

“You’ll be catching a crab directly. ”

“A dear little crab!”thought Alice. “I should like that. ”

“Didn’t you hear me say ‘Feather’?”the Sheep cried angrily, taking up quite a bunch of needles.

“Indeed I did, ”said Alice:“you’ve said it very often—and very loud. Please where are the crabs?”

“In the water, of course!”said the Sheep, sticking some of the needles into her hair, as her hands were full. “Feather, I say!”

“Why do you say ‘Feather’ so often?”Alice asked at last, rather vexed. “I’m not a bird!”

“You are, ”said the Sheep:“you’re a little goose. ”

This offended Alice a little, so there was no more conversation for a minute or two, while the boat glided gently on, sometimes among beds of weeds (which made the oars stick fast in the water, worse than ever), and sometimes under trees, but always with the same tall river-banks frowning over their heads.



“Oh, please! There are some scented rushes!”Alice cried in a sudden transport of delight. “There really are—and such beauties!”

“You needn’t say ‘please’ to me about ’em, ”the Sheep said, without looking up from her knitting:“I didn’t put ’em there, and I’m not going to take ’em away. ”

“No, but I meant—please, may we wait and pick some?”Alice pleaded. “If you don’t mind stopping the boat for a minute. ”

“How am I to stop it?”said the Sheep. “If you leave off rowing, it’ll stop of itself. ”

So the boat was left to drift down the stream as it would, till it glided gently in among the waving rushes. And then the little sleeves were carefully rolled up, and the little arms were plunged in elbow-deep, to get hold of the rushes a good long way down before

breaking them off—and for a while Alice forgot all about the Sheep and the knitting, as she bent over the side of the boat, with just the ends of her tangled hair dipping into the water—while with bright eager eyes she caught at one bunch after another of the darling scented rushes.

“I only hope the boat won’t tipple over!”she said to herself. “Oh, what a lovely one! Only I couldn’t quite reach it. ”And it certainly did seem a little provoking (“almost as if it happened on purpose, ”she thought) that, though she managed to pick plenty of beautiful rushes as the boat glided by, there was always a more lovely one that she couldn’t reach.

“The prettiest are always further!”she said at last, with a sigh at the obstinacy of the rushes in growing so far off, as, with flushed cheeks and dripping hair and hands, she scrambled back into her place, and began to arrange her new-found treasures.

What mattered it to her just then that the rushes had begun to fade, and to lose all their scent and beauty, from the very moment that she picked them? Even real scented rushes, you know, last only a very little while—and these, being dream-rushes, melted away almost like snow, as they lay in heaps at her feet—but Alice hardly noticed this, there were so many other curious things to think about.

They hadn’t gone much farther before the blade of one of the oars got fast in the water and wouldn’t come out again (so Alice explained it afterwards), and the consequence was that the handle of it caught her under the chin, and, in spite of a series of little shrieks of “Oh, oh, oh!”from poor Alice, it swept her straight off the seat, and down among the heap of rushes.

However, she wasn’t a bit hurt, and was soon up again:the Sheep went on with her knitting all the while, just as if nothing had happened. “That was a nice crab you caught!”she remarked, as Alice got back into her place, very much relieved to find herself still

in the boat.

“Was it? I didn’t see it, ”said Alice, peeping cautiously over the side of the boat into the dark water. “I wish it hadn’t let go—I should so like a little crab to take home with me!”But the Sheep only laughed scornfully, and went on with her knitting.

“Are there many crabs here?”said Alice.

“Crabs, and all sorts of things, ”said the Sheep:“plenty of choice, only make up your mind. Now, what do you want to buy?”

“To buy!”Alice echoed in a tone that was half astonished and half frightened—for the oars, and the boat, and the river, had vanished all in a moment, and she was back again in the little dark shop.

“I should like to buy an egg, please, ”she said timidly. “How do you sell them?”

“Fivepence farthing for one—twopence for two, ”the Sheep replied.

“Then two are cheaper than one?”Alice said in a surprised tone, taking out her purse.

“Only you must eat them both, if you buy two, ”said the Sheep.

“Then I’ll have one, please, ”said Alice, as she put the money down on the counter. For she thought to herself, “They mightn’t be at all nice, you know. ”

The Sheep took the money, and put it away in a box: then she said “I never put things into people’s hands—that would never do—you must get it for yourself. ”And so saying, she went off to the other end of the shop, and set the egg upright on a shelf.

“I wonder why it wouldn’t do?”thought Alice, as she groped her way among the tables and chairs, for the shop was very dark towards the end. “The egg seems to get further away the more I walk towards it. Let me see, is this a chair? Why, it’s got branches, I declare! How very odd to find trees growing here! And actually here’s a little brook! Well, this is the very queerest shop I ever saw!”

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    *   *   *
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So she went on, wondering more and more at every step, as everything turned into a tree the moment she came up to it, and she quite expected the egg to do the same.

CHAPTER VI Humpty Dumpty

However, the egg only got larger and larger, and more and more human: when she had come within a few yards of it, she saw that it had eyes and a nose and mouth; and, when she had come close to it, she saw clearly that it was HUMPTY DUMPTY himself. “It ca’n’t be anybody else!”she said to herself. “I’m as certain of it, as if his name were written all over his face!”

It might have been written a hundred times, easily, on that enormous face. Humpty Dumpty was sitting, with his legs crossed like a Turk, on the top of a high wall—such a narrow one that Alice quite wondered how he could keep his balance—and, as his eyes were steadily fixed in the opposite direction, and he didn’t take the least notice of her, she thought he must be a stuffed figure, after all.

“And how exactly like an egg he is!”she said aloud, standing with her hands ready to catch him, for she was every moment expecting him to fall.

“It’s very provoking, ”Humpty Dumpty said after a long silence, looking away from Alice as he spoke, “to be called an egg—very!”

“I said you looked like an egg, Sir, ”Alice gently explained. “And some eggs are very pretty, you know, ”she added, hoping to turn her remark into a sort of compliment.

“Some people, ”said Humpty Dumpty, looking away from her as usual, “have no more sense than a baby!”

Alice didn’t know what to say to this: it wasn’t at all like conversation, she thought, as he never said anything to her; in fact,

his last remark was evidently addressed to a tree—so she stood and softly repeated to herself:—

> "Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall:
> Humpty Dumpty had a great fall.
> All the King's horses and all the King's men
> Couldn't put Humpty Dumpty in his place again. "

"That last line is much too long for the poetry, "she added, almost out loud, forgetting that Humpty Dumpty would hear her.

"Don't stand chattering to yourself like that, "Humpty Dumpty said, looking at her for the first time, "but tell me your name and your business. "

"My name is Alice, but—"

"It's a stupid name enough!"Humpty Dumpty interrupted impatiently. "What does it mean?"

"Must a name mean something?"Alice asked doubtfully.

"Of course it must, "Humpty Dumpty said with a short laugh:"my name means the shape I am—and a good handsome shape it is, too. With a name like yours, you might be any shape, almost. "

"Why do you sit out here all alone?"said Alice, not wishing to begin an argument.

"Why, because there's nobody with me!"cried Humpty Dumpty. "Did you think I didn't know the answer to that? Ask another. "

"Don't you think you'd be safer down on the ground?"Alice went on, not with any idea of making another riddle, but simply in her good-natured anxiety for the queer creature. "That wall is so very narrow!"

"What tremendously easy riddles you ask!"Humpty Dumpty growled out. "Of course I don't think so! Why, if ever I did fall off—which there's no chance of—but if I did—"Here he pursed up his

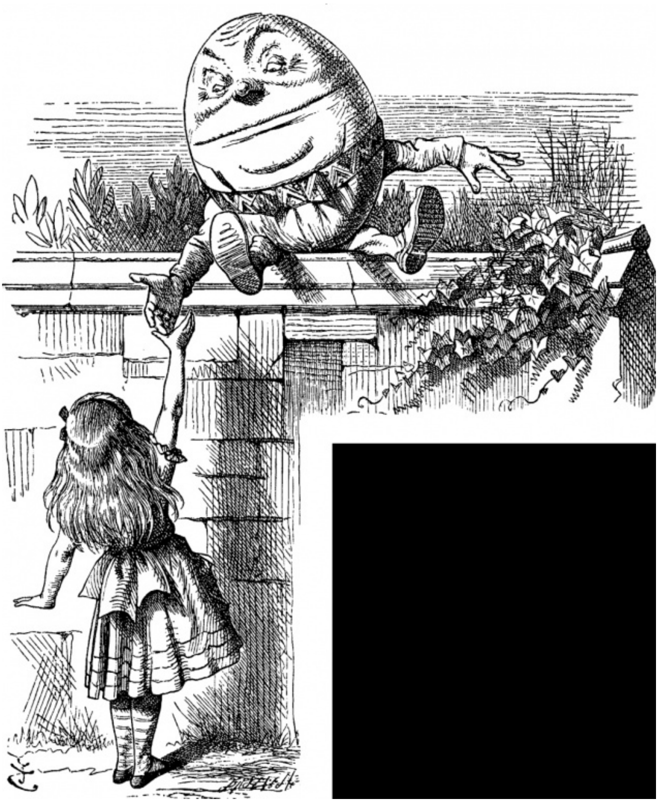
lips, and looked so solemn and grand that Alice could hardly help laughing. “If I did fall, ”he went on, “the King has promised me—ah, you may turn pale, if you like! You didn’t think I was going to say that, did you? The King has promised me—with his very own mouth—to—to—”

“To send all his horses and all his men, ”Alice interrupted, rather unwisely.

“Now I declare that’s too bad!”Humpty Dumpty cried, breaking into a sudden passion. “You’ve been listening at doors—and behind trees—and down chimneys—or you couldn’t have known it!”

“I haven’t, indeed!”Alice said very gently. “It’s in a book. ”

“Ah, well! They may write such things in a book, ”Humpty Dumpty said in a calmer tone. “That’s what you call a History of England, that is. Now, take a good look at me! I’m one that has spoken to a King, I am:mayhap you’ll never see such another:and, to show you I’m not proud, you may shake hands with me!”And he grinned almost from ear to ear, as he leant forwards (and as nearly as possible fell off the wall in doing so) and offered Alice his hand. She watched him a little anxiously as she took it. “If he smiled much more the ends of his mouth might meet behind, ”she thought:“and then I don’t know what would happen to his head! I’m afraid it would come off!”



“Yes, all his horses and all his men, ”Humpty Dumpty went on. “They’d pick me up again in a minute, they would! However, this conversation is going on a little too fast: let’s go back to the last remark but one. ”

“I’m afraid I ca’n’t quite remember it, ”Alice said, very politely.

“In that case we start afresh, ”said Humpty Dumpty, “and it’s my turn to choose a subject—”(“He talks about it just as if it was a game!”thought Alice.) “So here’s a question for you. How old did you say you were?”

Alice made a short calculation, and said “Seven years and six months. ”

“Wrong!”Humpty Dumpty exclaimed triumphantly. “You never said a word like it!”

“I thought you meant ‘How old are you?’ ”Alice explained.

“If I’d meant that, I’d have said it, ”said Humpty Dumpty.

Alice didn’t want to begin another argument, so she said nothing.

“Seven years and six months!”Humpty Dumpty repeated thoughtfully. “An uncomfortable sort of age. Now if you’d asked my advice, I’d have said ‘Leave off at seven’—but it’s too late now. ”

“I never ask advice about growing, ”Alice said indignantly.

“Too proud?”the other enquired.

Alice felt even more indignant at this suggestion. “I mean, ”she said, “that one ca’n’t help growing older. ”

“One ca’n’t, perhaps, ”said Humpty Dumpty; “but two can. With proper assistance, you might have left off at seven. ”

“What a beautiful belt you’ve got on!”Alice suddenly remarked. (They had had quite enough of the subject of age, she thought: and, if they really were to take turns in choosing subjects, it was her turn now.) “At least, ”she corrected herself on second thoughts, “a beautiful cravat, I should have said—no, a belt, I mean—I beg your pardon!”she added in dismay, for Humpty Dumpty looked thoroughly offended, and she began to wish she hadn’t chosen that subject. “If only I knew, ”she thought to herself, “which was neck and which was waist!”

Evidently Humpty Dumpty was very angry, though he said nothing for a minute or two. When he did speak again, it was in a deep growl.

“It is a—most—provoking—thing, ”he said at last, “when a person doesn’t know a cravat from a belt!”

“I know it’s very ignorant of me, ”Alice said, in so humble a tone that Humpty Dumpty relented.

“It’s a cravat, child, and a beautiful one, as you say. It’s a present from the White King and Queen. There now!”

“Is it really?”said Alice, quite pleased to find that she had

chosen a good subject, after all.

“They gave it me, ”Humpty Dumpty continued thoughtfully, as he crossed one knee over the other and clasped his hands round it, “they gave it me—for an un-birthday present. ”

“I beg your pardon?”Alice said with a puzzled air.

“I’m not offended, ”said Humpty Dumpty.

“I mean, what is an un-birthday present?”

“A present given when it isn’t your birthday, of course. ”

Alice considered a little. “I like birthday presents best, ”she said at last.

“You don’t know what you’re talking about!”cried Humpty Dumpty. “How many days are there in a year?”

“Three hundred and sixty-five, ”said Alice.

“And how many birthdays have you?”

“One. ”

“And if you take one from three hundred and sixty-five, what remains?”

“Three hundred and sixty-four, of course. ”

Humpty Dumpty looked doubtful. “I’d rather see that done on paper, ”he said.

Alice couldn’t help smiling as she took out her memorandum-book, and worked the sum for him:

$$\begin{array}{r} 365 \\ 1 \\ \hline 364 \\ \hline \end{array}$$

Humpty Dumpty took the book, and looked at it carefully. “That seems to be done right—”he began.

“You’re holding it upside down!”Alice interrupted.

“To be sure I was!”Humpty Dumpty said gaily, as she turned it round for him. “I thought it looked a little queer. As I was saying, that seems to be done right—though I haven’t time to look it over thoroughly just now—and that shows that there are three hundred and sixty-four days when you might get unbirthday presents—”

“Certainly, ”said Alice.

“And only one for birthday presents, you know. There’s glory for you!”

“I don’t know what you mean by ‘glory, ’ ”Alice said.

Humpty Dumpty smiled contemptuously. “Of course you don’t —till I tell you. I meant ‘there’s a nice knock-down argument for you!’ ”

“But ‘glory’ doesn’t mean ‘a nice knock-down argument, ’ ”Alice objected.

“When I use a word, ”Humpty Dumpty said, in rather a scornful tone, “it means just what I choose it to mean—neither

more nor less. ”

“The question is, ”said Alice, “whether you can make words mean so many different things. ”

“The question is, ”said Humpty Dumpty, “which is to be master —that’s all. ”

Alice was too much puzzled to say anything; so after a minute Humpty Dumpty began again. “They’ve a temper, some of them—particularly verbs: they’re the proudest—adjectives you can do anything with, but not verbs—however, I can manage the whole lot of them! Impenetrability! That’s what I say!”

“Would you tell me, please, ”said Alice, “what that means?”

“Now you talk like a reasonable child, ”said Humpty Dumpty, looking very much pleased. “I meant by ‘impenetrability’ that we’ve had enough of that subject, and it would be just as well if you’d mention what you mean to do next, as I suppose you don’t mean to stop here all the rest of your life. ”

“That’s a great deal to make one word mean, ”Alice said in a thoughtful tone.

“When I make a word do a lot of work like that, ”said Humpty Dumpty, “I always pay it extra. ”

“Oh!”said Alice. She was too much puzzled to make any other remark.

“Ah, you should see ’em come round me of a Saturday night, ”Humpty Dumpty went on, wagging his head gravely from side to side, “for to get their wages, you know. ”

(Alice didn’t venture to ask what he paid them with; and so you see I ca’n’t tell you.)

“You seem very clever at explaining words, Sir, ”said Alice. “Would you kindly tell me the meaning of the poem called ‘Jabberwocky’?”

“Let’s hear it, ”said Humpty Dumpty. “I can explain all the poems that ever were invented—and a good many that haven’t been

invented just yet. ”

This sounded very hopeful, so Alice repeated the first verse:—

> “’Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
> Did gyre and gimble in the wabe:
> All mimsy were the borogoves.
> And the mome raths outgrabe. ”

“That’s enough to begin with, ”Humpty Dumpty interrupted:“there are plenty of hard words there. ‘Brillig’ means four o’clock in the afternoon—the time when you begin broiling things for dinner. ”



“That’ll do very well, ”said Alice:“and ‘slithy’?”

“Well, ‘slithy’ means ‘lithe and slimy. ’ ‘Lithe’ is the same as ‘active. ’ You see it’s like a portmanteau—there are two meanings packed up into one word. ”

“I see it now, ”Alice remarked thoughtfully:“and what are ‘toves’?”

“Well, ‘toves’ are something like badgers—they’re something like lizards—and they’re something like corkscrews. ”

“They must be very curious-looking creatures. ”

“They are that, ”said Humpty Dumpty:“also they make their nests under sun-dials—also they live on cheese. ”

“And what’s to ‘gyre’ and to ‘gimble’?”

“To ‘gyre’ is to go round and round like a gyroscope. To ‘gimble’ is to make holes like a gimblet. ”

“And ‘the wabe’ is the grass-plot round a sun-dial, I suppose?”said Alice, surprised at her own ingenuity.

“Of course it is. It’s called ‘wabe, ’ you know, because it goes a long way before it, and a long way behind it—”

“And a long way beyond it on each side, ”Alice added.

“Exactly so. Well then, ‘mimsy’ is ‘flimsy and miserable’ (there’s another portmanteau for you). And a ‘borogove’ is a thin shabby-looking bird with its feathers sticking out all round—something like a live mop. ”

“And then ‘mome raths’?”said Alice. “I’m afraid I’m giving you a great deal of trouble. ”

“Well, a ‘rath’ is a sort of green pig: but ‘mome’ I’m not certain about. I think it’s short for ‘from home’—meaning that they’d lost their way, you know. ”

“And what does ‘outgrabe’ mean?”

“Well, ‘outgribing’ is something between bellowing and whistling, with a kind of sneeze in the middle: however, you’ll hear it done, maybe—down in the wood yonder—and, when you’ve once heard it, you’ll be quite content. Who’s been repeating all that hard

stuff to you?”

“I read it in a book, ”said Alice. “But I had some poetry repeated to me much easier than that, by—Tweedledee, I think it was. ”

“As to poetry, you know, ”said Humpty Dumpty, stretching out one of his great hands, “I can repeat poetry as well as other folk, if it comes to that—”

“Oh, it needn’t come to that!”Alice hastily said, hoping to keep him from beginning.

“The piece I’m going to repeat, ”he went on without noticing her remark, “was written entirely for your amusement. ”

Alice felt that in that case she really ought to listen to it; so she sat down, and said “Thank you”rather sadly.

> “In winter, when the fields are white.
> I sing this song for your delight—

only I don’t sing it, ”he added, as an explanation.

“I see you don’t, ”said Alice.

“If you can see whether I’m singing or not, you’ve sharper eyes than most, ”Humpty Dumpty remarked severely. Alice was silent.

> “In spring, when woods are getting green.
> I’ll try and tell you what I mean:”

“Thank you very much, ”said Alice.

> “In summer, when the days are long.
> Perhaps you’ll understand the song:
>
> In autumn, when the leaves are brown.
> Take pen and ink, and write it down. ”

“I will, if I can remember it so long, ”said Alice.

“You needn’t go on making remarks like that, ”Humpty Dumpty said:“they’re not sensible, and they put me out. ”

“I sent a message to the fish:
I told them ‘This is what I wish. ’

The little fishes of the sea.
They sent an answer back to me.

The little fishes’ answer was
‘We cannot do it, Sir, because—’ ”

“I’m afraid I don’t quite understand, ”said Alice.

“It gets easier further on, ”Humpty Dumpty replied.

“I sent to them again to say
‘It will be better to obey. ’

The fishes answered, with a grin.
‘Why, what a temper you are in!’

I told them once, I told them twice:
They would not listen to advice.

I took a kettle large and new.
Fit for the deed I had to do.

My heart went hop, my heart went thump:
I filled the kettle at the pump.

Then some one came to me and said
‘The little fishes are in bed. ’

I said to him, I said it plain.

'Then you must wake them up again. '

I said it very loud and clear:
I went and shouted in his ear. "

Humpty Dumpty raised his voice almost to a scream as he repeated this verse, and Alice thought, with a shudder, "I wouldn't have been the messenger for anything!"

"But he was very stiff and proud:
He said 'You needn't shout so loud!'

And he was very proud and stiff:
He said 'I'd go and wake them, if—'

I took a corkscrew from the shelf:
I went to wake them up myself.

And when I found the door was locked.
I pulled and pushed and kicked and knocked.

And when I found the door was shut.
I tried to turn the handle, but—"

There was a long pause.

"Is that all?"Alice timidly asked.

"That's all, "said Humpty Dumpty. "Good-bye. "

This was rather sudden, Alice thought: but, after such a very strong hint that she ought to be going, she felt that it would hardly be civil to stay. So she got up, and held out her hand. "Good-bye, till we meet again!"she said as cheerfully as she could.

"I shouldn't know you again if we did meet, "Humpty Dumpty replied in a discontented tone, giving her one of his fingers to shake:"you're so exactly like other people. "



“The face is what one goes by, generally, ”Alice remarked in a thoughtful tone.

“That’s just what I complain of, ”said Humpty Dumpty. “Your face is the same as everybody has—the two eyes, so—”(marking their places in the air with his thumb) “nose in the middle, mouth under. It’s always the same. Now if you had the two eyes on the same side of the nose, for instance—or the mouth at the top—that would be some help. ”

“It wouldn’t look nice, ”Alice objected. But Humpty Dumpty only shut his eyes, and said “Wait till you’ve tried. ”

Alice waited a minute to see if he would speak again, but, as he never opened his eyes or took any further notice of her, she said “Good-bye!”once more, and, getting no answer to this, she quietly walked away: but she couldn’t help saying to herself, as she went, “Of all the unsatisfactory—”(she repeated this aloud, as it was a great comfort to have such a long word to say) “of all the unsatisfactory people I ever met—”She never finished the sentence,

for at this moment a heavy crash shook the forest from end to end.

CHAPTER VII The Lion and the Unicorn

The next moment soldiers came running through the wood, at first in twos and threes, then ten or twenty together, and at last in such crowds that they seemed to fill the whole forest. Alice got behind a tree, for fear of being run over, and watched them go by.

She thought that in all her life she had never seen soldiers so uncertain on their feet: they were always tripping over something or other, and whenever one went down, several more always fell over him, so that the ground was soon covered with little heaps of men.

Then came the horses. Having four feet, these managed rather better than the foot-soldiers; but even they stumbled now and then; and it seemed to be a regular rule that, whenever a horse stumbled, the rider fell off instantly. The confusion got worse every moment, and Alice was very glad to get out of the wood into an open place, where she found the White King seated on the ground, busily writing in his memorandum-book.

“I’ve sent them all!”the King cried in a tone of delight, on seeing Alice. “Did you happen to meet any soldiers, my dear, as you came through the wood?”

“Yes, I did, ”said Alice:“several thousand, I should think. ”



“Four thousand two hundred and seven, that’s the exact number, ”the King said, referring to his book. “I couldn’t send all the horses, you know, because two of them are wanted in the game. And I haven’t sent the two Messengers, either. They’re both gone to the town. Just look along the road, and tell me if you can see either of them. ”

“I see nobody on the road, ”said Alice.

“I only wish I had such eyes, ”the King remarked in a fretful tone. “To be able to see Nobody! And at that distance too! Why, it’s as much as I can do to see real people, by this light!”

All this was lost on Alice, who was still looking intently along the road, shading her eyes with one hand. “I see somebody now!”she exclaimed at last. “But he’s coming very slowly—and

what curious attitudes he goes into!”(For the Messenger kept skipping up and down, and wriggling like an eel, as he came along, with his great hands spread out like fans on each side.)

“Not at all, ”said the King. “He’s an Anglo-Saxon Messenger—and those are Anglo-Saxon attitudes. He only does them when he’s happy. His name is Haigha. ”(He pronounced it so as to rhyme with “mayor. ”)

“I love my love with an H, ”Alice couldn’t help beginning, “because he is Happy. I hate him with an H, because he is Hideous. I fed him with—with—with Ham-sandwiches and Hay. His name is Haigha, and he lives—”

“He lives on the Hill, ”the King remarked simply, without the least idea that he was joining in the game, while Alice was still hesitating for the name of a town beginning with H. “The other Messenger’s called Hatta. I must have two, you know—to come and go. One to come, and one to go. ”

“I beg your pardon?”said Alice.

“It isn’t respectable to beg, ”said the King.

“I only meant that I didn’t understand, ”said Alice. “Why one to come and one to go?”

“Don’t I tell you?”the King repeated impatiently. “I must have two—to fetch and carry. One to fetch, and one to carry. ”

At this moment the Messenger arrived: he was far too much out of breath to say a word, and could only wave his hands about, and make the most fearful faces at the poor King.

“This young lady loves you with an H, ”the King said, introducing Alice in the hope of turning off the Messenger’s attention from himself—but it was of no use—the Anglo-Saxon attitudes only got more extraordinary every moment, while the great eyes rolled wildly from side to side.

“You alarm me!”said the King. “I feel faint—Give me a ham sandwich!”

On which the Messenger, to Alice's great amusement, opened a bag that hung round his neck, and handed a sandwich to the King, who devoured it greedily.

"Another sandwich!"said the King.

"There's nothing but hay left now, "the Messenger said, peeping into the bag.

"Hay, then, "the King murmured in a faint whisper.

Alice was glad to see that it revived him a good deal. "There's nothing like eating hay when you're faint, "he remarked to her, as he munched away.



"I should think throwing cold water over you would be better, "Alice suggested:"—or some sal-volatile. "

"I didn't say there was nothing better, "the King replied. "I said there was nothing like it. "Which Alice did not venture to deny.

"Who did you pass on the road?"the King went on, holding out his hand to the Messenger for some more hay.

"Nobody, "said the Messenger.

"Quite right, "said the King:"this young lady saw him too. So of course Nobody walks slower than you. "

“I do my best, ”the Messenger said in a sullen tone. “I’m sure nobody walks much faster than I do!”

“He ca’n’t do that, ”said the King, “or else he’d have been here first. However, now you’ve got your breath, you may tell us what’s happened in the town. ”

“I’ll whisper it, ”said the Messenger, putting his hands to his mouth in the shape of a trumpet and stooping so as to get close to the King’s ear. Alice was sorry for this, as she wanted to hear the news too. However, instead of whispering, he simply shouted, at the top of his voice, “They’re at it again!”

“Do you call that a whisper?”cried the poor King, jumping up and shaking himself. “If you do such a thing again, I’ll have you buttered! It went through and through my head like an earthquake!”

“It would have to be a very tiny earthquake!”thought Alice. “Who are at it again?”she ventured to ask.

“Why, the Lion and the Unicorn, of course, ”said the King.

“Fighting for the crown?”

“Yes, to be sure, ”said the King:“and the best of the joke is, that it’s my crown all the while! Let’s run and see them. ”And they trotted off, Alice repeating to herself, as she ran, the words of the old song:—

“The Lion and the Unicorn were fighting for the crown:
The Lion beat the Unicorn all round the town.
Some gave them white bread, some gave them brown:
Some gave them plum-cake and drummed them out of town. ”

“Does—the one—that wins—get the crown?”she asked, as well as she could, for the run was putting her quite out of breath.

“Dear me, no!”said the King. “What an idea!”

“Would you—be good enough—”Alice panted out, after running a little further, “to stop a minute—just to get—one’s breath again?”

“I’m good enough, ”the King said, “only I’m not strong enough. You see, a minute goes by so fearfully quick. You might as well try to stop a Bandersnatch!”

Alice had no more breath for talking; so they trotted on in silence, till they came into sight of a great crowd, in the middle of which the Lion and Unicorn were fighting. They were in such a cloud of dust, that at first Alice could not make out which was which; but she soon managed to distinguish the Unicorn by his horn.

They placed themselves close to where Hatta, the other Messenger, was standing watching the fight, with a cup of tea in one hand and a piece of bread-and-butter in the other.

“He’s only just out of prison, and he hadn’t finished his tea when he was sent in, ”Haigha whispered to Alice:“and they only give them oyster-shells in there—so you see he’s very hungry and thirsty. How are you, dear child?”he went on, putting his arm affectionately round Hatta’s neck.

Hatta looked round and nodded, and went on with his bread-and-butter.

“Were you happy in prison, dear child?”said Haigha.



Hatta looked round once more, and this time a tear or two trickled down his cheek; but not a word would he say.

“Speak, ca’n’t you!”Haigha cried impatiently. But Hatta only munched away, and drank some more tea.

“Speak, wo’n’t you!”cried the King. “How are they getting on with the fight?”

Hatta made a desperate effort, and swallowed a large piece of bread-and-butter. “They’re getting on very well, ”he said in a choking voice:“each of them has been down about eighty-seven times. ”

“Then I suppose they’ll soon bring the white bread and the brown?”Alice ventured to remark.

“It’s waiting for ’em now, ”said Hatta; “this is a bit of it as I’m eating. ”

There was a pause in the fight just then, and the Lion and the Unicorn sat down, panting, while the King called out “Ten minutes allowed for refreshments!”Haigha and Hatta set to work at once, carrying round trays of white and brown bread. Alice took a piece to taste, but it was very dry.

“I don’t think they’ll fight any more today, ”the King said to Hatta:“go and order the drums to begin. ”And Hatta went bounding away like a grasshopper.

For a minute or two Alice stood silent, watching him. Suddenly she brightened up. “Look, look!”she cried, pointing eagerly. “There’s the White Queen running across the country! She came flying out of the wood over yonder—How fast those Queens can run!”

“There’s some enemy after her, no doubt, ”the King said, without even looking round. “That wood’s full of them. ”

“But aren’t you going to run and help her?”Alice asked, very much surprised at his taking it so quietly.

“No use, no use!”said the King. “She runs so fearfully quick. You might as well try to catch a Bander-snatch! But I’ll make a memorandum about her, if you like—She’s a dear good creature, ”he repeated softly to himself, as he opened his memorandum-book. “Do you spell ‘creature’ with a double ‘e’?”

At this moment the Unicorn sauntered by them, with his hands in his pockets. “I had the best of it this time?”he said to the King, just glancing at him as he passed.

“A little—a little, ”the King replied, rather nervously. “You shouldn’t have run him through with your horn, you know. ”

“It didn’t hurt him, ”the Unicorn said carelessly, and he was going on, when his eye happened to fall upon Alice: he turned round instantly, and stood for some time looking at her with an air of the deepest disgust.

“What—is—this?”he said at last.

“This is a child!”Haigha replied eagerly, coming in front of Alice to introduce her, and spreading out both his hands towards her in an Anglo-Saxon attitude. “We only found it to-day. It’s as large as life, and twice as natural!”

“I always thought they were fabulous monsters!”said the

Unicorn. “Is it alive?”

“It can talk, ”said Haigha solemnly.

The Unicorn looked dreamily at Alice, and said “Talk, child. ”

Alice could not help her lips curling up into a smile as she began:“Do you know, I always thought Unicorns were fabulous monsters, too? I never saw one alive before?”

“Well, now that we have seen each other, ”said the Unicorn, “if you’ll believe in me, I’ll believe in you. Is that a bargain?”

“Yes, if you like, ”said Alice.

“Come, fetch out the plum-cake, old man!”the Unicorn went on, turning from her to the King. “None of your brown bread for me!”

“Certainly—certainly!”the King muttered, and beckoned to Haigha. “Open the bag!”he whispered. “Quick! Not that one—that’s full of hay!”

Haigha took a large cake out of the bag, and gave it to Alice to hold, while he got out a dish and carving-knife. How they all came out of it Alice couldn’t guess. It was just like a conjuring-trick, she thought.

The Lion had joined them while this was going on: he looked very tired and sleepy, and his eyes were half shut. “What’s this!”he said, blinking lazily at Alice, and speaking in a deep hollow tone that sounded like the tolling of a great bell.



“Ah, what is it, now?”the Unicorn cried eagerly. “You’ll never guess! I couldn’t. ”

The Lion looked at Alice wearily. “Are you animal—or vegetable—or mineral?”he said, yawning at every other word.

“It’s a fabulous monster!”the Unicorn cried out, before Alice could reply.

“Then hand round the plum-cake, Monster, ”the Lion said, lying down and putting his chin on his paws. “And sit down, both of you, ”(to the King and the Unicorn):“fair play with the cake, you know!”

The King was evidently very uncomfortable at having to sit down between the two great creatures; but there was no other place for him.

“What a fight we might have for the crown, now!”the Unicorn said, looking slyly up at the crown, which the poor King was nearly shaking off his head, he trembled so much.

“I should win easy, ”said the Lion.

“I’m not so sure of that, ”said the Unicorn.

“Why, I beat you all round the town, you chicken!”the Lion replied angrily, half getting up as he spoke.

Here the King interrupted, to prevent the quarrel going on:he was very nervous, and his voice quite quivered. “All round the town?”he said. “That’s a good long way. Did you go by the old bridge, or the market-place? You get the best view by the old bridge. ”

“I’m sure I don’t know, ”the Lion growled out as he lay down again. “There was too much dust to see anything. What a time the Monster is, cutting up that cake!”



Alice had seated herself on the bank of a little brook, with the great dish on her knees, and was sawing away diligently with the knife. “It’s very provoking!”she said, in reply to the Lion (she was getting quite used to being called “the Monster”). “I’ve cut several slices already, but they always join on again!”

“You don’t know how to manage Looking-glass cakes, ”the Unicorn remarked. “Hand it round first, and cut it afterwards. ”

This sounded nonsense, but Alice very obediently got up, and carried the dish round, and the cake divided itself into three pieces as she did so. “Now cut it up, ”said the Lion, as she returned to her

place with the empty dish.

“I say, this isn’t fair!”cried the Unicorn, as Alice sat with the knife in her hand, very much puzzled how to begin. “The Monster has given the Lion twice as much as me!”

“She’s kept none for herself, anyhow, ”said the Lion. “Do you like plum-cake, Monster?”

But before Alice could answer him, the drums began.

Where the noise came from, she couldn’t make out:the air seemed full of it, and it rang through and through her head till she felt quite deafened. She started to her feet and sprang across the little brook in her terror.

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and had just time to see the Lion and the Unicorn rise to their feet, with angry looks at being interrupted in their feast, before she dropped to her knees, and put her hands over her ears, vainly trying to shut out the dreadful uproar.

“If that doesn’t ‘drum them out of town, ’ ”she thought to herself, “nothing ever will!”

CHAPTER VIII "It's My Own Invention"

After a while the noise seemed gradually to die away, till all was dead silence, and Alice lifted up her head in some alarm. There was no one to be seen, and her first thought was that she must have been dreaming about the Lion and the Unicorn and those queer Anglo-Saxon Messengers. However, there was the great dish still lying at her feet, on which she had tried to cut the plum-cake, "So I wasn't dreaming, after all, "she said to herself, "unless—unless we're all part of the same dream. Only I do hope it's my dream, and not the Red King's! I don't like belonging to another person's dream, "she went on in a rather complaining tone:"I've a great mind to go and wake him, and see what happens!"

At this moment her thoughts were interrupted by a loud shouting of "Ahoy! Ahoy! Check!"and a Knight, dressed in crimson armour, came galloping down upon her, brandishing a great club. Just as he reached her, the horse stopped suddenly:"You're my prisoner!"the Knight cried, as he tumbled off his horse.

Startled as she was, Alice was more frightened for him than for herself at the moment, and watched him with some anxiety as he mounted again. As soon as he was comfortably in the saddle, he began once more "You're my—"but here another voice broke in "Ahoy! Ahoy! Check!"and Alice looked round in some surprise for the new enemy.

This time it was a White Knight. He drew up at Alice's side, and tumbled off his horse just as the Red Knight had done: then he got

on again, and the two Knights sat and looked at each other for some time without speaking. Alice looked from one to the other in some bewilderment.

“She’s my prisoner, you know!”the Red Knight said at last.

“Yes, but then I came and rescued her!”the White Knight replied.

“Well, we must fight for her, then, ”said the Red Knight, as he took up his helmet (which hung from the saddle, and was something the shape of a horse’s head) and put it on.

“You will observe the Rules of Battle, of course?”the White Knight remarked, putting on his helmet too.

“I always do, ”said the Red Knight, and they began banging away at each other with such fury that Alice got behind a tree to be out of the way of the blows.

“I wonder, now, what the Rules of Battle are, ”she said to herself, as she watched the fight, timidly peeping out from her hiding-place. “One Rule seems to be, that if one Knight hits the other, he knocks him off his horse; and, if he misses, he tumbles off himself—and another Rule seems to be that they hold their clubs with their arms, as if they were Punch and Judy—What a noise they make when they tumble! Just like a whole set of fire-irons falling into the fender! And how quiet the horses are! They let them get on and off them just as if they were tables!”

Another Rule of Battle, that Alice had not noticed, seemed to be that they always fell on their heads; and the battle ended with their both falling off in this way, side by side. When they got up again, they shook hands, and then the Red Knight mounted and galloped off.



“It was a glorious victory, wasn’t it?”said the White Knight, as he came up panting.

“I don’t know, ”Alice said doubtfully. “I don’t want to be anybody’s prisoner. I want to be a Queen. ”

“So you will, when you’ve crossed the next brook, ”said the White Knight. “I’ll see you safe to the end of the wood—and then I must go back, you know. That’s the end of my move. ”

“Thank you very much, ”said Alice. “May I help you off with your helmet?”It was evidently more than he could manage by himself: however she managed to shake him out of it at last.

“Now one can breathe more easily, ”said the Knight, putting back his shaggy hair with both hands, and turning his gentle face and large mild eyes to Alice. She thought she had never seen such a strange-looking soldier in all her life.

He was dressed in tin armour, which seemed to fit him very badly, and he had a queer-shaped little deal box fastened across his

shoulders, upside-down, and with the lid hanging open. Alice looked at it with great curiosity.

“I see you’re admiring my little box, ”the Knight said in a friendly tone. “It’s my own invention—to keep clothes and sandwiches in. You see I carry it upside-down, so that the rain ca’n’t get in. ”

“But the things can get out, ”Alice gently remarked. “Do you know the lid’s open?”

“I didn’t know it, ”the Knight said, a shade of vexation passing over his face. “Then all the things must have fallen out! And the box is no use without them. ”He unfastened it as he spoke, and was just going to throw it into the bushes, when a sudden thought seemed to strike him, and he hung it carefully on a tree. “Can you guess why I did that?”he said to Alice.

Alice shook her head.

“In hopes some bees may make a nest in it—then I should get the honey. ”

“But you’ve got a bee-hive—or something like one—fastened to the saddle, ”said Alice.

“Yes, it’s a very good bee-hive, ”the Knight said in a discontented tone, “one of the best kind. But not a single bee has come near it yet. And the other thing is a mouse-trap. I suppose the mice keep the bees out—or the bees keep the mice out, I don’t know which. ”

“I was wondering what the mouse-trap was for, ”said Alice. “It isn’t very likely there would be any mice on the horse’s back. ”

“Not very likely, perhaps, ”said the Knight; “but, if they do come, I don’t choose to have them running all about. ”

“You see, ”he went on after a pause, “it’s as well to be provided for everything. That’s the reason the horse has all those anklets round his feet. ”

“But what are they for?”Alice asked in a tone of great curiosity.

“To guard against the bites of sharks, ”the Knight replied. “It’s an invention of my own. And now help me on. I’ll go with you to the end of the wood—What’s that dish for?”

“It’s meant for plum-cake, ”said Alice.

“We’d better take it with us, ”the Knight said. “It’ll come in handy if we find any plum-cake. Help me to get it into this bag. ”

This took a long time to manage, though Alice held the bag open very carefully, because the Knight was so very awkward in putting in the dish: the first two or three times that he tried he fell in himself instead. “It’s rather a tight fit, you see, ”he said, as they got it in at last; “there are so many candlesticks in the bag. ”And he hung it to the saddle, which was already loaded with bunches of carrots, and fire-irons, and many other things.

“I hope you’ve got your hair well fastened on?”he continued, as they set off.

“Only in the usual way, ”Alice said, smiling.

“That’s hardly enough, ”he said, anxiously. “You see the wind is so very strong here. It’s as strong as soup. ”

“Have you invented a plan for keeping the hair from being blown of?”Alice enquired.

“Not yet, ”said the Knight. “But I’ve got a plan for keeping it from falling off. ”

“I should like to hear it, very much. ”

“First you take an upright stick, ”said the Knight. “Then you make your hair creep up it, like a fruittree. Now the reason hair falls off is because it hangs down—things never fall upwards, you know. It’s a plan of my own invention. You may try it if you like. ”

It didn’t sound a comfortable plan, Alice thought, and for a few minutes she walked on in silence, puzzling over the idea, and every now and then stopping to help the poor Knight, who certainly was not a good rider.

Whenever the horse stopped (which it did very often), he fell

off in front; and, whenever it went on again (which it generally did rather suddenly), he fell off behind. Otherwise he kept on pretty well, except that he had a habit of now and then falling off sideways; and, as he generally did this on the side on which Alice was walking, she soon found that it was the best plan not to walk quite close to the horse.

“I’m afraid you’ve not had much practice in riding, ”she ventured to say, as she was helping him up from his fifth tumble.

The Knight looked very much surprised, and a little offended at the remark. “What makes you say that?”he asked, as he scrambled back into the saddle, keeping hold of Alice’s hair with one hand, to save himself from falling over on the other side.

“Because people don’t fall off quite so often, when they’ve had much practice. ”

“I’ve had plenty of practice, ”the Knight said very gravely:“plenty of practice!”

Alice could think of nothing better to say than “Indeed?”but she said it as heartily as she could. They went on a little way in silence after this, the Knight with his eyes shut, muttering to himself, and Alice watching anxiously for the next tumble.



“The great art of riding, ”the Knight suddenly began in a loud voice, waving his right arm as he spoke, “is to keep—”Here the sentence ended as suddenly as it had begun, as the Knight fell heavily on the top of his head exactly in the path where Alice was walking. She was quite frightened this time, and said in an anxious tone, as she picked him up, “I hope no bones are broken?”

“None to speak of, ”the Knight said, as if he didn’t mind breaking two or three of them. “The great art of tiding, as I was saying, is—to keep your balance properly. Like this, you know—”

He let go the bridle, and stretched out both his arms to show Alice what he meant, and this time he fell flat on his back, fight under the horse’s feet.

“Plenty of practice!”he went on repeating, all the time that Alice was getting him on his feet again. “Plenty of practice!”

“It’s too ridiculous!”cried Alice, losing all her patience this time. “You ought to have a wooden horse on wheels, that you ought!”

“Does that kind go smoothly?”the Knight asked in a tone of great interest, clasping his arms round the horse’s neck as he spoke, just in time to save himself from tumbling off again.

“Much more smoothly than a live horse, ”Alice said, with a little scream of laughter, in spite of all she could do to prevent it.

“I’ll get one, ”the Knight said thoughtfully to himself. “One or two—several. ”

There was a short silence after this, and then the Knight went on again. “I’m a great hand at inventing things. Now, I daresay you noticed, the last time you picked me up, that I was looking rather thoughtful?”

“You were a little grave, ”said Alice.

“Well, just then I was inventing a new way of getting over a gate—would you like to hear it?”

“Very much indeed, ”Alice said politely.

“I’ll tell you how I came to think of it, ”said the Knight. “You see, I said to myself ‘The only difficulty is with the feet: the head is high enough already. ’ Now, first I put my head on the top of the gate—then the head’s high enough—then I stand on my head—then the feet are high enough, you see—then I’m over, you see. ”

“Yes, I suppose you’d be over when that was done, ”Alice said thoughtfully:“but don’t you think it would be rather hard?”

“I haven’t tried it yet, ”the Knight said, gravely; “so I ca’n’t tell for certain—but I’m afraid it would be a little hard. ”

He looked so vexed at the idea, that Alice changed the subject hastily. “What a curious helmet you’ve got!”she said cheerfully. “Is that your invention too?”

The Knight looked down proudly at his helmet, which hung from the saddle. “Yes, ”he said; “but I’ve invented a better one than

that—like a sugar-loaf. When I used to wear it, if I fell off the horse, it always touched the ground directly. So I had a very little way to fall, you see—But there was the danger of falling into it, to be sure. That happened to me once—and the worst of it was, before I could get out again, the other White Knight came and put it on. He thought it was his own helmet. ”

The Knight looked so solemn about it that Alice did not dare to laugh. “I’m afraid you must have hurt him, ”she said in a trembling voice, “being on the top of his head. ”

“I had to kick him, of course, ”the Knight said, very seriously. “And then he took the helmet off again—but it took hours and hours to get me out. I was as fast as—as lightning, you know. ”

“But that’s a different kind of fastness, ”Alice objected.

The Knight shook his head. “It was all kinds of fastness with me, I can assure you!”he said. He raised his hands in some excitement as he said this, and instantly rolled out of the saddle, and fell head-long into a deep ditch.

Alice ran to the side of the ditch to look for him. She was rather startled by the fall, as for some time he had kept on very well, and she was afraid that he really was hurt this time. However, though she could see nothing but the soles of his feet, she was much relieved to hear that he was talking on in his usual tone. “All kinds of fastness, ”he repeated:“but it was careless of him to put another man’s helmet on—with the man in it, too. ”

“How can you go on talking so quietly, head downwards?”Alice asked, as she dragged him out by the feet, and laid him in a heap on the bank.

The Knight looked surprised at the question. “What does it matter where my body happens to be?”he said. “My mind goes on working all the same. In fact, the more head-downwards I am, the more I keep inventing new things. ”



“Now the cleverest thing of the sort that I ever did, ”he went on after a pause, “was inventing a new pudding during the meat-course. ”

“In time to have it cooked for the next course?”said Alice. “Well, that was quick work, certainly!”

“Well, not the next course, ”the Knight said in a slow thoughtful tone:“no, certainly not the next course. ”

“Then it would have to be the next day. I suppose you wouldn’t have two pudding-courses in one dinner?”

“Well, not the next day, ”the Knight repeated as before:“not the next day. In fact, ”he went on, holding his head down, and his voice getting lower and lower, “I don’t believe that pudding ever was cooked! In fact, I don’t believe that pudding ever will be cooked! And yet it was a very clever pudding to invent. ”

“What did you mean it to be made of?”Alice asked, hoping to cheer him up, for the poor Knight seemed quite low-spirited about it.

“It began with blotting-paper, ”the Knight answered with a groan.

“That wouldn’t be very nice, I’m afraid—”

“Not very nice alone, ”he interrupted, quite eagerly:“but you’ve

no idea what a difference it makes, mixing it with other things—such as gunpowder and sealing-wax. And here I must leave you. ”They had just come to the end of the wood.

Alice could only look puzzled: she was thinking of the pudding.

“You are sad, ”the Knight said in an anxious tone:“let me sing you a song to comfort you. ”

“Is it very long?”Alice asked, for she had heard a good deal of poetry that day.

“It’s long, ”said the Knight, “but it’s very, very beautiful. Everybody that hears me sing it—either it brings the tears into their eyes, or else—”

“Or else what?”said Alice, for the Knight had made a sudden pause.

“Or else it doesn’t, you know. The name of the song is called ‘Haddocks’ Eyes. ’ ”

“Oh, that’s the name of the song, is it?”Alice said, trying to feel interested.

“No, you don’t understand, ”the Knight said, looking a little vexed. “That’s what the name is called. The name really is ‘The Aged Aged Man. ’ ”

“Then I ought to have said ‘That’s what the song is called’?”Alice corrected herself.

“No, you oughtn’t: that’s quite another thing! The song is called ‘Ways and Means’ but that’s only what it’s called, you know!”

“Well, what is the song, then?”said Alice, who was by this time completely bewildered.

“I was coming to that, ”the Knight said. “The song really is ‘A-sitting on a Gate’: and the tune’s my own invention. ”

So saying, he stopped his horse and let the reins fall on its neck: then, slowly beating time with one hand, and with a faint smile lighting up his gentle foolish face, as if he enjoyed the music of his song, he began.

Of all the strange things that Alice saw in her journey Through The Looking-Glass, this was the one that she always remembered most clearly. Years afterwards she could bring the whole scene back again, as if it had been only yesterday—the mild blue eyes and kindly smile of the Knight—the setting sun gleaming through his hair, and shining on his armour in a blaze of light that quite dazzled her—the horse quietly moving about, with the reins hanging loose on his neck, cropping the grass at her feet—and the black shadows of the forest behind—all this she took in like a picture, as, with one hand shading her eyes, she leant against a tree, watching the strange pair, and listening, in a half-dream, to the melancholy music of the song.

“But the tune isn’t his own invention, ”she said to herself:“it’s ‘I give thee all, I can no more. ’ ”She stood and listened very attentively, but no tears came into her eyes.

“I’ll tell thee everything I can:
There’s little to relate.
I saw an aged aged man.
A-sitting on a gate.
‘Who are you, aged man?’ I said.
‘And how is it you live?’
And his answer trickled through my head.
Like water through a sieve.

He said ‘I look for butterflies
That sleep among the wheat:
I make them into mutton-pies.
And sell them in the street.
I sell them unto men, ’ he said.
‘Who sail on stormy seas;
And that’s the way I get my bread—
A trifle, if you please. ’

But I was thinking of a plan
To dye one’s whiskers green.
And always use so large a fan
That they could not be seen.
So, having no reply to give
To what the old man said.
I cried ‘Come, tell me how you live!’
And thumped him on the head.

His accents mild took up the tale:
He said ‘I go my ways.
And when I find a mountain-rill.
I set it in a blaze;
And thence they make a stuff they call
Rowland’s Macassar-Oil—
Yet twopence-halfpenny is all
They give me for my toil. ’

But I was thinking of a way
To feed oneself on batter.
And so go on from day to day
Getting a little fatter.
I shook him well from side to side.
Until his face was blue:
‘Come, tell me how you live, ’ I cried.
‘And what it is you do!’



He said 'I hunt for haddocks' eyes
Among the heather bright.
And work them into waistcoat-buttons
In the silent night.
And these I do not sell for gold
Or coin of silvery shine.
But for a copper halfpenny.
And that will purchase nine.

'I sometimes dig for buttered rolls.
Or set limed twigs for crabs:
I sometimes search the grassy knolls
For wheels of Hansom-cabs.
And that's the way' (he gave a wink)
'By which I get my wealth—
And very gladly will I drink
Your Honour's noble health. '

I heard him then, for I had just
Completed my design
To keep the Menai bridge from rust

By boiling it in wine.
I thanked him much for telling me
The way he got his wealth.
But chiefly for his wish that he
Might drink my noble health.

And now, if e'er by chance I put
My fingers into glue.
Or madly squeeze a right-hand foot
Into a left-hand shoe.
Or if I drop upon my toe
A very heavy weight.
I weep, for it reminds me so
Of that old man I used to know—
Whose look was mild, whose speech was slow.
Whose hair was whiter than the snow.
Whose face was very like a crow.
With eyes, like cinders, all aglow.
Who seemed distracted with his woe.
Who rocked his body to and fro.
And muttered mumblingly and low.
As if his mouth were full of dough.
Who snorted like a buffalo—
That summer evening long ago.
A-sitting on a gate. "

As the Knight sang the last words of the ballad, he gathered up the reins, and turned his horse's head along the road by which they had come. "You've only a few yards to go, "he said, "down the hill and over that little brook, and then you'll be a Queen—But you'll stay and see me off first?"he added as Alice turned with an eager look in the direction to which he pointed. "I sha'n't be long. You'll wait and wave your handkerchief when I get to that turn in the road! I think it'll encourage me, you see. "

"Of course I'll wait, "said Alice:"and thank you very much for

coming so far—and for the song—I liked it very much. ”

“I hope so, ”the Knight said doubtfully:“but you didn’t cry so much as I thought you would. ”

So they shook hands, and then the Knight rode slowly away into the forest. “It wo’n’t take long to see him off, I expect, ”Alice said to herself, as she stood watching him. “There he goes! Right on his head as usual! However, he gets on again pretty easily—that comes of having so many things hung round the horse—”So she went on talking to herself, as she watched the horse walking leisurely along the road, and the Knight tumbling off, first on one side and then on the other. After the fourth or fifth tumble he reached the turn, and then she waved her handkerchief to him, and waited till he was out of sight.

“I hope it encouraged him, ”she said, as she turned to run down the hill:“and now for the last brook, and to be a Queen! How grand it sounds!”A very few steps brought her to the edge of the brook. “The Eighth Square at last!”she cried as she bounded across.

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and threw herself down to rest on a lawn as soft as moss, with little flower-beds dotted about it here and there. “Oh, how glad I am to get here! And what is this on my head?”she exclaimed in a tone of dismay, as she put her hands up to something very heavy, that fitted tight all round her head.

“But how can it have got there without my knowing it?”she said to herself, as she lifted it off, and set it on her lap to make out what it could possibly be.

It was a golden crown.

CHAPTER IX Queen Alice

"Well, this is grand!"said Alice. "I never expected I should be a Queen so soon—and I'll tell you what it is, your Majesty, "she went on, in a severe tone (she was always rather fond of scolding herself), "it'll never do for you to be lolling about on the grass like that! Queens have to be dignified, you know!"

So she got up and walked about—rather stiffly just at first, as she was afraid that the crown might come off: but she comforted herself with the thought that there was nobody to see her, "and if I really am a Queen, "she said as she sat down again, "I shall be able to manage it quite well in time. "

Everything was happening so oddly that she didn't feel a bit surprised at finding the Red Queen and the White Queen sitting close to her, one on each side: she would have liked very much to ask them how they came there, but she feared it would not be quite civil. However, there would be no harm, she thought, in asking if the game was over. "Please, would you tell me—"she began, looking timidly at the Red Queen.

"Speak when you're spoken to!"the Queen sharply interrupted her.

"But if everybody obeyed that rule, "said Alice, who was always ready for a little argument, "and if you only spoke when you were spoken to, and the other person always waited for you to begin, you see nobody would ever say anything, so that—"



“Ridiculous!”cried the Queen. “Why, don’t you see, child —”here she broke off with a flown, and, after thinking for a minute, suddenly changed the subject of the conversation. “What do you mean by ‘If you really are a Queen’? What right have you to call yourself so? You ca’n’t be a Queen, you know, till you’ve passed the proper examination. And the sooner we begin it, the better. ”

“I only said ‘if’!”poor Alice pleaded in a piteous tone.

The two Queens looked at each other, and the Red Queen

remarked, with a little shudder, “She says she only said ‘if’—”

“But she said a great deal more than that!”the White Queen moaned, wringing her hands. “Oh, ever so much more than that!”

“So you did, you know, ”the Red Queen said to Alice. “Always speak the truth—think before you speak—and write it down afterwards. ”

“I’m sure I didn’t mean—”Alice was beginning, but the Red Queen interrupted her impatiently.

“That’s just what I complain of! You should have meant! What do you suppose is the use of a child without any meaning? Even a joke should have some meaning—and a child’s more important than a joke, I hope. You couldn’t deny that, even if you tried with both hands. ”

“I don’t deny things with my hands, ”Alice objected.

“Nobody said you did, ”said the Red Queen. “I said you couldn’t if you tried. ”

“She’s in that state of mind, ”said the White Queen, “that she wants to deny something—only she doesn’t know what to deny!”

“A nasty, vicious temper, ”the Red Queen remarked; and then there was an uncomfortable silence for a minute or two.

The Red Queen broke the silence by saying, to the White Queen, “I invite you to Alice’s dinner-party this afternoon. ”

The White Queen smiled feebly, and said “And I invite you. ”

“I didn’t know I was to have a party at all, ”said Alice; “but, if there is to be one, I think I ought to invite the guests. ”

“We gave you the opportunity of doing it, ”the Red Queen remarked:“but I daresay you’ve not had many lessons in manners yet?”

“Manners are not taught in lessons, ”said Alice. “Lessons teach you to do sums, and things of that sort. ”

“Can you do Addition?”the White Queen asked. “What’s one and one and one and one and one and one and one and one and one

and one?”

“I don’t know, ”said Alice. “I lost count. ”

“She ca’n’t do Addition, ”the Red Queen interrupted. “Can you do Subtraction? Take nine from eight. ”

“Nine from eight I ca’n’t, you know, ”Alice replied very readily:“but—”

“She ca’n’t do Subtraction, ”said the White Queen. “Can you do Division? Divide a loaf by a knife—what’s the answer to that?”

“I suppose—”Alice was beginning, but the Red Queen answered for her. “Bread-and-butter, of course. Try another Subtraction sum. Take a bone from a dog: what remains?”

Alice considered. “The bone wouldn’t remain, of course, if I took it—and the dog wouldn’t remain: it would come to bite me—and I’m sure I shouldn’t remain!”

“Then you think nothing would remain?”said the Red Queen.

“I think that’s the answer. ”



“Wrong, as usual, ”said the Red Queen:“the dog’s temper would remain. ”

“But I don’t see how—”

“Why, look here!”the Red Queen cried. “The dog would lose its temper, wouldn’t it?”

“Perhaps it would, ”Alice replied cautiously.

“Then if the dog went away, its temper would remain!”the Queen exclaimed triumphantly.

Alice said, as gravely as she could, “They might go different ways. ”But she couldn’t help thinking to herself “What dreadful nonsense we are talking!”

“She ca’n’t do sums a bit!”the Queens said together, with great emphasis.

“Can you do sums?”Alice said, turning suddenly on the White Queen, for she didn’t like being found fault with so much.

The Queen gasped and shut her eyes. “I can do Addition, ”she said, “if you give me time—but I ca’n’t do Subtraction under any circumstances!”

“Of course you know your ABC?”said the Red Queen.

“To be sure I do, ”said Alice.

“So do I, ”the White Queen whispered:“we’ll often say it over together, dear. And I’ll tell you a secret—I can read words of one letter! Isn’t that grand? However, don’t be discouraged. You’ll come to it in time. ”

Here the Red Queen began again. “Can you answer useful questions?”she said. “How is bread made?”

“I know that!”Alice cried eagerly. “You take some flour—”

“Where do you pick the flower?”the White Queen asked. “In a garden or in the hedges?”

“Well, it isn’t picked at all, ”Alice explained:“it’s ground—”

“How many acres of ground?”said the White Queen. “You mustn’t leave out so many things. ”

“Fan her head!”the Red Queen anxiously interrupted. “She’ll be feverish after so much thinking. ”So they set to work and fanned her with bunches of leaves, till she had to beg them to leave off, it blew her hair about so.

“She’s all right again now, ”said the Red Queen. “Do you know

Languages? What’s the French for fiddle-de-dee?”

“Fiddle-de-dee’s not English, ”Alice replied gravely.

“Who ever said it was?”said the Red Queen.

Alice thought she saw a way out of the difficulty, this time. “If you’ll tell me what language ‘fiddle-dedee’ is, I’ll tell you the French for it!”she exclaimed triumphantly.

But the Red Queen drew herself up rather stiffly, and said “Queens never make bargains. ”

“I wish Queens never asked questions, ”Alice thought to herself.

“Don’t let us quarrel, ”the White Queen said in an anxious tone. “What is the cause of lightning?”

“The cause of lightning, ”Alice said very decidedly, for she felt quite certain about this, “is the thunder—no, no!”she hastily corrected herself. “I meant the other way. ”

“It’s too late to correct it, ”said the Red Queen:“when you’ve once said a thing, that fixes it, and you must take the consequences. ”

“Which reminds me—”the White Queen said, looking down and nervously clasping and unclasping her hands, “we had such a thunderstorm last Tuesday—I mean one of the last set of Tuesdays, you know. ”

Alice was puzzled. “In our country, ”she remarked, “there’s only one day at a time. ”

The Red Queen said “That’s a poor thin way of doing things. Now here, we mostly have days and nights two or three at a time, and sometimes in the winter we take as many as five nights together—for warmth, you know. ”

“Are five nights warmer than one night, then?”Alice ventured to ask.

“Five times as warm, of course. ”

“But they should be five times as cold, by the same rule—”

“Just so!”cried the Red Queen. “Five times as warm, and five times as cold—just as I’m five times as rich as you are, and five times as clever!”

Alice sighed and gave it up. “It’s exactly like a riddle with no answer!”she thought.

“Humpty Dumpty saw it too, ”the White Queen went on in a low voice, more as if she were talking to herself. “He came to the door with a corkscrew in his hand—”

“What did he want?”said the Red Queen.

“He said he would come in, ”the White Queen went on, “because he was looking for a hippopotamus. Now, as it happened, there wasn’t such a thing in the house, that morning. ”

“Is there generally?”Alice asked in an astonished tone.

“Well, only on Thursdays, ”said the Queen.

“I know what he came for, ”said Alice:“he wanted to punish the fish, because—”

Here the White Queen began again. “It was such a thunderstorm, you ca’n’t think!”(“She never could, you know, ”said the Red Queen.) “And part of the roof came off, and ever so much thunder got in—and it went rolling round the room in great lumps—and knocking over the tables and things—till I was so frightened, I couldn’t remember my own name!”

Alice thought to herself “I never should try to remember my name in the middle of an accident! Where would be the use of it?”but she did not say this aloud, for fear of hurting the poor Queen’s feelings.

“Your Majesty must excuse her, ”the Red Queen said to Alice, taking one of the White Queen’s hands in her own, and gently stroking it:“she means well, but she ca’n’t help saying foolish things, as a general rule. ”

The White Queen looked timidly at Alice, who felt she ought to say something kind, but really couldn’t think of anything at the

moment.

“She never was really well brought up, ”the Red Queen went on:“but it’s amazing how good-tempered she is! Pat her on the head, and see how pleased she’ll be!”But this was more than Alice had courage to do.

“A little kindness—and putting her hair in papers—would do wonders with her—”

The White Queen gave a deep sigh, and laid her head on Alice’s shoulder. “I am so sleepy!”she moaned.

“She’s tired, poor thing!”said the Red Queen. “Smooth her hair—lend her your nightcap—and sing her a soothing lullaby. ”

“I haven’t got a nightcap with me, ”said Alice, as she tried to obey the first direction:“and I don’t know any soothing lullabies. ”

“I must do it myself, then, ”said the Red Queen, and she began:—

> “Hush-a-by lady, in Alice’s lap!
> Till the feast’s ready, we’ve time for a nap.
> When the feast’s over, we’ll go to the ball—
> Red Queen, and White Queen, and Alice, and all!

“And now you know the words, ”she added, as she put her head down on Alice’s other shoulder, “just sing it through to me. I’m getting sleepy, too. ”In another moment both Queens were fast asleep, and snoring loud.

“What am I to do?”exclaimed Alice, looking about in great perplexity, as first one round head, and then the other, rolled down from her shoulder, and lay like a heavy lump in her lap. “I don’t think it ever happened before, that any one had to take care of two Queens asleep at once! No, not in all the History of England—it couldn’t, you know, because there never was more than one Queen at a time. Do wake up, you heavy things!”she went on in an

impatient tone; but there was no answer but a gentle snoring.

The snoring got more distinct every minute, and sounded more like a tune: at last she could even make out words, and she listened so eagerly that, when the two great heads suddenly vanished from her lap, she hardly missed them.

She was standing before an arched doorway, over which were the words "QUEEN ALICE"in large letters, and on each side of the arch there was a bell-handle; one was marked "Visitors' Bell, "and the other "Servants' Bell. "

"I'll wait till the song's over, "thought Alice, "and then I'll ring the—the—which bell must I ring?"she went on, very much puzzled by the names. "I'm not a visitor, and I'm not a servant. There ought to be one marked 'Queen, ' you know—"

Just then the door opened a little way, and a creature with a long beak put its head out for a moment and said "No admittance till the week after next!"and shut the door again with a bang.





Alice knocked and rang in vain for a long time; but at last a very old Frog, who was sitting under a tree, got up and hobbled slowly towards her: he was dressed in bright yellow, and had enormous boots on.

"What is it, now?"the Frog said in a deep hoarse whisper.

Alice turned round, ready to find fault with anybody. "Where's the servant whose business it is to answer the door?"she began angrily.

"Which door?"said the Frog.

Alice almost stamped with irritation at the slow drawl in which he spoke. "This door, of course!"

The Frog looked at the door with his large dull eyes for a

minute: then he went nearer and rubbed it with his thumb, as if he were trying whether the paint would come off: then he looked at Alice.

“To answer the door?”he said. “What’s it been asking of?”He was so hoarse that Alice could scarcely hear him.

“I don’t know what you mean, ”she said.

“I speaks English, doesn’t I?”the Frog went on. “Or are you deaf? What did it ask you?”

“Nothing!”Alice said impatiently. “I’ve been knocking at it!”

“Shouldn’t do that—shouldn’t do that—”the Frog muttered. “Wexes it, you know. ”Then he went up and gave the door a kick with one of his great feet. “You let it alone, ”he panted out, as he hobbled back to his tree, “and it’ll let you alone, you know. ”

At this moment the door was flung open, and a shrill voice was heard singing:—

> “To the Looking-Glass world it was Alice that said
> “ ‘I’ve a sceptre in hand I’ve a crown on my head.
> Let the Looking-Glass creatures, whatever they be
> Come and dine with the Red Queen, the White Queen.
> and me!’ ”

And hundreds of voices joined in the chorus:—

> “Then fill up the glasses as quick as you can.
> And sprinkle the table with buttons and bran:
> Put cats in the coffee, and mice in the tea—
> And welcome Queen Alice with thirty-times-three!”

Then followed a confused noise of cheering, and Alice thought to herself “Thirty times three makes ninety. I wonder if any one’s counting?”In a minute there was silence again, and the same shrill voice sang another verse:—

“ ‘O Looking-Glass creatures, ’ quoth Alice, ‘draw near!
’Tis an honour to see me, a favour to hear:
’Tis a privilege high to have dinner and tea
Along with the Red Queen, the White Queen, and
me!’ ”

Then came the chorus again:—

“Then fill up the glasses with treacle and ink.
Or anything else that is pleasant to drink:
Mix sand with the cider, and wool with the wine—
And welcome Queen Alice with ninety-times-nine!”

“Ninety times nine!”Alice repeated in despair. “Oh, that’ll never be done! I’d better go in at once—”and in she went, and there was a dead silence the moment she appeared.

Alice glanced nervously along the table, as she walked up the large hall, and noticed that there were about fifty guests, of all kinds: some were animals, some birds, and there were even a few flowers among them. “I’m glad they’ve come without waiting to be asked, ”she thought:“I should never have known who were the right people to invite!”

There were three chairs at the head of the table: the Red and White Queens had already taken two of them, but the middle one was empty. Alice sat down in it, rather uncomfortable at the silence, and longing for some one to speak.

At last the Red Queen began. “You’ve missed the soup and fish, ”she said. “Put on the joint!”And the waiters set a leg of mutton before Alice, who looked at it rather anxiously, as she had never had to carve a joint before.

“You look a little shy:let me introduce you to that leg of mutton, ”said the Red Queen. “Alice—Mutton:Mutton—Alice. ”The

leg of mutton got up in the dish and made a little bow to Alice; and Alice returned the bow, not knowing whether to be frightened or amused.

“May I give you a slice?”she said, taking up the knife and fork, and looking from one Queen to the other.

“Certainly not, ”the Red Queen said, very decidedly:“it isn’t etiquette to cut any one you’ve been introduced to. Remove the joint!”And the waiters carried it off, and brought a large plum-pudding in its place.



“I wo’n’t be introduced to the pudding, please, ”Alice said rather hastily, “or we shall get no dinner at all. May I give you some?”

But the Red Queen looked sulky, and growled “Pudding—Alice: Alice—Pudding. Remove the pudding!”, and the waiters took it away so quickly that Alice couldn’t return its bow.

However, she didn’t see why the Red Queen should be the only one to give orders; so, as an experiment, she called out “Waiter! Bring back the pudding!”and there it was again in a moment, like a conjuring-trick. It was so large that she couldn’t help feeling a little shy with it, as she had been with the mutton:however, she conquered her shyness by a great effort, and cut a slice and handed it to the Red Queen.

“What impertinence!”said the Pudding. “I wonder how you’d like it, if I were to cut a slice out of you, you creature!”

It spoke in a thick, suety sort of voice, and Alice hadn’t a word to say in reply: she could only sit and look at it and gasp.

“Make a remark, ”said the Red Queen:“it’s ridiculous to leave all the conversation to the pudding!”

“Do you know, I’ve had such a quantity of poetry repeated to me to-day, ”Alice began, a little frightened at finding that, the moment she opened her lips, there was dead silence, and all eyes were fixed upon her; “and it’s a very curious thing, I think—every poem was about fishes in some way. Do you know why they’re so fond of fishes, all about here?”

She spoke to the Red Queen, whose answer was a little wide of the mark. “As to fishes, ”she said, very slowly and solemnly, putting her mouth close to Alice’s ear, “her White Majesty knows a lovely riddle—all in poetry—all about fishes. Shall she repeat it?”

“Her Red Majesty’s very kind to mention it, ”the White Queen murmured into Alice’s other ear, in a voice like the cooing of a pigeon. “It would be such a treat! May I?”

“Please do, ”Alice said very politely.

The White Queen laughed with delight, and stroked Alice’s cheek. Then she began:

“ ‘First, the fish must be caught. ’
That is easy:a baby, I think, could have caught it.
‘Next, the fish must be bought. ’
That is easy:a penny, I think, would have bought it.

‘Now cook me the fish!’
That is easy, and will not take more than a minute.
‘Let it lie in a dish!’
That is easy, because it already is in it.

‘Bring it here! Let me sup!’
It is easy to set such a dish on the table.
‘Take the dish-cover up!’
Ah, that is so hard that I fear I’m unable!

For it holds it like glue—
Holds the lid to the dish, while it lies in the middle:
Which is easiest to do.
Un-dish-cover the fish, or dishcover the riddle?”

“Take a minute to think about it, and then guess, ”said the Red Queen. “Meanwhile, we’ll drink your health—Queen Alice’s health!”she screamed at the top of her voice, and all the guests began drinking it directly, and very queerly they managed it: some of them put their glasses upon their heads like extinguishers, and drank all that trickled down their faces—others upset the decanters, and drank the wine as it ran off the edges of the table—and three of them (who looked like kangaroos) scrambled into the dish of roast mutton, and began eagerly lapping up the gravy, “just like pigs in a trough!”thought Alice.

“You ought to return thanks in a neat speech, ”the Red Queen said, frowning at Alice as she spoke.

“We must support you, you know, ”the White Queen whispered, as Alice got up to do it, very obediently, but a little frightened.

“Thank you very much, ”she whispered in reply, “but I can do quite well without. ”

“That wouldn’t be at all the thing, ”the Red Queen said very decidedly: so Alice tried to submit to it with a good grace.

(“And they did push so!”she said afterwards, when she was telling her sister the history of the feast. “You would have thought they wanted to squeeze me flat!”)

In fact it was rather difficult for her to keep in her place while she made her speech: the two Queens pushed her so, one on each side, that they nearly lifted her up into the air. “I rise to return thanks—”Alice began:and she really did rise as she spoke, several inches; but she got hold of the edge of the table, and managed to pull herself down again.

“Take care of yourself!”screamed the White Queen, seizing Alice’s hair with both her hands. “Something’s going to happen!”

And then (as Alice afterwards described it) all sorts of things happened in a moment. The candles all grew up to the ceiling, looking something like a bed of rushes with fireworks at the top. As to the bottles, they each took a pair of plates, which they hastily fitted on as wings, and so, with forks for legs, went fluttering about in all directions:“and very like birds they look, ”Alice thought to herself, as well as she could in the dreadful confusion that was beginning.



At this moment she heard a hoarse laugh at her side, and turned to see what was the matter with the White Queen; but, instead of the Queen, there was the leg of mutton sitting in the chair. “Here I am!”cried a voice from the soup-tureen, and Alice turned again, just in time to see the Queen’s broad good-natured face grinning at her for a moment over the edge of the tureen, before she disappeared into the soup.

There was not a moment to be lost. Already several of the guests were lying down in the dishes, and the soup-ladle was walking up the table towards Alice’s chair, and beckoning to her impatiently to get out of its way.

“I ca’n’t stand this any longer!”she cried, as she jumped up and seized the tablecloth with both hands: one good pull, and plates, dishes, guests, and candles came crashing down together in a heap on the floor.

“And as for you, ”she went on, turning fiercely upon the Red Queen, whom she considered as the cause of all the mischief—but the Queen was no longer at her side—she had suddenly dwindled down to the size of a little doll, and was now on the table, merrily running round and round after her own shawl, which was trailing

behind her.

At any other time, Alice would have felt surprised at this, but she was far too much excited to be surprised at anything now. “As for you, ”she repeated, catching hold of the little creature in the very act of jumping over a bottle which had just lighted upon the table, “I’ll shake you into a kitten, that I will!”

CHAPTER X Shaking

She took her off the table as she spoke, and shook her backwards and forwards with all her might.



The Red Queen made no resistance whatever: only her face grew very small, and her eyes got large and green: and still, as Alice went on shaking her, she kept on growing shorter—and fatter—and softer—and rounder—and—

CHAPTER XI Waking

—It really was a kitten, after all.



CHAPTER XII Which Dreamed It?

"Your Red Majesty shouldn't purr so loud, "Alice said, rubbing her eyes, and addressing the kitten, respectfully, yet with some severity. "You woke me out of oh! such a nice dream! And you've been along with me, Kitty—all through the Looking-glass world. Did you know it, dear?"

It is a very inconvenient habit of kittens (Alice had once made the remark) that, whatever you say to them, they always purr. "If they would only purr for 'yes, ' and mew for 'no, ' or any rule of that sort, "she had said, "so that one could keep up a conversation! But how can you talk with a person if they always say the same thing?"

On this occasion the kitten only purred: and it was impossible to guess whether it meant 'yes' or 'no. '

So Alice hunted among the chessmen on the table till she had found the Red Queen: then she went down on her knees on the hearth-rug, and put the kitten and the Queen to look at each other. "Now, Kitty!"she cried, clapping her hands triumphantly. "Confess that was what you turned into!"

("But it wouldn't look at it, "she said, when she was explaining the thing afterwards to her sister:"it turned away its head, and pretended not to see it: but it looked a little ashamed of itself, so I think it must have been the Red Queen. ")

"Sit up a little more stiffly, dear!"Alice cried with a merry laugh. "And curtsey while you're thinking what to—what to purr. It saves time, remember!"And she caught it up and gave it one little

kiss, “just in honour of its having been a Red Queen. ”

“Snowdrop, my pet!”she went on, looking over her shoulder at the White Kitten, which was still patiently undergoing its toilet, “when will Dinah have finished with your White Majesty, I wonder? That must be the reason you were so untidy in my dream. —Dinah! Do you know that you’re scrubbing a White Queen? Really, it’s most disrespectful of you!



“And what did Dinah turn to, I wonder?”she prattled on, as she settled comfortably down, with one elbow on the rug, and her chin in her hand, to watch the kittens. “Tell me, Dinah, did you turn to Humpty Dumpty? I think you did—however, you’d better not mention it to your friends just yet, for I’m not sure.

“By the way, Kitty, if only you’d been really with me in my dream, there was one thing you would have enjoyed—I had such a quantity of poetry said to me, all about fishes! Tomorrow morning you shall have a real treat. All the time you’re eating your

breakfast, I'll repeat 'The Walrus and the Carpenter' to you; and then you can make believe it's oysters, dear!

"Now, Kitty, let's consider who it was that dreamed it all. This is a serious question, my dear, and you should not go on licking your paw like that—as if Dinah hadn't washed you this morning! You see, Kitty, it must have been either me or the Red King. He was part of my dream, of course—but then I was part of his dream, too! Was it the Red King, Kitty? You were his wife, my dear, so you ought to know—Oh, Kitty, do help to settle it! I'm sure your paw can wait!"But the provoking kitten only began on the other paw, and pretended it hadn't heard the question.

Which do you think it was?